



Conquest; from the difficulty, it is probable, of consulting authorities with the help of other eyes. For the subject, after much deliberation, he determined upon "Paradise Lost," which could only be justified by the success which attended the Restoration, Milton; apprehensive of danger, concealed himself close, where he remained till the passing an act secured his person and property, in common with others, and treated with such indulgence, cannot be satisfactory. About this time he removed to Jewin-street, and what he contributed very little to his domestic comfort—children in his life time, and cheated them at his death—he went to reside in the Artillery-walk, near Bunhill—of which concludes the register of his removals.

He failed to divide his time between state affairs and his studies was hardly possible for him to accomplish any literary great importance, but, on quitting the office of Latin left to the free exercise of his mental energies, which he enjoyed upon a subject better suited to the extensive range intended to take, than that he had chosen. The "Paradise Lost" have been written at different times, and sold on the 27th to Samuel Simmons, for an immediate payment of five pounds; further agreement for the same sum when fifteen hundred copies should be disposed of, and again, five pounds when a number should be sold of the second edition, and another similar sale of the third. All the editions were limited to 1000 copies. The third edition was published in 1678; and from the copy then devolved, sold all her claims to Simmons whence it will appear, that the sum of twenty pounds constitutes the entire remuneration for a performance which, immortalized the name of the poet, conferred an honour equally precious on the nation signalized for his birth.

After his "Paradise Lost" (1671), he published his "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained." The latter was a preference which has ever been opposed to the public. In the last year of his life, he printed a collection of "Epistles," in Latin to these (being too few to form a volume) and some academical exercises.

In his sixty-sixth year, the gout, with which he had been long prevailed over the enfeebled powers of nature. On the 10th of 1674, he quietly departed this life, at his house in Bunhill—buried next his father, in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His funeral was very splendidly and numerous attended. No mark the spot where he was interred, though a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. In his youth he was extremely handsome the colour of his hair was a light brown, many of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a mixture of fair and ruddy. His stature was about the middle



# DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY

ON THE

## POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON

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In speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing, that the very splendour of his poetic fame has tended to obscure & conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet, when in truth he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day,—that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soul, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age, and he had no dread of a cumulating knowledge lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might, which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thought, which could bind together by living ties and mysterious affinities the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed almost from infancy to drink at the fountain of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil, or in whatever age it burst forth and poured out its fulness. He understood too well, the rights, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of Oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of 'Araby the blest,' and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had been explored. His various philological attainments



were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, mathematics, physics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind, and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of the universal culture of intellect, which forms one disjunction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universal, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connexions and correspondences and, accordingly, its natural progress is from one to another field of thought, and wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed, by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.

Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as our first light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great work with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts, for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature, we mean of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that the germs or principles of his whole future being, are now wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty, though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of his earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever growing thought, and poetry is the form in

which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it makes all things new for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the world of matter and mind, but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities, breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature, imparts to material objects life, and sentiment and emotion, and invests the mind with the power and splendours of the outward creation, describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublimity, which manifests its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings, but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect, it is trying and developing its best faculties, and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity, that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been the instrument of vice, the prander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power, and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn and indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties of universal being, and through the righteousness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views

and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny, nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open up new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineation of life, for the present life which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the material of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity, the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with almost superhuman energy, the innocence and irrepressible joy of infancy, the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes, of youth, the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth, woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire,—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys, and in this he does well, for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. The power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new developement of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.—Our remarks in vindication of poetry have extended beyond our original design. They have had a higher aim than to assert the dignity of Milton as a poet, and that is, to endear and recommend this divine art to all who reverence and would cultivate and refine their nature.

In delineating Milton's character as a *poet*, we are saved the necessity of looking for its distinguishing attributes. He is in truth the sublimest of men. He rises, not by effort or discipline, but by a native tendency and a godlike instinct, to the contemplation of objects of grandeur and awfulness. He always moves with a conscious energy. There is no subject so vast or terrific, as to repel or intimidate him. The overpowering grandeur of a theme kindles and attracts him. He enters on the description of the infernal regions with a fearless tread, as if he felt within himself the power to erect the prison-house of fallen spirits, to encircle them with flames and horrors worthy of their crimes, to call forth from them shouts which should 'tear hell's concave,' and to embody in their Chief an Archangel's energies, and a Demon's pride and hate. Even the stupendous conception of Satan, seems never to oppress his faculties. This character of power runs through all Milton's works. His descriptions of nature shows a free and bold hand. He has no need of the minute, graphic skill, which we prize in Cowper or Crabbe. With a few strong and delicate touches, he impresses, as it were, his own mind on the scenes which he would describe, and kindles the imagination of the gifted reader to clothe them with the same radiant hues under which they appeared to his own.

This attribute of power is universally felt to characterize Milton. His sublimity is in every man's mouth. It is felt that his poetry breathes a sensibility and tenderness hardly surpassed by its sublimity! We apprehend that the grandeur of Milton's mind has thrown some shade over his milder beauties, and this it has done not only by being more striking and imposing, but by the tendency of vast mental energy to give a certain calmness to the expression of tenderness and deep feeling. A great mind is the master of its own enthusiasm, and does not often break out into those tumults, which pass with many for the signs of profound emotion. Its sensibility, though more intense and enduring, is more self-possessed and less perturbed, than that of other men, and is therefore less observed and felt except by those who understand, through their own consciousness, the workings and utterance of genuine feeling. We might quote pages in illustration of the qualities here ascribed to Milton. Turn to *Comus*, one of his earliest productions. What sensibility breathes in the descriptions of the benighted Lady's singing by *Comus* and the Spirit!

#### COMUS

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testify his hidden residence  
How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,  
At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard

My mother Circe with the Sirens thrice,  
Amidst the flowery kirtled Naiades,  
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,  
Who, as they sung would take the prison'd soul,  
And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves in o'er attention,  
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause  
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself  
But such a sacred and home felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of walking bliss,  
I never heard till now

Lines 211—221

SEXTET

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death.

Lines 333—352

In illustration of Milton's tenderness, we will open almost at a venture

Now morn, her rosy steps o'er the eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill martin song  
Of birds on every bough, so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest he on his side  
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces, then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathe,  
Her hand soft touching whisper'd thus Awake,  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heaven's last best gift my ever new delight  
Awake the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet

Par. Lost, b v lines 1—25

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From e'er-closed eyes, and wiped the same with her hair,  
 Two other precious drops that stray'd abroad,  
 Fath in their crystal sphere, scarce they fell  
 As if, as the graciousness of sweet remorse  
 And peace and love, that shad'd to have offend'd!

Idib. b. v. Lines 120—125

From this very brief view of the qualities of Milton's poetry, we listen to his great work, *Paradise Lost*, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and Hell's King have a terrible harmony, and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness, the longer we contemplate them. From one element, 'solid and liquid fire,' the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer furies than those which encompass Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, extirpated pride, consuming wrath, ambition though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe,—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than Hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of his fires reveals the intensest passion and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the whole which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible forces of nature. We are in utterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have indeed in Satan those bursts of passion, which rive the soul as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion which only an Archangel could manifest. The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically Hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul is good, whether the interest felt in a spirit so transcendantly evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens, in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the power of evil. What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pain which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind, and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents.

Milton's description of Satan attests in various ways the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with

the human modes of existence, which he was obliged to ascribe to them; and the difficulty is too great for any genius to overcome, and we must acknowledge that our enthusiasm is in some parts of the poem checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan's Hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which incite without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him the massiness of a real form with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet, for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood.

Par. Lost b. i. lines 103—107

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature, on each hand the flames  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll d  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale

Ibid. 221—224

We have more which we would gladly say of the delineation of Satan, especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish and despair, and of the touches of better feelings which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture, both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which, all other feelings tend to sin and pain. But there is another topic which we cannot leave untouched. From Hell we flee to Paradise, a region as lovely as Hell is terrible, and which to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful, when considered as the creation of the same mind which had painted the infernal world.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes whilst it delights the imagination. Adam and Eve, just moulded by the hand, and quickened

by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benediction, and happiness of their author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untan to it, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which surrounds and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep, for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth the fulness of their affection; and still it is serene, for it is the love of happy beings who know not suffering even by name, whose innocence excludes not only the tumults but the thought of jealousy and shame, who, 'imprais'd in one another's arms,' scarce dream of futurity, so blessed is their present being. We will not say that we envy our first parents, for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs, a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and widow'd, mad love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of 'thoughts which wander through eternity.' Still, there are times, when the spirit, oppress'd with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for 'the wings of a dove, that it might fly away,' and take refuge amidst the 'shady bowers,' the 'vernal air,' the 'roses without thorns,' the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of Paradise with the storms of life, which give to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books with all their sublimity, than part with these. It has sometimes been said that the English language has no good pastoral poetry. We would ask, in what age or country has the pastoral ever breathed such sweet strains as are borne to us on 'the odoriferous wings of gentle gales,' from Milton's Paradise?

We should not fulfil our duty, were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated, the Harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to, the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity, of his conceptions, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever form the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sounds are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches, and finds or frames in sounds, motions and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

We close our remarks on Milton's poetry with observing, that it is characterised by seriousness. Great and various as are its merits, it does not discover all the variety of genius which we find in Shakespeare, whose





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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent or rather Satan in the serpent, who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described, here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed,) but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astomished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him they confer of their miserable fall Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterward in Canaan and the countries adjoining To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world, and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in heaven, for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises suddenly built out of the deep the infernal peers there sit in council.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
 Sing, heavenly muse, that on the secret top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,  
 In the beginning, how the heavens and earth  
 Rose out of chaos or, if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, than Siloa's brook that flow'd  
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
 And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st, thou from the first  
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
 Dove like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
 And madest it pregnant what in me is dark,  
 Illumine, what is low, raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause  
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides,  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
 The infernal Serpent, he it was, whose guile  
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host  
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,  
 If he opposed, and with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
 Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,  
 With vain attempt Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,

With ludeous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamantyne chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
 Confounded, though immortal : but his doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath, for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate  
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation, waste and wild,  
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames,  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell hope never comes  
 That comes to all but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :  
 Such place eternal justice had prepared  
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far removed from God and light of heaven,  
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole  
 O, how unlike the place from whence they fell !  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
 With floods and whulwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and weltering by his side  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named  
 Beelzebub To whom the arch enemy,  
 And thence in heaven call'd Satan, with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began

'If thou beest he, but O, how fall'n ! how chang'd  
 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendant brightness, didst outshine

Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprize,  
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
 In equal ruin into what pit thou seest  
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
 He with his thunder and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,  
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,  
 And shook his throne What though the field be lost ?  
 All is not lost, the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else not to be overcome,  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath  
 This downfall since by fate the strength of gods,  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy,  
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.  
 So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,  
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair  
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer.

'O prince, O chief of many throned powers,  
 That led the embattled seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,  
 Too well I see, and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,  
 Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as gods and heavenly essences  
 Can perish for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery  
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,)  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep,  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?  
 Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied  
 'Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or suffering, but of this be sure,  
 To do aught good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil,  
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.



But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 Back to the gates of heaven : the sulphurous hail,  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
 Of heaven received us falling, and the thunder,  
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep  
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,  
 Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,  
 If not, what resolution from despair'

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head up lift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts beside  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
 Titanian, or Earth born, that warr'd on Jove,  
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :  
 Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays  
 So stretch'd out huge in length the arch fiend lay

Chai'd on the burning lake · nor ever thence  
 Had risen, or heaved his head ; but that the will  
 And high permission of all ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs ,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others , and, enraged, might see  
 How all his malice served but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn  
 On man by him seduced , but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature , on each hand the flames,  
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
 In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft; incumbent on the dusky air,  
 That felt unusual weight , till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ,  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke 'such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet    Him follow'd his next mate  
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power  
 ' Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'  
 Said then the lost archangel, ' this the seat  
 That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,  
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right, farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals    Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells ! Hail, horrors ! hail,

Infernal world ! and thou profoundest hell,  
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time :  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least  
 We shall be free, the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence  
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :  
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven  
 But wherefore let us then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd in the oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell ?

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
 Thus answer'd ' Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lie  
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we awhile, astounded and amazed,  
 No wonder fall'n such a pernicious height.'

He scarce <sup>in</sup> God of athen the superior fiend  
 Was moving <sup>that</sup> swim there his ponderous shield  
 Ethereal temper, mass'nai<sup>de</sup>, and round,  
 Behind him cast, the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of F'sole,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains, in her potty globe.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd  
 His legions, angel forms who lay intranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
 High over-arch'd, imbower, or scatter'd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
 Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Basiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot-wheels so thick bestrewn,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded 'Princes, potentates,  
 Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from heaven's gates discern  
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!  
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch

On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel,  
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd,  
 Innumerable As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile  
 So numberless were those bad angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires,  
 Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear  
 Of their great sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain  
 A multitude like which the populous north  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danav, when her barbarous sons  
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands  
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band,  
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
 Their great commander, godlike shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, princely dignities,  
 And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,  
 Though of their names in heavenly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
 By their rebellion from the books of life.  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
 Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth,  
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and the invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
 With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,  
 And devils to adore for deities

Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who last,  
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,  
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.  
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell,  
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
Their altars by his altar, gods adored  
Among the nations round, and durst abide  
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned  
Between the cherubim; yea often placed  
Within his sameuary itself their shrines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;  
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire  
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,  
In Argob and in Bashan, to the stream  
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right against the temple of God,  
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.  
Next Chemos, the obscene dæd of Moab's sons,  
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild  
Of southmost Abarim, in Hasebon  
And Horonaim, Ston's realm, beyond  
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
And Eleale to the asphaltic pool.  
Peor his other name, when he enticed  
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enthrall'd  
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,  
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell  
 With these came they, who, from the bordering flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
 These feminine, for spirits, when they please,  
 Can either sex assume, or both, so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh, but in what shape they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their aery purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living Strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods, for which their heads as low  
 Bore down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes With these in troop  
 Came Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
 Astarte, queen of heaven with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
 Sodomian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
 In Zion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on the officious mountain built  
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
 To idols foul Thammuz came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded, the love tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,

His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,  
 Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers  
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
 And downward fish, yet had his temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, diademed through the coast,  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds  
 Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams  
 He also against the house of God was bold  
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
 Ahar his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
 Whom he had vanquish'd After these appear'd  
 A crew, who, under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
 Rather than human Nor did Israel 'scape  
 The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed  
 The calf in Oreb, and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Lkening his Maker to the grazed ox,  
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd  
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 Both her first born and all her bleating gods  
 Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself, to him no temple stood,  
 Or altar smoked, yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God?



In courts and palaces he also reign'd,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their lofty towers,  
 And injury and outrage, and when midnight  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine  
 Witness the streets of Solon, and that night  
 In Gibeon, when the hospitable door  
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape  
 These were the prime in order and in might  
 The rest were long to tell though far renowned,  
 The Ionian gods, of Javan's race, and old  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Lacedaemon's,  
 Their boasted parents Titan, heaven's first born,  
 With his enormous brood, and his bright son  
 By younger Saturn, he from his father Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like his own father  
 So Jove usurping reign'd the first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest heaven, or on the Delphic cliffs,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking, but with looks  
 Downcast and damp, yet such welcome appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found themselves  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself, which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue, but he, his wonted smile  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be appear'd  
 His mighty standard that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,

With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds,  
 At which the universal host up-sent  
 A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
 With orient colours waving, with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms  
 Appear'd, and scirried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable, anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders, such as rais'd  
 To height of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage,  
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat.  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,  
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil, and now  
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,  
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose: he through the armed files  
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views, their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of gods,  
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength  
 Glories, for never, since created man,  
 Met such embodied force, as named with these  
 Could merit more than that small infantry  
 Warr'd on by cranes, though all the giant brood  
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd  
 That fought at Thebes and Ilum, on each side

Mix'd with auxiliar powers a host re-  
 In fable or romance of Lilliput  
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights,  
 And all who since, oppos'd or hind'ring,  
 Joust'd in Aspromont or Montallan  
 Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebizand,  
 Or whome Persia sent from Africk's shore,  
 When Charlemain in vain all his peerage led  
 By Fontenoy. Thus far the legend  
 Compare of mortal powers, yet observ'd  
 Their dread commander; he, above the rest  
 In shape and stature proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower, his form and yet not lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess  
 Of glory obscured, as when the sun, new-risen,  
 Looks through the horizon'd air, his air  
 Shorn of his beams, or first beheld the morn,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and to half fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Dark'nd so, yet above  
 Above them all the archangel, but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had outworn'd; and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and consideration pride,  
 Waiting revenge, cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain:  
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd  
 Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung  
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory wither'd as when heaven's fire  
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines  
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
 To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his peers attention held them mute  
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth, at last  
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way  
‘O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers  
Matchless, but with the Almighty! and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter, but what power of mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge, past or present, could have fear’d,  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend  
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,  
If counsels different, or dangers shunn’d,  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne upheld by old repute,  
Consent, or custom and his regal state  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal’d,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provoked, our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not, that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe  
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife  
There went a fame in heaven that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour, equal to the sons of heaven,  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere,  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature peace is despair’d,



Stanced from the lake a second multitude  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 T'evering each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross.  
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells,  
 By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook,  
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathe  
 Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a temple, where pillars round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave, nor did there want  
 Cornices or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven,  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence  
 Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile  
 Stood fix'd her stately height, and straight the doors,  
 Opening their brazen folds, discover'd wide  
 Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement, from the arched roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect his hand was known  
 In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,  
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright  
 Nor was his name unheard or undor'd  
 In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Muleiber, and how he fell  
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements from morn



Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pile course; they, on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with joyous music charm his ear  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds  
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still, amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,  
The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sit,  
A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
Irequent and full. After short silence then,  
And summons read, the great consult began.



## BOOK II

### THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven some advise it others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search, Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest bestir themselves several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven, with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence, and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus display'd.  
    ' Powers and dominions, deities of heaven,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n  
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate  
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n  
Did first create your leader, next, free choice,

With what busines, in council or in fight,  
 Hath been relieved of merit; yet this loss,  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Established in a safe unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Many from each inferior, but who here  
 Will eary whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greater share  
 Of endles pain? Where there is then no good  
 For such to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction, for none sure will claim in heil  
 Precedence, none whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in heaven, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritances of old,  
 Striver to prove, or thin prosperity  
 Could have assur'd us; and, by what best way,  
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,

We now debate, who can advise, may speak'  
 He chose, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
 That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength; and rather than be less,  
 Cared not to be at all, with that care lost,  
 Went all his fear of God, or hell, or worse,  
 He reck'd not and these words thereafter spake

'My sentence is for open war of wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not, them let those  
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now  
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,  
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
 Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay? No, let us rather choose,

Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once,  
 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer, when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his angels, and his throne itself  
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments But perhaps  
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe.  
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That in our proper motion we ascend  
 Up to our native seat descent and fall  
 To us is adverse Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborous flight  
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then,  
 The event is fear'd, should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction, if there be in hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd what can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe,  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,  
 Call us to penance? More destroyed than thus  
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential; happier far  
 Than miserable to have eternal being  
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing, and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though milder th'le, his fatal throne;  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
To less than gods. On the other side up rose  
Belshazzar, in not more graceful and humane,  
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd  
For dignity composed and high exploit  
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began  
‘I should be much for open war, O peers,  
As not behind in hate if what was urg'd  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem'd to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success,  
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge  
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are fill'd  
With armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep  
Encamp their legions or, with obscure wing,  
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted and the ethereal mould,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope

Is flat despair we must exasperate  
 The almighty Victor to spread all his rage,  
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,  
 To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion! And who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry God  
 Can give it, or will ever! how he can,  
 Is doubtful, that he never will, is sure  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
 Say they who counsel war, We're decreed,  
 Reserved, and destin'd, to eternal woe,  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 What, when we fled remain, pursued, and struck  
 With heaven's afflicting thunder, and be-ought  
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then room'd  
 A refuge from those wounds, or when we lay  
 Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
 What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,  
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
 And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads, while we perhaps,  
 - Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,

There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end! This would be worse  
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades, for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height  
All these our motions vain, sees, and derides.  
Not more almighty to resist our might,  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven  
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,  
By my advice, since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust,  
That so ordains this was at first resolved,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall  
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conqueror this is now  
Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our supreme foe in time may much remit  
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,  
Not mind us not offending, satisfied  
With what is punish'd, whence these raging fires  
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Their noxious vapour, or, mured, not feel,  
Or, changed at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain,  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to ourselves more woe'

Thus Behai, with words clothed in reason's garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace, and after him thus Murmor spake

'Either to dethrone the King of heaven  
We war, if war be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost him to throne we then  
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield  
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife.  
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
The latter for what place can be for us  
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord spare us  
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,  
And publish grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection, with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits  
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
In heaven, this our deight, how wearisome  
Eternity so spent, in worship paid  
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty, before the easy yoke,  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
We can create, and in what place so'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,

And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,  
 Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell?  
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence, and what can heaven show more?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements; these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
 Into their temper, which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils with regard  
 Of what we are, and were, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise  
 He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
 The assembly, as when world's rocks return  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance,  
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest, such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than hell so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
 Wrought still within them, and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise  
 By policy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to heaven  
 Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom  
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A pillar of state, deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat, and public care;  
 And princely council in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic, though in ruin, sage he stood,  
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear



The regret of ingutest monarchs, his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

'Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heav'n  
Imperial virtues! or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing style, be call'd  
Princes of hell! for so the popular vote  
In lines here to continue, and build up here.  
A growing empire, doubtless, while we dream,  
And know not that the King of heaven hath doom'd,  
This place our dungeon not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From his high jurisdiction, in new leagues  
Banded against his throne, but to remain  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd  
Let the inevitable curb, reserved  
His captive multitude, for he, be sure,  
In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole king and of his kingdom lose no part  
In our revolt, but over hell extend  
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us all, as with his golden throne in heaven  
What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
Irreparable terms of peace yet none  
Worshipp'd or sought, for what peace will be given  
To us remain'd, but entirely so ere,

Of some new race, call'd Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
 Of Him who rules above, so was his will  
 Pronounced among the gods; and by an oath,  
 That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd  
 Thither let us bend our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
 Or substance, how endued, and what their power,  
 And where their weakness, how attempted best  
 By force or subtlety Though heaven be shut,  
 And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may be exposed,  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be achieved  
 By sudden onset either with hell fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
 The puny habitants, or, if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
 In his disturbance, when his darling sons  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon Advise, if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain empires Thus Beelzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel first devised,  
 By Satan, and in part proposed, for whence,  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes with full assent

They vote whereat he thins his speech reverts.

'Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,  
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,  
Great things resolved, which, from the lowest deep,  
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
Nearer our ancient sort, perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms  
And opportune excursion we may chance  
Re enter heaven, or else in some wild zone  
Dwell not unvisited of heaven's fair light,  
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam  
Purge off this gloom the soft delicious air,  
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm But first, whom shall we send?  
In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet  
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his wery flight  
Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy isle? What strength, what art can it  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
Of angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection, and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage, for, on whom we send,  
The weight of all and our last hope relies'

This said, he sat, and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt but all sat mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts, and each  
In other's countenance read his own dismay,  
Astomish'd none among the choice and prime  
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found  
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,  
Alone, the dreadful voyage, till at last  
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,  
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake

'O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones,  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd. Long is the way  
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light,  
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,  
 Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress  
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential night receives him next  
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf  
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,  
 And this imperial sovereignty adorn'd  
 With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,  
 Terror of heaven, though fallen! Intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render hell  
 More tolerable, if there be cure or charm  
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill mansion intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all. this enterprise  
 None shall partake but me' Thus saying, rose  
 The monarch, and prevented all reply,  
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 (Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd.

And, so refused, might in opinion stand  
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
 Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice  
 Forbidding, and at once with him they rose.  
 Their rising all at once, was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone: and as a god  
 Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised  
 That for the general safety he despised  
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd  
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief!  
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element,  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower,  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their nests renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings  
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational though under hope  
 Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait.  
 The Stygian council thus dissolved and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers  
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less  
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,  
 And god like imitated state him round

A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed  
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result  
 Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,  
 By herald's voice explain'd, the hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
 With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim  
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and, wandering, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields,  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form  
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,  
 Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms  
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns  
 Others, with vast Typhicean rage more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind, hell scarce holds the wild uproar,  
 As when Alcides, from Cæchalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Though pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lachas from the top of Ceta threw  
 Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle, and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony

(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more swif  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy  
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm  
 Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast  
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.  
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate  
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream, fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Throws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile: or else deep snow and ice.  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damietta and mount Casius old,

Where armies whole have sunk the parching air  
 Burns froze, and cold performs the effects of fire.  
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled,  
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire  
 They ferry over this Lethean sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink,  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus Thus roving on  
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands  
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest Through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire  
 Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell  
 Explores his solitary flight sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars



Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial wings  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs, they, on the trading flood,  
 Through the wide Ethiopiam to the Cape,  
 Ply stemming mightily toward the pole so soon'd  
 Far off the flying fiend At last appear  
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof  
 And thrice threefold the gates, threefold were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock  
 Impenetrable, unpaied with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsumed Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape,  
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting, about her middle round  
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bawl'd  
 With wide Cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung  
 A hideous peal, yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within unseen Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore,  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms The other shape,  
 If shape it might be called that shape had none,  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either, black it stood as night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart, what seem'd his head,  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast

With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode  
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admired  
 Admired, not fear'd, God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began  
 ' Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way.  
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven '  
 To whom the goblin full of wrath replied  
 ' Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,  
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud, rebellious arms,  
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons  
 Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,  
 Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart  
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before  
 So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold  
 More dreadful and deform On the other side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war Each at the head  
 Levell'd his deadly aim their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,  
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,

Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air.  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell  
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood,  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe and now great deeds  
 Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,  
 Had not the snaky sorceress, th' ill wit  
 Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between  
 'O father, what intends thy hand,' she cried,  
 'Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?  
 For him who sits above and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;  
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.'

She spake, and at her words the hellish post  
 Forebore, then these to her Satan return'd  
 'So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange,  
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,  
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends, till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art thus double form'd, and why  
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st  
 Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.'

To whom thus the portress of hell gate replied  
 'Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair  
 In heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight  
 Of all the seraphim with thee combined  
 In bold conspiracy against heaven's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,

Out of thy head I sprung, amazement seized  
 All the host of heaven, back they recoil'd afraid  
 At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me, but familiar grown,  
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
 The most reverse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
 Becamest enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived  
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,  
 And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd  
 (For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe  
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout,  
 Through all the empyrean down they fell,  
 Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down  
 Into this deep, and in the general fall  
 I also, at which time this powerful key  
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep  
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd but he my imbrued enemy  
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
 Made to destroy! I fled, and cried out, Death!  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
 From all her caves, and back resounded, Death!  
 I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,  
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
 And in embraces forcible and foul  
 Ingendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived,  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb

That bred them they return and howl, and gaww  
 My bowels, their repast, then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 When ever that shall be, so fate pronounced  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temper'd heavenly, for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist'

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

'Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Be fallen us, unforeseen, unthought of, know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host  
 Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,  
 Fell with us from on high from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 The unfounded deep, and through the void immen-  
 To search with wandering quest a place forto'd  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,  
 Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,  
 Might hap to move new broils Be this or aught  
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
 To know, and, thus once known, shall soon return,

And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the balmy air, embalm'd  
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immaturably; all things shall be your prey.  
 He ceased, for both seem'd fright'ned, and Death  
 On a sudden burst a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His sentence should be fill'd, and told us now  
 Pledged to that goal of hour, no less rejoiced  
 His mother's bid, and thus he spoke her care  
 'The key of this infernal pit by due,  
 And by command of his more all powerful King,  
 I keep, by his forb'ben to unlock  
 These adamant'ne gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to int'repose his dart,  
 Fearless to be overmatch'd by living might  
 But what owe I to his commands above  
 Who hate me, and ha'th rather thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of T-tar's profound,  
 Than in his hateful office here confined,  
 Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,  
 Here, in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With torments and with clamours compress'd round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my wounds feed?  
 Thou art my father, thou art my author thou  
 My being gavest me, whom should I obey  
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of Light and bliss, among  
 The gods who live at ease, & here I shall no more  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beams  
 Thy daughter, and thy darling, without end.  
 Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Self-instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And, towards the gate rolling her heavy train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew.  
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers,  
 Could once have moved; then in the keyhole's turn  
 The intricate words, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens. On a sudden open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her power, the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,  
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame,  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
 Illimitable ocean without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
 And time, and place, are lost, where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand  
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,  
 Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
 Their embryon atoms, they around the flag  
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring winds, and pose  
 Their lighter wings To whom these most adhere,  
 He rules a moment Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more embroils the fray,  
 By which he reigns next him high arbiter  
 Chance governs all Into this wild abyss,  
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain  
 His dark materials to create more worlds  
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
 Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,  
 Pondering his voyage, for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross Nor was his ear less peal'd  
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare

Great things with small), than when Bellona storms,  
 With all her battering engines bent to raise  
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
 Of heaven were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn  
 The steadfast earth At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Up'lifted spurns the ground, thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
 Audacious, but, that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacancy all unawares  
 Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
 As many miles aloft, that fury staid,  
 Quench'd in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land nigh foundered on he fares,  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half flying, behoves him now both oar and sail.  
 As when a gryphon, through the wilderness  
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale  
 Pursues the Arimaspean, who by stealth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
 The guarded gold so eagerly the fiend  
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,  
 At length, a universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest vehemence, thither he plies,  
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever power  
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bordering on light, when straight behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful deep, with him enthroned  
 Sat sable vested Night, eldest of things,



The consort of his reign, and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon, Rumour next and Chance,  
 And Tumult and Confusion all embrod'd,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths  
 To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: 'Ye powers  
 And spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm, but, by constraint  
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with heaven, or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, the ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound, direct my course,  
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness, and your sway,  
 (Which is my present journey,) and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night.  
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge'

Thus Satan, and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech, and visage incompas'd,  
 Answer'd 'I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
 That mighty leading angel, who of late  
 Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the flighted deep,  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded, and heaven gates  
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence, if all I can will serve  
 That little which is left so to defend,  
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,  
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night first, hell,  
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;

Now lately heaven and earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain  
To that side heaven from whence your legions fell :  
If that way be your walk, you have not far .  
So much the nearer danger , go, and speed ,  
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain '

He ceased ; and Satan stay'd not to reply,  
But, glâd that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd, wins his way , harder beset,  
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd,  
So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he ,  
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,  
Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,  
Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,  
From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb  
Of this frail world - by which the spirits perverse  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro,  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good angels guard by special grace.  
But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night,  
A glimmering dawn here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,  
As from her outmost works a broken foe,  
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds  
Gladly the port, though shroud and tackle torn,

Or in the emptier waste, resembling *Ær*,  
Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold  
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat :  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon  
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

## BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created, shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand, foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man, but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice, man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and, therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth, commands all the angels to adore him. They obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb, where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity what persons and things fly up thither thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it his passage thence to the orb of the sun, he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed alights first on mount of Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light ! offspring of heaven first-born,  
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproached light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate  
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,

Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
 With other notes than to the Orphic lyre,  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
 Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp, but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,  
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veil'd Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smut with the love of sacred song, but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,  
 Tunes her nocturnal note Thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works to me expunged and ras'd,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and dispere, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure empyrean where he sits  
 High throned above all height, bent down his eye,  
 His own works, and their works, at once to view  
 About him all the sanctities of heaven  
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
 Disturbance past utterance; on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 His only Son, on earth he first beheld  
 Our first parents, yet the only two  
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,  
 Bearing immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, untrivall love,  
 In blissful solitude, he then survey'd  
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
 Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night,  
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now,  
 To stoop with reared wings, and willing feet,  
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
 Firm land embosom'd without firmament,  
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake  
 'Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
 Transports our adversary? whom no bounds  
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chain-  
 Heav'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
 Wide interrupt, can hold so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
 Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new created world,  
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay

If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By some false guile pervert, and shall pervert:  
 For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience so will fall  
 He and his faithless progeny Who's fault?  
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have, I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall  
 Such I created all the ethereal powers  
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fell,  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell  
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd,  
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive,  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
 Made passive both, had served necessity,  
 Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination over ruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree  
 Or high foreknowledge, they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I, if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
 Both what they judge, and what they choose, for so  
 I form'd them free and free they must remain,  
 Till they enthrall themselves, I else must change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
 Their freedom, they themselves ordained their fall,  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self tempted, self depraved man falls, deceived  
 By the other first, man therefore shall find grace,

The other none in mercy and justice both,  
 Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel  
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine '  
 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious in him all his Father shone  
 Substantially express'd, and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace  
 Which uttering, thus he to his father spake

' O Father, gracious was that word which closed  
 Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace,  
 For which both heaven and earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest '  
 For should man finally be lost, should man,  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
 With his own folly? That be from thee far,  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right  
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate time? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught?  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet, with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both,  
 Be questioned and blasphemed without defence '

To whom the great Creator thus replied  
 ' O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed





Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, just and the unjust to save?  
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,  
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf  
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
Much less that dart upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest meditation thus renew'd

'Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace,  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprovoked, unsummoned, unsought?  
Happy for man, so coming, he her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sin, and lost,  
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring  
Behold me, then, me for him, life for life,  
I offer, on me let thine anger fall,  
Account me man, I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleased, on me let Death wreak all his rage  
Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquish'd, thou hast given me to possess  
Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to death I yield, and am his due  
All that of me can die yet, that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
For ever with corruption there to dwell  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd  
I through the ample air in triumph high

Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and take  
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight  
 Pleased, out of heaven wilt look down and smile,  
 While, by thee rise I, I run all my foot,  
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave.  
 Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,  
 Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace restored  
 And reconciliation, with shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended, but his speech  
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which e'erly things  
 I'llal obedience, as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offered, he attends the will  
 Of his great Father. And ration sent  
 All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,  
 Wondering, but soon the Almighty thus replied.

"O thou in heaven and earth the only Son  
 Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou,  
 My sole complacence! what thou knowest to be dear  
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,  
 Though last created, that for him I gave  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save  
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost  
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join,  
 And be thyself man among men on earth  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth, be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restored  
 As many as are restored, without thee not.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit,  
 Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,

And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life  
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
 So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found,  
 By merit more than birthright, Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
 Far more than great or high, because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
 Both God and man, Son both of God and man,  
 Anointed universal King; all power  
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits, under thee, as head supreme,  
 Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce,  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
 In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell  
 When thou, attended gloriously from heaven,  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning archangels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the general doom  
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep  
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and angels, they arraign'd, shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And, after all their tribulations long,

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair trust  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
 God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all thy'sties,  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as tre'

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all  
 The multitude of angels, with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hallow'd fill'd  
 The eternal regions lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;  
 Immortal amaranth, a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
 To heav'n removed where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss thro' midst of heav'n  
 Rolls o'er Elysium flowers her amber stream,  
 With these that never fade the spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd  
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with prelude sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
 Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n  
 'Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King, thee, Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest

The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
 Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes  
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
 Made visible the Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold, on thee  
 Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,  
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 He heaven of heavens and all the powers therein  
 By thee created, and by thee threw down  
 The aspiring dominations, thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
 Thou drovest of warring angels disarray'd  
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim  
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on man him, through their malice fall'n,  
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,  
 He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexempl'd love!  
 Love nowhere to be found less than divine!  
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin  
 Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe

Of this round world, whose first corner discovers  
 The luminous inferior orbs, enclosed  
 From Chaos, and the inward of darkness obli,  
 Satan alighted walks a globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seem a boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night,  
 Starless exposed, and over-threatening eternal  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,  
 Though distant far, some smil' reflection takes  
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest's breath:  
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field  
 As when a vulture on Ircas bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeaning kine,  
 On hills where herds are fed, their toady beaks  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams:  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Soricana, where Chinoises drive  
 With sails and wind their cart waggons  
 So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend  
 Walk'd up and down alone, beat on his prey,  
 Alone, for other creature in that place,  
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none,  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither, like aerial vapours, flew  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or the other life,  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds,  
 All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here:  
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd,

Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold  
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind  
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
 First from the ancient world those giants came,  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennasir, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build,  
 Others came single, he, who to be deem'd  
 A god, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,  
 Empedocles, and he, who, to enjoy,  
 Plato's *Elysium*, leap'd into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus, and many more too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in heaven,  
 And they, who, to be sure of Paradise,  
 Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd,  
 And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air then might ye see  
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost  
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds all these, upwhirl'd aloft,  
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,  
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrud  
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he vander'd, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste



His travell'd steps . far distant he descried  
 Ascending by degrees magnificient  
 Up to the wall of heaven a structure high ;  
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd  
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellish'd , thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn  
 The stairs were such as were at Jacob seen,  
 Angels ascending and descending, heard  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Eden fled  
 To Padan Aram, in the field of Luz,  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cried, ' This is the gate of heaven ' .  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes  
 Viewless , and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,  
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake,  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds,  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to descend  
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravated  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss,  
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to the earth, a passage wide  
 Wider by far than that of after times  
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
 Over the Promised Land, to God so drew,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choicest regard  
 From Peneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore,  
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bounds the ocean wave  
 Sitan from hence now on the lower stair,  
 That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,

Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As yhen a scout,  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
 With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:  
 Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,  
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair  
 Round he surveys, (and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the culling canopy  
 Of night's extended shade), from eastern point  
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,  
 Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Downright into the world's first region throw  
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone,  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,  
 Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there  
 He stay'd not to inquire, above them all  
 The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,  
 Allured his eye, thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament (but up or down,  
 By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far, they, as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering [sun]  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd

By his magnetic beam, th'at gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle peretration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep,  
 So wondrously was set his station bright  
 There lands the end, a spot like which, perhaps  
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,  
 Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone,  
 Not all parts like, but all still inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glazing iron with fire,  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear,  
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagined rather oft than else e'er seen,  
 That stone, or like to that, which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by their powerful art they try  
 Volatile Hermes, and call up a bound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Draw'd through a limbeck to its native form  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 The arch chymic sun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?  
 Here matter now to gaze the drossy met  
 Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands:  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shroud,  
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from the equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air  
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun,

His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid,  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders, sledge with wings,  
 Lay waving round, on some great charge employ'd  
 He seem'd or fl'd, in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandering flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay  
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek play'd, wings he wore  
 Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold,  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand  
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known  
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven  
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
 That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth  
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land him Satan thus accosts  
 'Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand  
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first art wont his great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,  
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend,  
 And here are likeliest by supreme decree  
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye  
 To visit oft this new creation round,  
 Unspeakable desire to see and know,  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,  
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom

All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,  
 Hath brought me from the choirs of cherubim  
 Alone thus wandering Brightest seraph, tell  
 In which of all these shining orbs hath now  
 His fix'd seat, or fix'd rest hath he,  
 But all these shunning orbs his choice to dwell;  
 That I may find him and with secret gaze,  
 Or open admiration, him behold,  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these glorious powers  
 That both in him and all things, as he will,  
 The universal Father we may praise,  
 Who justly hath drive out his rebel sons  
 To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,  
 Created this new happy race of men  
 To serve him better who are all his way.

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd  
 For neither man nor angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that is  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through heaven and earth  
 And oft, though wisdom will, suspicion slips  
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems which now for once befall  
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
 The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven,  
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
 In his uprightness, answer thus return'd

'Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify  
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches <sup>constantly</sup> at rather merits praise  
 The more <sup>shine</sup>, as <sup>at</sup> rather merits praise  
 From the <sup>from</sup> excess, that led thee hither  
 To wily <sup>from</sup> with thine eyes what some perhaps  
 Contend with report, hear only in heaven  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight;  
 But what created mind can comprehend

Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mould, came to a heap  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined,  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire  
 And this ethereal quintessence of heaven  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,  
 The rest in circuit vills this universe.  
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines,  
 That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light  
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,  
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,  
 With borrow'd light her countenance transform  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adam's abode ; those lofty shades, his bower  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
 Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan, bowing low,  
 As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
 Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success  
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
 Nor stay'd till on Niphates' top he lights

## BOOK IV.

## THE ARGUMENT

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and such places where he most intended to tempt the world, enters which he had took notice against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, rage, and despair, but at length confirms himself evil, joins to him the devil, whose outward prospect and situation is described, and how he sits in the shape of a comely cherub, as looking forth from the garden, to look about him. Then he describes the state of Adam and Eve, how they are excellent happy creatures, but with resolution to work their fall overthrows their bliss, when he gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them on pain of under penalty of death, and therefore intends to turn his first sin, by seducing them to transgress, then he describes how he has been working their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel the watchful angel, unlearned wars Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, the some evil spirit had copied the design, and as he was by his flight in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, he viewed about the furious gestures in the moon. Gabriel returns to tell him the morning high coming on, Adam as he had been sleeping in his rest, their bower described, their evening worship. Gabriel, joining forth his hands of night-watch to vain the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's tower, but he considers that should be doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping, there is a hint at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream, and how much she is won by Gabriel, by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, reports assistance, but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O, thou that warning voice, which he who saw  
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to record rout,  
Came furious down to be revenged on man,  
'Woe to the inhabitants of earth' that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warned  
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scape I,  
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare for now  
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,

To wreak on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first battle, and his flight to hell :  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engine back recoils  
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The hell within him; for within him hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
 One step no more than from himself, can fly,  
 By charge of place, nor conscience wakes despair,  
 That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue  
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,  
 Sometimes towards heaven, and the full blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower -  
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

'O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
 Of this now world, at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished heads, to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in heaven, against heav'n's matchless King  
 Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none, nor was his service hard  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice, lifted up so high  
 I 'sdan'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit



The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe  
 Forgetful what from him I still received,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged, what burden is, that  
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had sedg'd  
 Ambition! Yet why lost I sense or power  
 As great might have assist'd, and arm'd, though none  
 Drawn to his part, in other powers assist  
 I tell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptation arm'd  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to will?  
 Thou hadst, whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accus'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe  
 Nay, cursed be thou, since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly tries,  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven  
 O, then, at last relent! is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
 None left but by submission, and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vows  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so true;  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery such joy ambition finds.

## PARADISE LOST

But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state, 'how soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void  
 For never can true reconcilment grow -  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall, so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart  
 This knows my punisher, therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost,  
 Evil, be thou my good by thee at least  
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,  
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know.  
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,  
 Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair,  
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld,  
 For heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,  
 Artificer of fraud, and was the first  
 That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge,  
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warn'd whose eye pursued him down  
 The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount  
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
 Spirit of happy sort, his gesture fierce  
 He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then, alone,  
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen,  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access denied; and over-head up grew  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung,  
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
 Appeared, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd  
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 When God hath shower'd the earth so lovely seem'd  
 That landscape and of pure, now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair now gentle gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the Blest, with such delay  
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league  
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,  
 Who came to their bane, though with them better pleased  
 Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume  
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse  
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
 From Media past to Egypt, there fast bound  
 Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
 Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow,  
 But further way found none, so thick entwined

-As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
 All path of man or beast that pass'd that way  
 One gale there only was, and that look'd east  
 On the other side, which, when the arch-felon saw,  
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and, in contempt,  
 At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound  
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
 Lights on his feet As when a prowling wolf,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey  
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold,  
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles,  
 So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold,  
 So since into his church lewd hirelings clomb  
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a cormorant yet not true life  
 Thereby regain'd but sat devising death  
 To them who lived, nor on the virtue thought  
 Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
 For prospect, what well-used had been the pledge  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right,  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views,  
 To all delight of human sense exposed,  
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A heaven on earth for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
 Of Eden planted, Eden stretch'd her line  
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
 Of great Selencia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar in this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd

Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;  
And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold , and next to life,  
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd , for God had thrown  
That mountain as his garden mould high raised  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden , thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account ,  
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendent shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art  
In beds and curious knots, but nature's boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view ,  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm  
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste ,  
Detract them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
Or palmy hullock , or the flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose ,

Another side umbrageous grotts and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant, meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crown'd,  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams  
 The birds their choir apply, airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on the eternal Spring Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired  
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
 Of Eden strive, nor that Nyseian isle  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Uram,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son  
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye,  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed  
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus' head, inclosed by shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend  
 Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures, new to sight and strange,  
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 God-like erect, with native honour clad,  
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all  
 And worth seem'd, for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure  
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)  
 Whence true authority in men, though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd,  
 For contemplation he and valour form'd;

For softness she, and sweet attractive grace,  
 He for God only, she for God in him  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
 Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders brood  
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best received  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd  
 Then was not guilty shame dishonest shame  
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
 Sim-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
 And banished from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met,  
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
 Under a tuft of shide that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side  
 They sat them down, and, after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed  
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them, as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:  
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
 Still as they thirsted, scoop'd the brimming stream  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as becoms





Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provoked.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!  
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:

'Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,  
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting volley'd thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past  
A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untried;  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
This new created world, whereof in hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted powers  
To settle here on earth, or in mid air,  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against,  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.'

To whom the warrior angel soon replied.  
'To say, and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
'Satan. and couldst thou 'faithful' add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
'Army of fiends, fit body to fit head

Not likely to part hence without contest,  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake  
'Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place,  
Employ'd, it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss.  
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow.  
'Gabriel! thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee, but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place,  
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought,  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
But evil hast not tried and wilt object  
His will who bounds us Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance thus much what was ask'd  
The rest is true, they found me where they say,  
But that implies not violence or harm.'

Thus he in scorn The warlike angel moved,  
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied  
'O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed,  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain,  
However, and to 'scape his punishment!  
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,

# PARADISE LOST

The lowest of your throng, or, if ye know  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.  
‘Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,  
Or undiminish’d brightness to be had on,  
As when thou stood’st in heaven upright and pure,  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee and thou resembl’st now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.’

So spake the cherub and his grave rebuke  
Sovereign in youthful beauty, and led grace  
Invincible. abash’d the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pined  
His loss. but chiefly, to find her observed  
His lustre visibly impair’d, yet seem’d  
Undaunted. ‘If I must contend,’ said he,  
‘Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
Or all at once, no more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost.’ ‘Thy fear,’ said Zephon bold,  
‘Will save us trial that the least can do

Single against thee and thence weak.’  
The fiend repli’d not, overcome with rage,  
But, like a proud steel rein’d, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb to strike or fly  
He held it vain to give from one he had quelled  
His heart, not at all dismay’d. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join’d,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel, from the front thus call’d aloud.

‘O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Itluriel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a thrail of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan, who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure from harm  
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived,  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped  
 The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt.  
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon, these to the bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought, him there they found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forgo  
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, he would raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits and soaring pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touch'd lightly, for no falshood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness. up he starts  
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
 Against a ruin'd war, the outcatty gun,  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;  
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.  
 Back stopt those two fair angels, half amazed  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king,  
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

'Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to lie?  
 Com'st thou, escaped thy prison and transform'd,  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of those that sleep?

'Know ye not then,' said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
 'Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not rear:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,

But our destroyer, foe to God and man?  
 Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety  
 In Paradise, of all things common else  
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men  
 Among the bestial herds to range, by thee  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
 Far be it, I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbesitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels, not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fan, best quitted with disdain  
 These lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 And on their nyl'd limbs the flowery roof  
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd Sleep on,  
 Blest pair, and O! yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more!

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublun'ar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the cherubim,  
 Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd  
 To their night watches in warlike parade,  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

'Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch, these others wheel the north  
 Our circuit meets full west' As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear  
 From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

'Ifhurriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook,









In nature and all things, which these soft fires  
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made thereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray  
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shone not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night, how often from the steep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator! oft in hymn  
 While they keep watch, or nightly roundly wail,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.  
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bower: it was a place  
 Chosen by the sov'reign Planter, when he framed  
 All things to man's delightful use, the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
 Rear'd high their flow'rish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic, under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inter-  
 Broder'd the ground, more colour'd than with store  
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,  
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bowers  
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph

Yon flowery arbour, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manumg, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.  
 Those blossoms also, and those droppingh; sweets,  
 That lie bestrown, unsightly, and unprofitable,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease  
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.  
 To whom thus Eve, with perfect liberty ador'd,

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar  
But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know :

So promised he , and Uriel to his charge  
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen  
Beneath the Azores whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
Diurnal, or this less voluble earth,  
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad,  
Silence accompanied , for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,  
She all night long her amorous descant sung ,  
Silence was pleased , now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires , Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw

When Adam thus to Eve ' Fair consort, the hour  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
Mind us of like repose ; since God has set  
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive , and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines  
Our eye lids other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ,  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven and all his ways,  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account  
To morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labour to reform

Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high,  
 The rest was craggy clift, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night,  
 About him exercised heroic games  
 The unarm'd youth of heaven, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds he thus began in haste

‘Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in  
 This day, at height of noon, came to my sphere  
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,  
 God's latest image I described his way  
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his wry gait,  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his look  
 Alien from heaven, with passions soul obscured  
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him one of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise  
 New troubles, him thy care must be to find’

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.  
 ‘Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,  
 See far and wide. in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come  
 Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence if spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou know'st to exclude



Bending to look on me I started back,  
 It started back, but pleased I soon return'd,  
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd  
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me 'What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,  
 With thee it came and goes; but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces he  
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race - What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watery image - back I turn'd,  
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Creature!  
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of whom thou fly'st,  
 His flesh, his bone to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to live thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear,  
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thou dost claim  
 My other half - With that thy gentle hand  
 Seiz'd mine - I yielded, and from that time  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.'

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unreprieved,  
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
 On our first father, half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the cloud  
 That shed May flowers, and press'd her nectar'd lips  
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd

# PARADISE LOST

This one, this easy charge of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life,  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt, for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet

'To whom thus Eve replied 'O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head! what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks I chiefly, who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself can no where find  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved  
 Pure as the expanse of heaven, I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,

Accept your Maker's work, he gave it me,  
 Which I as freely give, hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings, there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring, if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
 On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,  
 By conquering this new world, compels me now  
 To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape served best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn,  
 By word or action mark'd about them round  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Straight couches close, then rising, changing oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,  
 Griped in each paw when Adam first of men,  
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.

'Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite,  
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep



Four couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they About them frisking play'd  
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den,  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid, bears, tigers, ounces, pans,  
 Gamboll'd before them, the unwieldy elephant,  
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed  
 His like proboscis, close the serpent sly,  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded, others on the grass  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating, for the sun  
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career  
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale  
 Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

'O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould, earth born perhaps,  
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe,  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy,  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heaven  
 Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd, yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied league with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me,  
 Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense yet such

With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
Battles and realms; in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight.  
The latter quick up-flew, and lick'd the beam,  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend  
'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine  
Neither our own, but given what folly then  
To boast what arms can do! since thine no more  
Than heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
'To trample thee as mire for proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak  
If thou resist' The fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft, nor more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shade of night

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Lamented to Adam. Let troublesome dreams hold over it not, yet comfort her, they come for a to their day labours. The morning hymn at the door of their better God, to render man excusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his disobedience, of his estate, of his enemy near at hand, & to he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down in Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam sitting at the door of his Lodge; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, and together by Eve, their discourse at large. Raphael performs a strange, to Adam of his state and of his enemy, relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, learning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof. How he drew his serpent after him to the parts of the north, and then incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades him, composes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern chace  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep  
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and fanning rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough, so much the more  
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve  
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest he, on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces, then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,

Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus 'Awake,  
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!  
 Awake the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us, we lose the prime to mark how spring  
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet  
 Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake  
 'O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection I glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd, for I this night  
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd  
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night, Methought  
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine: it said,  
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunèd sweetest his love-labour'd song now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire?  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk,  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge; fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day  
 And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood  
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven,  
 By us oft seen his dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia, on that tree he also gazed

And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here!  
 This said, he paus'd not but with venturesome arm  
 He pluck'd, he tasted, me damp horror chill'd  
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:  
 But he thus, overjoy'd O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crop'd,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit

For gods, yet able to make gods of men;  
 And why not gods of men, since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more!  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!  
 Partake thou also, happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods  
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou.

So saying he drew nigh, and to me held  
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit hold part  
 Which he had pluck'd the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld

The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various wondering at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep; but O, how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad

'Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear,

Yet evill whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure But know, that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
 Reason as chief. among these Fancy next  
 Her office holds of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes,  
 Which reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion, then retires  
 Into her private cell When Nature rests,  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
 To imitate her but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill-matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange, yet be not sad  
 Evil into the mind of God or man  
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world.  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store  
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended  
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste,  
 But first from under shady arborous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up risen,

With wils yet hovering o'er the ocean brunt,  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style, for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in soft strains pronounced, or sung  
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair Thyself how wondrous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of light,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise,  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st,  
 Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fly'st,  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusty or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise  
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good, and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.  
 So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
 Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm  
 On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
 Among sweet dew's and flow'rs, where any row  
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reached too far  
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces, or they led the vine  
 To wed her elm, she, sponser'd, about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
 With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd  
 Raphael, the social spirit, that deign'd



To travel with Tobias, and secured  
 His marriage with the seven-times wedded maid  
 'Raphael,' said he, 'thou hear'st what stir on earth  
 Satan, from hell 'scaped through the darksome gulf,  
 Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
 This night the human pair, how he designs  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade  
 Thou findst him from the heat of noon retired,  
 To respite his day-labour with repast,  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happy state,  
 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free will, his will though free  
 Yet mutable, whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not, too secure. tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom what enemy,  
 Late fall'n himself from heaven, is plotting now  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss;  
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood,  
 But by deceit and lies this let him know,  
 Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake the Eternal Father; and fulfill'd  
 All justice nor delay'd the winged saint,  
 After his charge received; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
 Flew thro' the midst of heaven the angelic choirs,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all the empyreal road till, at the gate  
 Of heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide,  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.  
 From hence no cloud; or, to obstruct his sight  
 Star interpos'd, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd  
 Above all hills As when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes,

Imagined lands and regions in the moon :  
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades  
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
 A cloudy spot ~ Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal-sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar  
 Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
 When, to enshrine his relics in the sun's  
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies  
 At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A seraph wing'd six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine, the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament, the middle pair  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
 And colours dipt in heaven, the third his feet,  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
 Sky-tinctured grain ~ Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide ~ Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under watch, and to his state,  
 And to his message high, in honour rise  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound  
 Then glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm,  
 A wilderness of sweets, for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs.  
 And Eye within, due at her hour prepared

For dinner savoury fruit, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky steers,  
Berry or grape to whom thus Adam call'd.

'Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy night behest,  
Eastward among these trees, what glorious shape,  
Comes this way moving, seems another morn  
Like on mid noon, come great behest from heaven  
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
This day to be our guest. But go with speed  
And, what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour  
Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
Our heavenly stranger, well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows  
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.'

To whom thus Eve 'Adam, earth's hallo'd maid,  
Of God inspired I small store will serve, where more  
All seasons, ripe for use brings on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
But I will haste, and from each bough and bush,  
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
To entertain our angel-guest, as he  
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth  
God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven.'

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order so contrived as not to mix  
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest care,  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punie coast, or where  
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or she  
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand, for drink the grape

She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd  
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strows the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd  
 Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet  
 His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long  
 Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,  
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape  
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,  
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior nature bowing low,  
 Thus said. 'Native of heaven, for other place  
 None can than heaven such glorious shape contain,  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deigned a while  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
 Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline  
 Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild  
 'Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,  
 To visit thee, lead on then where thy bower  
 O'ershades, for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will.' So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's labour smiled,  
 With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells, but E  
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair  
 Than wood-nymph or the fairest goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from heaven, no veil  
 She needed, virtue proof, no thought infirm  
 Alter'd her cheek, On whom the angel 'Hail!'

Bestow'd, the holy salutation used  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

'Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heaped this table.' Raised of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had not,  
And on her ample square from side to side  
All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here  
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold,  
No fear lest dinner cool, when thus began,  
Our author 'Heavenly stranger, please to taste,  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath crused  
The earth to yield, unwarpy food perhaps  
To spiritual natures only this I know  
That one celestial Father gives to all'

To whom the angel 'Therefore what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found  
No ingrateful food and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require,  
As doth your rational, and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn  
For know, whatever was created needs  
To be sustain'd and fed. of elements  
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon,  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged,  
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd  
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher orbs  
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimential recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Supps with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees

Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain yet God hath here  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with heaven, and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice ' So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly  
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of theologians ; but with keen despatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate what redounds, transpires  
 Through spirits with ease ; nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve  
 Ministered naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise ' if ever, then,  
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been  
 Enamour'd at that sight, but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injured lover's hell.  
 Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,  
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let the occasion pass  
 Given him by this great conference, to know  
 Of things above his world, and of their being  
 Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far whose radiant forms,  
 Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far  
 Exceeded human and his wary speech  
 Thus to the empyreal minister he framed  
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well,  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so,  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At heaven's high feasts to have fed, yet what compare

To whom the winged hierarch replied,  
 'O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return,  
 If not depraved from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Endued with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;  
 But more refined, more spiritual, and pure,  
 As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,  
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green silk, from thence the sense  
 More airy, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,  
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual give both life and sense,  
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul  
 Person receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or intuitive, discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good.  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance Time may come, when men  
 With angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare.  
 And from these corporal nutrimenta perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improved by tract of time, and, wing'd, ascent  
 Ethereal, as we, or may, at choice,  
 Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell,  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.  
 To whom the patriarch of mankind replied  
 'O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct

Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
 From centre to circumference, when on,  
 In contemplation of created things,  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say  
 What merit that caution join'd, "If ye be found  
 Obedient?" Can we want obedience then,  
 To him, or possibly his love desert,  
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel, "Son of heaven and earth,  
 Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God,  
 That thou continuest such owe to thyself,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand  
 True was that caution given thee be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfect, not immutable,  
 And good he made thee; but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will  
 By nature free, not over-ruled by fate  
 Inextinguishable, or strict necessity  
 Our voluntary service he requires.  
 Not our necessitated such with him  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
 Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other choose?  
 Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand  
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds,  
 On other surety none freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not, in this we stand or fall  
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from heaven to deepest hell, O fall  
 From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"  
 To whom our great progenitor "Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
 Aereal music send: nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free,



Yet that we never shall forget to love  
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assured me, and still assure • though what thou tell'st  
 Hath pass'd in heaven, some doubt within me move  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard,  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun  
 Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of heaven

Thus Adam made request and Raphael  
 After short pause assenting, thus began

'High matter thou enjoyn'st me, O prime of men,  
 Sad task and hard for how shall I relate  
 To human sense the invisible exploits  
 Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,  
 The run of so many glorious once  
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
 This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,  
 As may express them best, though what if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein  
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought

'As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now  
 Upon her centre poised, when on a day  
 (For time, though in eternity, applied  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future,) on such day  
 As heaven's great year brings forth the empyreal host  
 Of angels by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne  
 Forthwith, from all the ends of heaven, appear'd  
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees,  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 'Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss embosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount whose top,  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake

"Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
 At my right hand, your head I him appoint,  
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
 All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord.  
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide  
 United, as one individual soul,  
 For ever happy him who disobeys,  
 He disobeys, breaks union, and that day,  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end."

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere  
 Of planets, and of fix'd, in her all wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular  
 The most when most irregular they seem,  
 And in their motions harmony divine  
 So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd  
 (For we have also evening and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need),—  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous, all in circles as they stood,

Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
 With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold.  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven.  
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy  
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shadow  
 Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed  
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there,  
 In darker veil), and roseat dews disposed  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread  
 (Such are the courts of God), the angelic throng  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fann'd with cool winds, save those, who, in their course,  
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne  
 Alternate all night long; but not so wak'd  
 Satan, so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in heaven, he of the first,  
 If not the first archangel, great in power,  
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God; that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
 Deep malice then conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, unbey'd, the throne supreme,  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake

“ Sleep’st thou, companion dear? What sleep’st thou close  
Thy eye-lids? and remember’st what decree  
Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips  
Of heaven’s Almighty Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart,  
Both waking we were one; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed,  
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
To utter is not safe Assemble thou,  
Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief,  
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night  
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me their banner wave,  
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess  
The quarters of the north, there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King,  
The Great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws ”  
“ So spake the false archangel, and infused  
Bad influence into the unwary breast  
Of his associate he together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent powers,  
Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,  
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
Now ere dim night had disencumber’d heaven,  
The great hierarchal standard was to move,  
Tells the suggested cause, and crists between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integrity but all obey’d  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of their great potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in heaven,  
His countenance, as the morning-star that guides  
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s host  
Meanwhile the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
And from within the golden lamps that burn

Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree,  
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said.

“Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might;  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of deity or empire such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne  
 Equal to ours throughout the spacious north,  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.”

‘To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer “Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and, secure,  
 Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults vain;  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see a’l regal power  
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dexterous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heaven.”

‘So spake the Son but Satan, with his powers  
 Far was advanced on winged speed, an host  
 Innumerable as the stars of night,  
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun  
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower  
 Regions they pass’d, the mighty regencies  
 Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,  
 In their triple degrees, regions to which  
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
 And all the sea, from one entire globose  
 Stretch’d into longitude which having pass’d,

At length into the limits of the north  
 They came ; and Satan to his royal seat  
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
 Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,  
 The palace of great Lucifer (so call  
 That structure in the dialect of men  
 Interpreted), which not long after, he,  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that mount whereon  
 Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,  
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd  
 For thither he assembled all his train,  
 Pretending, so commanded, to consult  
 About the great reception of their King,  
 Thither to come, and with calumnious art  
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears  
 “ Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers  
 If these magnific titles yet remain  
 Not merely titular, since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself engross'd  
 All power, and us eclipsed under the name  
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult how we may best,  
 With what may be devised of honours new,  
 Receive him coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile !  
 Too much to one ! but double how endured,  
 To one, and to his image now proclaimed !  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and sons of heaven possess'd before  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free, for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right

His equals, if in power and splendour less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord  
 And look for adoration, to the abuse  
 Of those imperial titles, which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve."

'Thus far his bold discourse without control  
 Had audience when among the seraphim  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored,  
 The Deity and divine commands obey'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus opposed

"O argument blasphemous, false, and proud  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven  
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,  
 That to his only Son, by right endued  
 With regal sceptre, every soul in heaven,  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful king? Unjust, thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign,  
 One over all with unsucceeded power  
 Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of heav'n  
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?  
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
 And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident he is; how far from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state, under one head more near  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign  
 Thyself, thou great and glorious, dost thou count  
 Or all angelic nature joined in one,  
 Equal to him, begotten Son? by whom  
 As by his word, the Mighty Father made

All things, even then; and all the spirits of heaven  
 By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Commend them with glory, and in their glory named  
 Tarens, dominions, principates, virtues, powers,  
 Essential powers, not by his reign obscured,  
 But more illustrious made; since he the head  
 One of our unity that reduced becomes;  
 His laws our laws, all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these, but listen to appease  
 The incensed Father, and the incensed Son,  
 Whose pardon may be found in time brought."

'Says the fervent angel, but his real  
 Name proceeded, as out of season judged,  
 Or singular and rare: whom rejoiced  
 The spirits, and, more haughty, thus replied  
 "That we were formed than, say'st thou I and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doubtless such we would know whence leav'd. Who saw  
 When this creation was? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now,  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised  
 By our own quickning power, when fatal course  
 He clerb'd his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons  
 Our purchase is our own: our own right hand—  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by application we intend  
 Address, and to beset the almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to the anointed King;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight."

'He said; and as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur cecho'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host: nor less for that  
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold  
 "O alienate from God, O spirit accursed,



Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall  
 Determined, and thy helpless crew involved  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment . henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah , those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsafed , other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall  
 That golden sceptre which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience Well thou didst advise :  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
 These wicked tants devoted, lest the wrath,  
 Impending, raging into sudden flame,  
 Distinguish not for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt

' So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful still  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he  
 Among innumerable false, unmoved  
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal  
 Nor number, nor example, with him won  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
 Though single From amidst th' ungodly  
 Long way through hostile scorn, yea  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd, he stood  
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he bore  
 On those proud scorners to swift destruction

## BOOK VI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

After a short notice to show how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to bat-  
tle against Satan and his army. The first part described Satan and his  
power and nature under such a beautiful and solemn, but terrible engine,  
and in the second part of the book, Michael and his angels to some dis-  
advantage; but they at length prevailed upon Michael, overcame both the  
force and number of Satan, yet the tumult not so ending, God, on the  
third day, sent Michael to Jerusalem to behold the very of his  
victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the city, and causing  
all his host to be gathered on either side, with his chariot and thunder  
arrayed, and a multitude of his enemies, pursued them, until he reached, to-  
wards the city, the mountain which opened, it gleamed down and horror and  
confusion in the midst of the plain prepared for them in the deep,  
Michael returned to Jerusalem with his Father.

'A bright and dreadful angel, unpar-  
tial, and of a calm and un-  
wieldy hand, with rosy hand  
Un-  
With the light. There is a cave  
Within the bosom of God, fast by his throne,  
Where the angels, in perpetual round  
Loose and loose, which makes through heaven  
Grateful the angels, the day and night;  
Light issue from the other door  
Obsequious darkness, till her hour  
To veil the horizon, though darkness there might well  
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn  
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold  
Empyreal, from before her vanish'd night,  
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain  
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.  
War he perceived, war in procinct; and found

Already known what he for news had thought  
 To have reported, gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly powers, who him received  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
 That of so many myriads fall'n yet one  
 Return'd not lost On to the sacred hill  
 They led him high applauded, and present  
 Before the seat supreme, from whence a voice,  
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.  
 "Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproof, far worse to bear  
 Than violence, for this was all thy care,  
 To stand approved in sight of God, though  
 Judged thee perverse the easier conquest  
 Remains thee aided by this host of fight  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart and to  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse  
 Right reason for their law, and for their  
 Messiah, who by right of Merit reign;  
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
 And thou, in military prowess next,  
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed  
 By thousands and by millions, angels  
 Equal in number to that godless crew  
 Rebellious them with fire and sword  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of heaven  
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall."

'So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
 Of wrath awak'd - nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow;

At which command the powers militant,  
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds  
Under their god-like leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah On they move  
Indissolubly firm, nor obvious hill,  
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
Their perfect ranks, for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their numble tread As when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summon'd over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee, so over many a tract  
Of heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,  
Tenfold the length of this terrene at last,  
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd  
In battalions aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
Various, with beautiful argument portray'd,  
The painted armour of Satan hasting on  
With his rebellious multitude, for they ween'd  
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise  
To win the crown of God, and on his throne  
To set the order of his state, the proud  
Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
In the mid-way, thus strange to us it seem'd  
At first, that angel should with angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
Hymning the Eternal Father But the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought  
High in the midst, exalted as a god,  
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
Idol of majesty divine, enclosed

With flaming cherubims and golden shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful interval, and front to front  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,  
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
 Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold:  
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

' "Oh Heaven! that such resemblance of the  
 Should yet remain, where faith and rectitude  
 Remain not! wherefore should not strength and might  
 There fall, where virtue falls, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquer'd?  
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid;  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have  
 Unsound and false, nor is it aught  
 That he, who in debate of truth hath  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes  
 Victor, though brutish that contest  
 When reason hath to deal with  
 Most reason is that reason

' So pondering, and from his  
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way  
 His daring foe, at thus  
 Incensed, and thus securely

' "Proud, art thou met?  
 The height of thy aspiring  
 The throne of God unguarded, and  
 Abandon'd, at the terror of thy power  
 Or potent tongue fool! not to think how vain  
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;  
 Who out of smallest things could, without aid,  
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,  
 Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
 Thy legions under darkness - but thou seest

All are not of thy train, there be, who faith  
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone  
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all my sect thou seest; now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err "

'Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye aslance,  
 Thus answered "Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st  
 From flight, seditious angel! to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue  
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose  
 A third part of the gods, in synod met  
 Their deities to assert, who, while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
 From me some plume, that thy success may show  
 Destructive to the rest this pause between,  
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast), to let thee know,  
 At first I thought that liberty and heaven  
 To all souls had been all one; but now  
 I see how through sloth had rather serve,  
 Minstrelsy's slave, than gain'd up in feast and song!  
 Such is the reward, the minstrelsy of heaven,  
 Servitude with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.'

'To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied  
 "Apostate! still thou art st, nor e'er wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote  
 Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name  
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or nature God and nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
 Them whom he governs This is servitude,  
 To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;  
 Yet lowly dar'st our minst'ring upbraid  
 Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom, let me serve

In heaven God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;  
 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect. meanwhile  
 From me return'd, as erst thou said'st, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive."

'So saying, a noble strol he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
 Such ruin intercept ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstand, as if on earth  
 Winds underground, or waters, forcing way,  
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
 Half sunk with all his pieces. Amazement sow'd  
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see  
 Thus foil'd their mightiest, our joy fill'd, and shout,  
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
 Of battle whereat Michael bid sound  
 The archangel trumpet through the vast heaven  
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosanna to the Highest nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous joy  
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury  
 And clamour, such as heard in heaven  
 Was never, arms on armour clashing  
 Horrible discord and the meddled noise  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd, dire war  
 Of conflict, over head the darts  
 Of fiery darts m'flaming volleys  
 And flying vaulted either horse or fire  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd  
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage. All heaven  
 Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth  
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when  
 Millions of fierce encountering angels fought  
 On either side, the least of whom could wield  
 These elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all their regions how much more of power  
 Army against army, numberless to raise

Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
 Though not destroy their happy native seat ;  
 Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,  
 From his stronghold of heaven, high over-rul'd  
 And limited their might ; though number'd such  
 As each divided legion might have seem'd  
 A numerous host ; in strength each armed hand  
 A legion, led in fight, yet leader, seem'd  
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battle, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges of grim war, no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear, each on himself relied,  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory Deeds of eternal fame  
 Were done, but infinite, for wide was spread  
 That war, and various sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,  
 Tormented all the air, all air seem'd then  
 Conflicting fire, Long time in even scale  
 The battle hung, till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
 No equal, cutting through the dire attack  
 Of fighting seraphim, confused, at length  
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons of his with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandish'd, the horrid edge came down  
 Wide-wasting, such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
 A vast circumference At his approach,  
 The great archangel from his warlike toil  
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued,  
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
 And visage all inflamed first thus began.

" Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest,  
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself



And thy adherents how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
 Misery, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
 And faithful, now prov'd false ! But think not here  
 To trouble holy rest, heaven casts thee out  
 From all her confines : Heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Brooks not the world's of violence and war.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew ! there mingle broils,  
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
 Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain "

'So spake the prince of angels, to whom thus  
 The adversary " Nor think thou with wind  
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not : Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquish'd, eager to transact with me  
 That thou shouldst hope, unperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence ! err not, that so shall  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we deem  
 The strife of glory which we mean to win,  
 Or turn this heaven itself into the loss  
 Thou fablest ; here, however, to dwell  
 If not to reign : meanwhile thy utters  
 And join him nam'd Almighty, with thy aid  
 I fly not, but have sought thee here, and nigh "

" They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable, for who, though with the tongue  
 Of angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such height  
 Of godlike power ? for likest gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.  
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields  
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood

In terror from each hand with speed retired,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if nature a concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound  
 Together both with next to almighty arm  
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they arm'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of power at once, nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention but the sword  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge at met  
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared  
 All his right side then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writhed him to and fro convolved, so sore  
 The grating sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him but the ethereal substance clos'd,  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd  
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright  
 Forthwith on all sides his aid was run  
 By angels many and strong, who interposed  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired  
 From off the files of war there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live through  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;

Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air :  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellect, all sense ; and, as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

‘ Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array  
 Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,  
 And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten’d, nor from the Holy One of heaven  
 Refrain’d his tongue blasphemous, but anon  
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter’d arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing On each wing  
 Uriel, and Raphael, his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm’d,  
 Vanquish’d Adramelech and Asmadai,  
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods  
 Disdain’d, but meaner thoughts learn’d in their  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
 Ariel, and Arnoth, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorcht’d and blasted, overthrow  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth, but those select  
 Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,  
 Seek not the praise of men, the other sort,  
 In might though wond’rous and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancell’d from heaven and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell  
 For strength from truth divided, and from just  
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires  
 Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame,  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.  
 ‘ And now, their mightiest quell’d, the  
 With many an inroad gored, deformed rout  
 Enter’d, and foul disorder, all the ground

With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery-foaming steel; what stood recoil'd  
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,  
 Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,  
 Flew ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience: till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain  
 For otherwise the inviolable saints,  
 In cable phalanx firm, advanced entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd,  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinned,  
 Not to have disobey'd, in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved  
 'Now night her course began, and over heaven  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
 And silence on the odious din of war  
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
 Victor and vanquished on the foughten field  
 Michael and his angels prevalent  
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,  
 Clerubic waving fires on the other part,  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,  
 His potentates to council call'd by night,  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began  
 "O now in danger tried, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
 Too mean pretence! but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown  
 Who hath sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)  
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so, then fallible, it seems  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now



Believ'st so main to our success, I bring  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
 This continent of spacious heaven adorn'd  
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold,  
 Whose eye so superficially surveys  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
 With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
 These in their dark nativity the deep  
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame  
 Which, into hollow engines, long and round,  
 Thick-ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire,  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
 From far, with thundering noise, among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm, whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt  
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawn,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive,  
 Abandon fear, to strength and counsel join'd,  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd."  
 He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived  
 The invention all admired, and each, how he  
 To be the inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
 Impossible yet, haply, of thy race  
 In future days, if malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspired  
 With devilish machination, might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew,  
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
 The originals of nature in their crude



Training his devilish enginery, impaled  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud  
“Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse  
But that I doubt, however, witness heaven!  
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge  
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear”  
“So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended, when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retired  
Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels, (for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,  
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd),  
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce at each behind  
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving tip with fire, while we, suspense,  
Collected stood within our thoughts amused,  
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied  
With nicest touch Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appear'd,  
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar  
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, clam'd thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host  
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell



By thousands, angel or archangel roll'd,  
 The sooner for their arms, unarm'd, they might  
 Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift  
 By quick contraction on remove, but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and forced rout;  
 Nor served it to relax their serried files  
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more despid,  
 And to their foes a laughter, for in view  
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row  
 In posture to displode their second tiro  
 Of thunder back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd Satan beheld their phght,  
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd

“Oh friends! why come not on these victors proud!  
 Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we,  
 To entertain them fair with open front  
 And breast (What could we more?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, strught they changed their munde,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
 For joy of offered peace but I suppose  
 If our proposals once again were heard,  
 We should compel them to a quick result.”

‘To whom thus Behr, in like gamesome mood.  
 “Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,  
 Such as we might perceive amused them all,  
 And stumbled many who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well understand,  
 Not understood, this gift they had besides,  
 They show us when our foes walk not upright”

‘So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
 All doubt of victory Eternal Might  
 To match with their inventions they presumed  
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
 And all his host derided, while they stood  
 A while in trouble but they stood not long;

Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose  
Forthwith, (behold the excellence, the power,  
Which God hath in his mighty angels placed')  
Their arms away they throw, and to the hills  
(For earth hath this variety from heaven,  
Of pleasure situate on hill and dale,)  
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;  
From their foundations loosening to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Up-lifting bore them in their hands amaze,  
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;  
Till on those cursed engines' triple row  
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
Main promontories flung, which in the air  
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd,  
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruus'd  
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;  
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown  
The rest, in imitation, to like arms  
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills upore:  
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That underground they fought in dismal shade,  
Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game  
To this uproar, horrid confusion heap'd  
Upon confusion rose And now all heaven  
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread  
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits  
Shrined in His sanctuary of Heaven secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advised,  
That His great purpose he might so fulfil,

To honour His anointed Son, avenged  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd : whence to his Son,  
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began  
 " Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,  
 Son, in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deity I am ;  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second omnipotence ! two days are past,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,  
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd ;  
 For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,  
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,  
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found  
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
 With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd : which makes  
 Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main.  
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine,  
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far  
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
 Can end it : Into thee such virtue and grace  
 Immense I have transfused, that all may know  
 In heaven and hell thy power above compare,  
 And, thus perverse commotion govern'd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King  
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right  
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,  
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,  
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;  
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out  
 From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep .

There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God, and Messiah, his anointed King "

He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd  
Ineffably into his face received .

And thus the filial Godhead answering spake  
" O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best , thou always seek'st  
To glorify thy Son , I always thee,

As is most just this I my glory account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me, well pleased, declarest thy will  
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss

Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee

For ever ; and in me all whom thou lov'st  
But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,

Image of thee in all things , and shall soon,  
Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of these rebell'd,  
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,

To chains of darkness, and the undying worm ;  
That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire

Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure  
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,  
Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,

Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief "

So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
From the right hand of glory where he sat,  
And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through heaven Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd

By four cherubic shapes , four faces each  
Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all,  
And wings, were set with eyes with eyes the wheels  
Of beryl, and careering fires between ,  
Over their heads a crystal firmament,



Or faint retreat, when the great Son of God  
To all his host on either hand thus spake  
“Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,  
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause  
And as ye have received, so have ye done,  
Invincibly but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs,  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints  
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
Nor multitude, stand only, and behold  
God's indignation on these godless pour'd  
By me, not you, but me, they have despised,  
Yet envied, against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, to whom in heaven supreme  
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,  
Hath honour'd me, according to his will,  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd  
That they may have their wish, to try with me  
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excels,  
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.”

‘So spake the Son, and into terror changed  
His countenance too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies  
At once the four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night under his burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arrived, in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
Plagues they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,  
All courage, down their idle weapons dropt :



Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd .  
 To meet him all his vants, who silent stood  
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanced, and, as they went,  
 Shaded with branches of palm, each order bright  
 Sang triumph, and him sang victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to Him dominion given,  
 Worthier to reign: He, celebrated, rode  
 Triumphant through mid-heaven, into the courts  
 And temple of his mighty Father throned  
 On high, who into glory him received,  
 Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss

'Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth,  
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
 Of what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
 What might have else to human race been hid;  
 The discord which befel, and war in heaven  
 Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who reloll'd  
 With Satan; he who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that, with him  
 Bereave of happiness, thou may'st partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite done against the Most High,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe  
 But listen not to his temptations, warn  
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,  
 By terrible example, the reward  
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.'



## BOOK VII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created, that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create a nother world, and other creatures to dwell therein, sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his ascension into heaven.

DESCEND from heaven, Urania, by that name,  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
 Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
 Above the flight of Pegasus wing'd;  
 The meaning, not the name, I call for thou  
 Nor of the muses mix'd, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwelt, but, heavenly-born,  
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
 In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,  
 Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,  
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
 Thy tempering with like safety guided down,  
 Return me to my native element  
 Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),  
 Dismounted, on the Aleron field I fall,  
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere  
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,

On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues,  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
 Purples the east still govern thou my song,  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that vile rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
 Both harp and voice, nor could the muse defend  
 Her son So fail not thou, who thee implôres  
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphael,  
 The affable archangel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam; by dire example, to beware  
 'Apôstasy,' by what befell in heaven  
 To those apostates, lest the like befall  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
 Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obey'd amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wandering He, with his consorted Eve,  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange, things, to their thought,  
 So unimaginable, as hate in heaven,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss,  
 With such confusion but the evil, soon  
 Driven back, redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With blessedness Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose and now  
 Led on, yet sunless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began,  
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
 What within Eden, or without, was done  
 Before his memory, as one whose dought

Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest

'Great things and full of wonder in our ears,  
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
Divine interpreter! by favour sent  
Down from the empyrean, to forwarn  
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
Unknown, which human knowledge, could not reach;  
For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
Immutably his sov'reign will, the end  
Of what we are But since thou hast vouchsafed  
Gently, for our instruction, to impart  
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,  
Design to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
How first began this heaven which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient air wide interfused  
Embracing round this florid earth what cause  
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest  
Through all eternity, so late to build  
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
Absolved, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
Of his eternal empire, but the more  
To magnify his works, the more we know.  
And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race though steep, suspense in heaven,  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of nature from the unapparent deep.  
Or if the star of evening and the moon  
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
Silence, and sleep, listening to thee will watch,  
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song,



With ministeries due, and solemn rites—  
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
 Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another world, out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit raised,  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience tried;  
 And earth be changed to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven;  
 And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done!  
 My overshadowing spirit and might with thee  
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the deep  
 Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth,  
 Boundless the deep, because I Am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space  
 Though I, uncircumscrib'd myself, retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not, necessity, and chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate."  
 'So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly motion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,  
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;  
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:  
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
 And the habitations of the just. to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of spirits malign, a better race to bring

Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to worlds and ages infinite

‘So sang the hierarchies, meanwhile the Son  
On his great expedition now appear’d,  
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown’d  
Of majesty divine science and love  
Immense; and all his Father in him shone  
About his chariot numberless were pour’d  
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,  
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing’d  
From the armoury of God, where stand of old  
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged  
Against a solemn day, harness’d at hand,  
Celestial equipage, and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,  
Attendant on their Lord heaven open’d wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds  
On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view’d the vast immeasurable abyss  
- Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heaven’s height, and with the centre mix the pole  
“Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,”  
Said then the omniscient Word, “your discord end!”  
Nor stay’d; but, on the wings of cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn,  
For Chaos heard his voice him all his train  
Follow’d in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then stay’d the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepared  
In God’s eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe; and all created things  
One foot he centred, and the other turn’d  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, “Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,

Thus be thy just circumference, O world !"  
 Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,  
 Matter uniform'd and void . darkness profound  
 Cover'd the abyss , but on the watery calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,  
 Throughout the fluid mass , but downward purged  
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,  
 Adverse to life then founded, then conglobed  
 Like things to like the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air :  
 And earth, self balanced, on her centre hung.

"Let there be light," said God, and forthwith light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep , and from her native east  
 To journey through the airy gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not , she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while God saw the light was -----  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided light the day, and darkness night,  
 He named. Thus was the first day even and morn  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ,  
 Birth day of heaven and earth , with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 God and his works , Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn  
 Again, God said, " Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters , " and God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air diffused  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round , partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above,  
 Dividing for as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule

Of Chaos far removed , lest fierce extremes  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame  
And heaven he named the firmament so even  
And morning chorus sung the second day

‘ The earth was form’d, but in the womb as yet  
Of waters, embryon immature involved,  
Appear’d not over all the face of earth  
Main ocean flow’d, not idle , but, with warm  
Prolific humours softening all her globe,  
Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
Sate with genial moisture , when God said,  
“ Be gather’d now, ye waters under heaven,  
Into one place, and let dry land appear ”  
Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds , their tops ascend the sky  
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproil’d,  
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste , such flight the great command impress’d  
On the swift floods , as armies at the call  
Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)  
Trop to their standard , so the watery throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft ebbing nor withstood them rock or hull  
But they, or underground, or circuit wide  
With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore,  
Ersy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train  
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated waters, he call’d seas,  
And saw that it was good , and said, “ Let the earth  
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth ”



He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green,  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet and, these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms with high woods the fields were crown'd,  
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,  
 With borders long the rivers that earth now  
 Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
 Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which, ere it was in the earth,  
 God made, and every herb, before it grew  
 On the green stem God saw that it was good  
 So even and morn recorded the third day

'Again the Almighty spake, "Let there be lights  
 High in the expanse of heaven, to divide  
 The day from night, and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of heaven,  
 To give light on the earth," and it was so  
 And God made two great lights, great for their use  
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night, altern, and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of heaven  
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day  
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide God saw,  
 Surveying his great work, that it was good

For of celestial bodies first the sun  
 A mighty sphere he framed; unlightsome first,  
 Though of ethereal mould then form'd the morn  
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
 And set 'd with stars the heaven, thick as a field:  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy chime, and placed  
 In the sun's orb, male persons to receive  
 And drink the liquid light; firm to retain  
 Her gather'd beams, great princes now of light.  
 Nether, as to their fountains, other stars  
 Repairing in their golden urns draw light,  
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;  
 By mixture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen  
 First in the east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through heaven's high road, the great  
 Parnu, and the Pleiades, before him danced,  
 Scintill'g sweet influence less bright the moon,  
 But opposite in the east west was set,  
 His nurser, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines  
 Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividu'd holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere then first adorn'd  
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose.  
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

'And God said, "Let the waters generate  
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul.  
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings,  
 Display'd on the open firmament of heaven"  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plentifully  
 The waters generated by their kinds,  
 And every bird of wing after his kind,

And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 " Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill -  
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth "  
 Forthwith the sounds, and seas, each creek and bay,  
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
 Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid sea part single, or with mate,  
 Grize the sea weed their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance,  
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold;  
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch on smooth the seal  
 And bended dolphins play part huge of bulk,  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gulf,  
 Tempest the ocean there leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens and shores,  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and sledge  
 They summ'd their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,  
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect, there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their aery caravan, high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight, so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds, the air  
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes -  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale

Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays  
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed  
 Their downy breast the swan with arch'd neck,  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
 The dark, and rising on stiff pinnons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky, others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and the other whose gay train  
 Adorn him, colour'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,  
 Evening and morning solemnized the fifth day.

'The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
 With evening harp and matin, when God said,  
 "Let the earth bring forth soul living in her land,  
 Cattle, and creep'g things, and beast of the earth,  
 Each in their kind." The earth obey'd, and straight  
 Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth  
 Innumeras living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown out of the ground up rose,  
 As from his bur, the wild beast, where he wons  
 In forest wild in thicket, brake, or den,  
 Amongst the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung  
 The grassy clods now calved, now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane, the ounce,  
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks the swift stag from underground  
 Dore up his branching head, scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
 His vastness fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm those waved their limber fans

For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green.  
 These, as a line, their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace, not all  
 Minims of nature, some of serpent-kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclosed,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st and gav'st them names,  
 Needless to thee reported, nor unknown  
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call

'Now heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheel'd their course earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smiled, air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,  
 Frequent, and of the sixth day yet remain'd  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
 Of all yet done a creature, who, not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with form serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God Supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father, (for where is not he

Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake

“Let us make now man in our image, man  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.”  
Thus said, he form’d thee, Adam, thee, O man!  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed  
The breath of life, in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express, and thou becam’st a living soul  
Male he created thee; but thy consort  
Female, for race, then bless’d mankind, and said,  
“Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
And every living thing that moves on the earth  
Whichever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know’st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste,  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee all sorts are here that all the earth yields,  
Variety without end, but of the tree,  
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,  
Thou may’st not, in the day thou eat’st, thou diest  
Death is the penalty imposed, beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, lest sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant death.”

‘Here finish’d he, and all that he had made  
View’d, and behold all was entirely good,  
So even and morn accomplish’d the sixth day  
Yet not till the Creator, from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up return’d,  
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode  
Thence to behold this new-created world,  
The addition of his empire, how it show’d  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
Follow’d with acclamation, and the sound

Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
 Angelic harmonies the earth, the air  
 Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),  
 The heavens and all constellations rung,  
 The planets in their station listening stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant  
 "Open, ye everlasting gates !" they sung,  
 "Open, ye heavens ! your living doors, let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his six day's work, a world !  
 Open, and henceforth oft, for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men,  
 Delighted and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace " So sung  
 The glorious train ascending he through heaven  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
 To God's eternal house direct the way,  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest  
 Powder'd with stars And now on earth the seventh  
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night, when at the holy mount  
 Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne  
 Of Godhead fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down  
 With his great Father for he also went  
 Invisible, yet staid (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,  
 Author and End of all things ; and, from work  
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work.  
 But not in silence holy kept the harp  
 Had work and rest'd not, the solemn pipe,  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unchoral, of incense clouds,

Fuming from golden censers, hid the motint  
Creation and the six days' acts they sung  
"Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite  
Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
Relate thee ? Greater now in thy return  
Than from the giant angels thee that day  
Thy thunders magnified, but to create  
Is greater than created to destroy.

Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound  
Thy empire ? easily the proud attempt  
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,  
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.

Witness this new-made world, another heaven  
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea,  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
Of destin'd habitation, but thou know'st  
Their seasons - among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,  
Their pleasant dwelling-place Thrice happy men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced !  
Created in his image there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers  
Holy and just thrice happy, if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright !"

'So sung they, and the empyrean rung  
With hallelujahs, thus was sabbath kept —  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this world and face of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning, that posterity,  
Inform'd by thee, might know if else thou seek'st  
Aught not surpassing human measure, say."



## BOOK VIII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve his discourse with the angel thereupon, who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE angel ended and in Adam's ear  
 So charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear  
 Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully replied  
 'What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
 Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 With wonder, but delight, and as is due,  
 With glory attributed to the high  
 Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,  
 Which only thy solution can resolve  
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world,  
 Of heaven and earth consisting, and compute  
 Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,  
 An atom, with the firmament compared,  
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
 Their distance argues, and their swift return  
 Diurnal,) merely to officiate light  
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,  
 One day and night in all their vast survey  
 Useless besides, reasoning, I oft admire,



Is as the book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :  
 This to attain, whether heaven more or earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest  
 From man or angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire, or, if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model heaven  
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy off-spring, and support  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor heaven such journeys run.  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit. Consider first, that great  
 Or bright infer not excellence the earth,  
 Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,  
 Nor glistening, may of so'ul good contain  
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines :  
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
 But in the fruitful earth, there first received  
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find  
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.  
 And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,  
 That man may know he dwells not in his own ;  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known  
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,

That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual me thou think'st not slow,  
 Who since the morning-hour set out from heaven  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
 In Eden; distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name But thus I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the heavens, to show  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
 Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain What if the sun  
 Be centre to the world, and other stars,  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
 Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still.  
 In six thou see'st, and what if seventh to there  
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different motions move?  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day  
 Travelling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray What if that light,  
 Sent from her through the wide transparent air,  
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star,  
 Enlightening her by day as she by night  
 This earth's reciprocal if land be there,  
 Fields and inhabitants her spirits there  
 As clouds, and clouds may run, and rain; as do  
 Fruits in her softest soil, for so we to eat  
 Allocated there; and other wares perhaps,  
 With their attendant manous, thou wilt draw;



That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, 'obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom : what is more, is fame,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence •  
And renders us, in things that most concern,  
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful whence, haply, mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask,  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deign'd  
Thice I have heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance • now, hear me relate  
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ,  
And day is not yet spent , till then thou seest  
How subtly to detain thee I devise  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate ,  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply  
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven ;  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour at the hour  
Of sweet repast , they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant , but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety •

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek  
• Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent , for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image fair  
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee , and each word, each motion, forms  
Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth  
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the ways of God with man  
For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set  
On man his equal love say therefore on ;  
For I that day was absent, as befel,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell ,



Whate'er I saw "Thou sun," said I, "fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?  
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent  
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know "  
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sat me down there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently moved  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And lived one came, methought, of shape divine,  
And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
First father I call'd by thee, I come thy guide  
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared "  
So saying, by the hand he took me raised,  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, enclosed with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw  
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat, whereat I waked, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadow'd here had new begun  
My wandering, had not He, who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,



Presence Divine Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submiss, he rear'd me, and, "Whom thou sought'st I am,"  
 Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest  
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:  
 Of every tree that in the garden grows,  
 Eat freely with glad heart, for here no dearth:  
 But of the tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence for know,  
 The day thou eat'st there of, my sole command  
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,  
 From that day mortal, and this happy state  
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
 Of woe and sorrow." Sternly he pronounced  
 The rigid interdiction, which reminds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur, but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd  
 "Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give, as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl  
 In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold  
 After their kinds, I bring them to receive  
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 With low subjection, understand the same  
 Of fish within her watery residence,  
 Not hither summon'd since they cannot change  
 Their element, to draw the thinner air."  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low  
 With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued  
 My sudden apprehension; but in these

I found not what methought, I wanted still  
And to the heavenly vision thus presumed.

“O, by what name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
Surpassest far my naming, how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
And all this good to man? for whose well-being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
Thou hast provided all things but with me  
I see not who partakes In solitude  
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?”

Thus I presumptuous, and the vision bright,  
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied

“What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth  
With various living creatures, and the air  
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not  
Their language and their ways? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly, with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule, thy realm is large”  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering I, with leave of speech implored,  
And humble deprecation, thus replied.

“Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, or in proportion due  
Given and received but, in disparity  
The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike, of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness,  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,



"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased ;  
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself ;  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My image not imparted to the brute  
 Whose fellowship therefore, unmeet for thee,  
 Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike  
 And be so minded still - I, ere thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for man to be alone ,  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee ; for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire "

'He ended, or I heard no more , for now  
 My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes  
 Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell  
 Of fancy, my internal sight , by which  
 Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious, before whom awake I stood  
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh wide was the wound  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ,  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 Man-like, but different sex , so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 And in her looks , which from that time infused  
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspired  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight

She disappear'd, and left me dark, I waked  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure,  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable, on she came,  
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though, unseen,  
 And guided by his voice nor uninform'd,  
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites.  
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love  
 I, overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

“This turn hath made amends, thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts! nor enviest I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself.  
 Before me Woman is her name, of man  
 Extracted for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.”

‘She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty  
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,  
 The more desirable, or, to say all  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd.  
 I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approved  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
 I led her blushing like the morn' all heaven,  
 And happy constellations, on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence; the earth  
 Gave sign and gratulation, and each hill,  
 Joyous the birds, fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night

Sing spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp  
 "Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss;  
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies  
 I mean of sight, taste, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds. but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch, here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmoved here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough, at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of nature her the inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image, who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O'er other creatures (yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows:  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally, and, to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her. as a guard angelic placed.

To whom the angel with contracted brow  
 'Accuse not nature, she hath done her part.  
 Do thou but thine, and be not dissident  
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not if thou  
 Dismiss not her when most thou need'st her nigh,  
 By attributing overmuch to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
 For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?  
 An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
 Not thy subjection weigh with her thyself,  
 Then value oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well manag'd of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wis  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed  
 To cattle and each beast, which would not be  
 To them made common and divulged, if aught  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of man, or passion in him move  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still.  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
 Wherein true love consists not love refine:  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his sent  
 In reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasures, for which cause,  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.  
 To whom thus, half abash'd Adam replied,  
 'Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem),  
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,





Perfect within, no outward aid require.  
And all temptation to transgress repel.'

So saying he arose, whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction 'Since to part,  
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,  
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore!  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever  
With grateful memory - thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!'  
So parted they, the angel up to heaven  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

## BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Eatan, having encompassed the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart. Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest their enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her sound alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength. Adam at last yields the serpent finds her alone his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat also, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam, or not at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit the effects thereof in them both, they seek to cover their nakedness, then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or angel guest  
 With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
 Rural repast; permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse unblamed I now must change  
 Those notes to tragic, soul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt  
 And disobedience on the part of Heaven  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Angel and just rebuke, and judgment given,  
 That brought into this world a world of woe,

Sin and her shadow death, and misery  
 Death's harbinger (sad task, yet argument)  
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall, or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia dis-espous'd,  
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek, and Cythera's son;  
 If answerable style I can obtain,  
 Of my celestial patroness, who deign  
 Her mighty visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mastery to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights,  
 In battles feign'd, the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung, or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament, then marshall'd feasts  
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals,  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name  
 To person or to poem. Me, of these  
 Nor skill'd, nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing  
 Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear )  
 The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end,  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round,

When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,  
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim  
 That kept their watch, thence full of anguish driven,  
 The space of seven continued nights he rode  
 With darkness thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled; four times cross'd the car of night  
 From pole to pole traversing each colure,  
 On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averae  
 From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, full part  
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose,  
 Satan involved in rising mist, then sought  
 Where to he hid, sea he had search'd, and land  
 From Eden over Pontus and the pool  
 Bhootis, up beyond the river Ob,  
 Downward as far antarctic and in length,  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd  
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found  
 The serpent subtilst beast of all the field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest limp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight. For, in the wily snake  
 Whatever slea his, none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtilty

Press long, which, in all eras observed,  
 Do let admit I get of diabolic power  
 Active within beyond the sense of hate  
 That I resolved, but first from inward grief  
 His brother pass on to plants thus pour'd  
 "O earth, how like to heaven, if not preferred  
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built  
 With several thoughts, reforming what was old  
 For - but God, after better, worse would build  
 There - but heaven danced round by other heaven  
 To - alone, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 I sit a - va - li - ly, for thee alone as seems,  
 In this concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence! As God in heaven  
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou,  
 Creating receive from all these orbs in thee,  
 Not in themselves all their known virtue appears  
 Pardon me in herb plant and nobler birth  
 Of creatures estimate with gradual life  
 O - go - ing, see - e, now, all summed up in man.  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
 If I could, joy is not sweet interchange  
 Of hill and valley rivers woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
 Rocks, dells, and caves! but I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge, and the more I see  
 The more I feel how much more I feel  
 The more I within me as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries - all good to me becomes  
 The more, as in heaven much worse would be my state  
 By such here seek I, no, nor in heaven  
 To dwell with thee by reaching I - on's Supreme:  
 Not how to be free of these miserable  
 Be what I see, but others to make such  
 As I, O - but, O - but to me return I:  
 I - only - I - alone I - alone  
 Try - but the gods; and him destroying,  
 O - but, O - but, O - but, O - but, O - but,  
 I - alone - I - alone, all this will seem  
 I - alone, I - alone, I - alone, I - alone,  
 In the end, that destruction and my rage:

To me shall be the glory sole among  
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd  
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
Continued making; and who knows how long  
Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
Not longer than since I, in one night, fled  
From servitude inglorious, well nigh half  
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers he, to be aveng'd,  
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
More angels to create, if they at least  
Are his created, or to spite us more,  
Determined to advance into our room  
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,  
With heavenly spoils, our spoils what he decreed,  
He effected, man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!  
Subjected to his service angel wings,  
And flaming ministers to watch and tend  
Their earthly charge of these the vigilance  
I dread, and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry  
In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring  
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the height of deity aspir'd!  
But what will not ambition and revenge  
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low  
As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.  
Let it, I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favourite



The clasp'ng ivy where to climb; while I,  
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :-  
 For, while so near each other thus all day  
 We live & chace e, what wonder if so near  
 Looks interfere and smiles, or object new  
 Cas'd & scarce draw on; which interrupts  
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
 Early, and the Lord of supper comes unearn'd !  
 To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd  
 'Hole Eve, associate eile, to me beyond  
 Compare above all human creatures dear !  
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,  
 How we might best fulfil the work which here  
 God hath assign'd us : nor of me shalt pass  
 Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good work in her husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
 Labour, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,  
 To brute denied, and are of love the food ;  
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands  
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us : but if much converse perhaps  
 Thee salute, to short absence I could yield  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befall thee sever'd from me, for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,  
 Envious our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope, to find



His wish and best advantage, us asunder;  
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.  
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.'

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
 As one who loves and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus replied  
 'Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earths' lord  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
 And from the parting angel overheard,  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers  
 But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel  
 His fraud is then thy fear which plain infers,  
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced  
 Thoughts, which how sound they harbour in thy breast  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear'

To whom with healing words Adam replied.  
 'Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire  
 Not dissident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof

Against temptation: than himself with reason  
 A stronger wouldst resist the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual sound: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;  
 O, think, that on me the assault shall lie hit  
 Not thou his malice and false guide condemn.  
 Safe he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels, nor think superfluous others' aid  
 I, from the influence of thy looks, receive  
 Access to every virtue; in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need be  
 Of outward strength, & little shame, then looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and reisel unite  
 Why shouldst not thou likewise within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimoni'd love, but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her such succour,  
 Thus her reply with new sweet renew'd  
 'If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, & not endued  
 Single with like defence, wherever met;  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin—only our foe,  
 Tempting, assaults us with his soul esteem  
 Of our integrity—his soul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
 Foul on himself, then wherefore shunn'd or  
 By us? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surprise proved false, and perice within,  
 Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the over  
 And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd  
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Lost so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combined.

Frail is our happiness, if this be so ;  
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed.'

To whom thus Adam fervently replied  
' O woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordain'd them his creating hand  
Nothing imperfect or deficient left,  
Of all that he created, much less man,  
Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
Secure from outward force ; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his power  
Against his will he can receive no harm  
But God left free the will, for what obeys  
Reason, is free, and reason he made right,  
But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised  
She dictate false, and misinform the will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,  
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possibly to swerve,  
Since reason not impossible may meet  
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
Were better, and most likely if from me  
Thou sever not trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
First thy obedience, the other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?  
But, if thou think, trial unsought may find  
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
Go, for thy stay, not free, absents thee more,  
Go in thy native innocence, rely  
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all !  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine  
So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve  
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, replied.  
' With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,

May find us both perhaps far less prepared,  
The willing'er I go, nor much expect  
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,  
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
In gait surpass'd and goddess-like deport,  
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,  
But with such gardening-tools as art yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.  
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled  
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove  
Her, long with ardent look his eye pursued  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated she to him as oft engaged  
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose  
O, much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,  
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!  
Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose,  
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,  
Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss!  
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,  
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
The only two of mankind, but in them  
The whole included race, his purposed prey  
In bower and field he sought where any tuft  
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
Their tendance, or plantation for delight,  
By fountain or by shady rivulet  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find

Eye separate; he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanced when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eye separate he spied,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half smil'd, so thick the roses blushing round  
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
 Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though grey  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or spark'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unassist and then she upstays  
 Gently with vertebra hand, and ess the while  
 Herself, though faintest unsupported flower,  
 From her bust; rose so far, and storm so nigh,  
 Nearer he drew, and nigh a walk travers'd  
 Of stateliest covert cedar, pine, or palm;  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,  
 Among thick woven flowers and flowers  
 Imbarber'd on each back the hand of Eve  
 Spot more delicious than those garden's feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renew'd  
 Alcions, host of odorous flowers,  
 Or that, not mystic, where the sagient king  
 Held dance with his fair Elysian spouse.  
 Much in the place admird, the person more  
 As one who long in joy and city sat,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thence met conceiv'd delight,  
 The smell of grain, or tickled grass, or lime,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance, with nymph like step, fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her not pleases more;  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight.  
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone her heavenly form  
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture, or least action, overweld  
 His malice, and with rapture sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.

That space the evil one abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd then, soon  
 Fierce hate, he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites

'Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transport'd, to forget  
 What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying, other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles, beheld alone  
 The woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her husband, for I view full round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
 Foe not formidable! exempt from wound,  
 I not, so much hath hell debas'd, and pain  
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.  
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love  
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.'

So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed  
 In serpent, inmate braid, and toward Eve  
 Address'd his way not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
 Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,  
 With burnish'd neck of coral gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant, pleasing was his shape,

And lovely, never since of serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god  
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;  
 He with Olympias; this with her who bore  
 Scipio, the height of Rome With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side long he works his way  
 As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,  
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye, she, busied, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised  
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring, oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,  
 Tawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod  
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length  
 The eye of Eve, to mark his play, he, glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue  
 Organe, or impulse of vocal air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began  
 'Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder! much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate, I, thus single, nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fur,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
 With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,  
 Where universally adured, but here  
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern

Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should be seen  
A goddess among gods, adored and served  
By angels numberless, thy daily train.'

'So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned  
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marvelling, at length,  
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake

'What may this mean? language of man pronounced  
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?  
The first, at least, of these I thought denied  
To beasts, whom God, on their creation-day,  
Created mute to all articulate sound  
The latter I demur, for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears  
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endued,  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How camest thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due'

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied  
'Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!  
Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
What thou command'st, and right thou should'st be obey'd  
I was at first as other beasts that graze  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food nor aught but food discern'd  
Or sex; and apprehended nothing high  
Till, on a day, roving the field, I chanced  
A goodly tree far distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
Ruddy and gold I nearer drew to gaze  
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown  
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
'Unsuck'd of lamb or kid; that tend their play  
To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved



Not to defer, hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
 For, high from ground, the branches wou'd require  
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spared not, for, such pleasure till that hour,  
 At fount or fountain, never had I found  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward powers, and speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capricious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in heaven,  
 Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray  
 United I beheld, no far to thine  
 Equivalent, or second, which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
 Sovereign of creatures, universal dame

So talk'd the spirited sly snake, and Eve,  
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied

'Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.  
 But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging, incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to discharge nature of her birth.'

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad  
 'Empress, the way is ready, and not long;

Herod and a crowd of myrmidons, on a raft,  
 Past by a fair island, the small island yet  
 Of the same name, myrmidon, of their accursed  
 Myrmidon, I can tell thee that shall eraze it

'Lead them,' said Eve. He, bustling, swiftly roll'd  
 In ruggles, and to the interior's seam straight,  
 To murder's work. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Bubbles in a crest. As if on a wanderer's fire,  
 Conquest of the night vapour, which the night  
 Condenses, and the cold in more round,  
 Kindled through a station to a flame,  
 Which still, they say, some ever spirit attends,  
 Hovering and bearing with jealous light,  
 While the wanderer, his wanderer from his way  
 To hope and sure, as lost through pond or pool;  
 The wanderer'd up and lost, from succour far.  
 So I would the dire fire, and into find  
 And Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe,

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake  
 'Serpent, no resort have spread our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to try, though fruit be here to excite,  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee:  
 Wonders indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree ye may not taste nor touch,  
 God so commands, and lest that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice, the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law'

To whom the tempter laughfully replied  
 'Indeed! but God then said that of the fruit  
 Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet lords declared of all in earth or air!'

To whom thus Eve, yet smiles: 'Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree midst  
 The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
 The reus, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die'

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 Now puts on: and, as to passion moved,

Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd,  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,  
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue  
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right.  
 So standing, moving, or to height up grown,  
 The tempter, all unpassion'd, thus began.

'O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,  
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise  
 Queen of this universe! do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death ye shall not die,  
 How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge, by the threatener? look on me,  
 Me, who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than late  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot  
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
 Rather your dutiless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,  
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil,  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just,  
 Not just, not God, not fear'd then, nor obey'd.  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;  
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers? He knows that in the day  
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods.

Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,  
 Internal man, is but proportion meet,  
 I, of brute, human, ye, of human, gods  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,  
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.  
 And what are gods, that man may not become  
 As they, participating godlike food?  
 The gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds  
 I question it, for this fair earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,  
 Them, nothing if they all things, who inclosed  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
 The offence, that man should thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will, if all be his?  
 Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
 In heavenly breasts? These, these, and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit,  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.  
 He ended, and his words replete with guile,  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth  
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclenable now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye, yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused—  
 'Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired;  
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise.













Greedily she engorged without restraint,  
 And know not eating death . satiate at length,  
 And heighten d as with wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began

‘O sov’reign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
 In Paradise ! of operation blest  
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created ; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer’d free to all,  
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know,  
 Though others envy what they cannot give  
 For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown    Experience, next, to thee I owe,  
 Best guide    not following thee, I had remain’d  
 In ignorance    thou open’st wisdom’s way,  
 And giv’st access, though secret she retire  
 And I perhaps am secret    heaven is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on earth, and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies  
 About him    But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known,  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power  
 Without copartner ? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior, for, inferior, who is free ?  
 This may be well - but what if God hath seen,  
 And death ensue ? then I shall be no more !  
 And Adam, wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct,  
 A death to think ! Confirm’d then I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him live no life'

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,  
But first low reverence done, as to the Power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused  
Into the plant essential sap, derived  
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while  
Waiting desirous her return, had wore  
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown.  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen  
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd  
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
Misgave him, he the faltering measure felt,  
And forth to meet her went the way she took  
That morn when first they parted by the tree  
Of knowledge he must pass there he her met,  
Scarce from the tree returning, in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.  
To him she hasten'd, in her face excuse  
Crime prologue, and apology too prompt,  
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.

'Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?  
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived  
Thy presence, agonv of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear  
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Opening the way, but of divine effect  
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;  
And hath been tasted such the serpent wise,  
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
Endued with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me

## PARADISE LOST.

The link of nature draw me flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd  
 Submitting to what seem'd relentless,

Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd  
 'Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,  
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,  
 And it been only coveting to e e

Though threatening, will in earnest  
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,  
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,  
 For us created, made with us must fall,  
 Dependent made, so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,  
 Not well concerned of God, who, though his power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
 Triumph, and say. "Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours, who can please him long? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now mankind, whom will he next?"  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.  
 However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom. If death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;

## PARADISE LOST.

So forcible within my heart I feel  
The bond of nature draw me to my own ;  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;  
Our state cannot be sever'd ; we are one,  
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself .'

So Adam , and thus Eve to him replied.  
' O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high !  
Engaging me to emulate , but, short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
One heart, one soul in both , whereof good proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,  
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,  
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,  
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ,  
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion,) hath presented  
This happy trial of thy love, which else  
So eminently never had been known.  
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy peace , chiefly, assured  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful love unequal'd but I feel  
Far otherwise the event , not death, but life  
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds '

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept , much won, that he his love  
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
In recompense (for such compliance had  
Such recompense best merits), from the bough

She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand, he scrupl'd not to eat,  
 Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs; and nature gave a second groan,  
 Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original, while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his till, nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
 Him with her loved society that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings,  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth but that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire inflaming, he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid, in lust they burn  
 Till Adam thus 'gin Eve to dalliance move.  
 'Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part;  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And palate call judicious, I the praise  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful fruit, nor know till now  
 True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten  
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare,  
 For never did thy beauty, since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree"  
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.

## PARADISE LOST.

Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,  
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch.  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinths, earth's freshest softest lap  
There they their ill of love and love's disport  
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exultating vapour bland  
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep;  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
Encumber'd, now had left them, up they rose  
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,  
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their mind  
How darken'd, innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour, from about them; naked left  
To guilty shame, he cover'd, but his robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,  
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
Of Philistean Delilah, and waked  
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

'O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,  
False in our promised rising, since our eyes  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
And in our faces evident the signs





## PARADISE LOST

Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent  
 For understanding ruled not, and the will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovereign reason claim'd  
 Superior sway from thus distemper'd breast,  
 Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

'Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and staid  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possess'd thee, we had then  
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd  
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
 The faith they owe, when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail'

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve.  
 'What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe!  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake,  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger, as thou said'st?  
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss

Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me '

To whom then first incens'd, Adam replied  
'Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve ' express'd  
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd, and 'joy'd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee ?  
And am I now upbraided as the cause  
Of thy transgressing ? Not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint what could I more ?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait, beyond this, had been force,  
And force upon free-will hath here no place  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to und  
Matter of glorious tri ' , and perhaps  
I also err'd, in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou the accuser Thus it shall befall  
Him, who, to worth in woman overtrusting,  
Lets her will rule restraint she will not brook,  
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse '

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self condemning;  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end

## BOOK X.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian-angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly, then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan thither up to the place of man to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made, then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell, their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man, instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise, then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death, God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things, but for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve, she persists, and at length appeases him. Then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despicable act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in heaven, for what can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart

Omniscient<sup>1</sup> who, in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
 Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,  
 Complete to have discovered and repuls'd  
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
 The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted, which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,  
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.  
 Up into heaven from Paradise in haste  
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad,  
 For man, for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stoln  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome new  
 From earth arriv'd at heaven gate, displeased  
 All were who leard, dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss  
 About the new arriv'd in multitudes  
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befel they towards the throne supreme,  
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear  
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approved, when the Most High,  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice  
 'Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed  
 On his bad errand, man should be seduced,  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker, no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
 His free-will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fallen he is, and now

What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression, death denounced that day ?  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd.  
 By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end,  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee,  
 Vicegerent Son ? To thee I have transferr'd  
 All judgment, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,  
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destined man himself to judge man fallen.  
 So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
 Blazed forth unclouded deity, he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

'Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
 Mine, both in heaven and earth, to do thy will  
 Supreme ; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,  
 May'st ever rest well pleased I go to judge  
 On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thee, and, not repenting, thus obtain  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me derived, yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease  
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,  
 Those two, the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law  
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs.  
 Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glory - Him thrones, and powers,  
 Princedoms, and dominations, ministrant,  
 Accompanied to heaven gate, from whence

Eden, and all the coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended straight, the speed of gods  
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wung'd.  
 No v was the sun in western cadence low  
 From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,  
 To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in  
 The evening cool, when he, from arch noons co  
 Came the mild judge, and intercessor both,  
 To sentence man the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears, while day declined they heard,  
 And from his presence hild them clves among  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,  
 Approaching, thus to Adam, call'd aloud.

'Where art thou Adam, went with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off! I miss thee here,  
 Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
 Where obvious d t t e cre while appear'd unsought:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth'

He came, and with him Eve, more loth though first  
 To offend, discountenanc'd both, and discompoed;  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God,  
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation and despair,  
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile  
 Whence Adam faltering, long, thus answer'd brief.

'I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid my-self.' To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile replied.

'My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd, how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou should'st not eat?'

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.  
 'O heaven! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my Judge, either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life,  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,

I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint : but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint ;  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolved, though, should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal  
 This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
 And what she did, whatever in itself,  
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed  
 She gave me of the tree and I did eat '

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied.  
 ' Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey,  
 Before his voice ? or was she made thy guide,  
 Superior, or but equal, that to her  
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
 Hers in all real dignity ? Adorn'd  
 She was indeed, and lovely, to attract  
 Thy love, not thy subjection, and her gifts  
 Werè such, as under government well seem'd  
 Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part  
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright '

So having said, he thus to Eve in few  
 ' Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done ?  
 To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied .  
 ' The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat '

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment he proceeded on the accursed  
 Serpent, though brute ; unable to transfer  
 The guilt on him who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation justly then accurs'd  
 As vitiated in nature more to know  
 Concern'd not man (since he no further knew),

Nor alter'd his offence, yet Gid at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in ray'se, now term's judgment as they best,  
And on the report t' us his cause let fall

'Because thou hast done it, thou art accus'd  
Above all cattle, each beast of the field  
Upon thy belly; reaching thou d all  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
Between thee and the woman I will put  
Enmity, and between thee and her seed;  
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou shalt bruise his heel.'

So spake the oracle, then I did  
When Jesus, Son of Mary, came to live,  
Saw Satan fall, the tempter, down from heaven,  
Prince of the air, the ruler of the world,  
Spoil'd prince, the ruler of the world,  
In open show, the ruler of the world,  
Captivity led, the ruler of the world,  
The realm of the world, the ruler of the world,  
Whom he shall tread under our feet.  
Even he, who now is the ruler of the world,  
And to the world is the ruler of the world.

'Thy sorrow I will multiply  
By thy conception, and thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit, as the church doth to Christ.  
On Adam last the judgment shall come - I.

'Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,  
And eaten of the tree concerning which  
I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof.  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake: thou art sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life,  
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eat of the herb of the field,  
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.  
So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,  
Removed far off then, pitying how they stood



Before him naked to the air, that now  
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume  
 As when he wash'd his servant's feet, so now  
 As father of his family, he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid,  
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies.  
 Nor he their outward only with the skins  
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,  
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight  
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
 Into his blissful bosom re assumed,  
 In glory, as of old, to him appeased.  
 All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet  
 Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on earth,  
 Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,  
 In counterview within the gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,  
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began  
 'Oh, son, why sit we here each other viewing  
 Idly, while Satan our great author, thrives  
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
 For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him, if mishap,  
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven  
 By his avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise  
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large  
 Beyond this deep, whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite,  
 With secret amity things of like kind,  
 By secretest conveyance Thou, my shade  
 Inseparable, must with me along  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
 But, lest the difficulty of passing back

Stay his return perhaps over this can't  
 Impossible, I perceive; let us try  
 Adventurous work, yet to sky power and mind  
 Not unagreeable, to find a path  
 Over this main from hell to that new world  
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument  
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
 Eating their passage hence, for here we are,  
 Or transmuting us, as they let shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, as strongly driven  
 By this new-felt attraction and desire.

'Whom thus the new-born shadow as yet'd soon  
 'Go, whether fate, and our own strength  
 Leads thee, I shall follow behind, and mark  
 The way, thou lead on, and account I know  
 Of carriage, prey, and carnage, and taste  
 The savour of death from all the beasts that live,  
 Nor shall I to the work thou undertak'st  
 Be wanting, but afford thee counsel and aid.'

So saying with deliberate stride the great  
 Of mortal change on earth. As he a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, that follow the hunter's cry,  
 Against the day of battle, he would,  
 Where armies be encamp'd, come flying, hied  
 With scent of blood, and uttering  
 For death, the following day, in bloody flight:  
 So scent'd the grim feature, and upturn'd  
 His nostrils wide into the chilly air,  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far  
 Then both from out hell gates, into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of chaos, damp and dark,  
 Flow diverse, and with power (their power was great,)  
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove,  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell:  
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
 Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way  
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil

Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
 As Delos, floating once; the rest his look  
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,  
 And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
 Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd bench  
 They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
 Over the foaming deep, high arch'd, a bridge  
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world,  
 Forfeit to death, from hence a passage broad,  
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell,  
 So, if great things to small may be compared,  
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
 From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
 Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont  
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,  
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendant rock,  
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
 Of Satan to the self same place where he  
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
 From out of chaos, to the outside bare  
 Of this round world with pins of adamant  
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
 And durable, and now in little space  
 The confines met of empyréan heaven,  
 And of this world, and on the left hand, hell  
 With long reach interposed, three several ways  
 In sight, to each of these three places led,  
 And now their way to earth they had descried,  
 To Paradise first tending, when, behold!  
 Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,  
 Betwixt the Centaur and Scorpion steering  
 His zomth, while the sun in Aries rose  
 Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear  
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise  
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
 Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape,  
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures, but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
 He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing, guilty, what his wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict, that past, return'd  
 By night, and listening where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
 Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood,  
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
 And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd;  
 And at the brink of chaos near the foot  
 Of this new vondrous pontifical, unhop'd  
 Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting and at sight  
 Of that stupenduous bridge his joy increased  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

'O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,  
 Thou art their author and prime architect.  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd  
 (My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet),  
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt,  
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee, with this thy son,  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three.  
 Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,  
 Nor this unroyal gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined  
 Within hell gates till now, thou us empower'd  
 To fortify thus far, and overlay,  
 With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss  
 Thine now is all this world, thy virtue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged  
 Our foil in heaven, here thou shalt monarch reign,

There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,  
 As battle hath adjudged . from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated ;  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world ;  
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne  
 Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad  
 ' Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have given to be the race  
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name  
 Antagonist of heaven's almighty King,)  
 Amply have merited of me, of all  
 The infernal empire, that so near heaven's door  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
 Mine, with this glorious work, and made one realm,  
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
 Of easy thoroughfare Therefore, while I  
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
 To my associate powers, them to acquaint  
 With these successes, and with them rejoice,  
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs,  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend,  
 There dwell, and reign in bliss, thence on the earth  
 Dominion exercise, and in the air,  
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared,  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me on your joint vigour now  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit,  
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of hell  
 No detriment need fear, go, and be strong "  
 So saying, he dismiss'd them, they with speed  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,  
 Spreading their bane, the blasted stars look'd wan,  
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
 Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down  
 The causeway to neli-gate on either side  
 Disparted chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,

And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
 That scorn'd his indignation through the gate  
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
 And all about found desolate, for those,  
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,  
 Flown to the upper world, the rest were all  
 Far to the inland retired, about the walls  
 Of Pandemonium city and proud seat  
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd  
 There kept their watch the legions, while the grand  
 In council sat, solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their emperor sent, so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observed  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains  
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste be, old  
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
 To Tauris or Casbeen so these, the late  
 Heaven banish'd host, left desert utmost hell  
 Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch  
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
 Each hour their great adventurer, from the search  
 Of foreign worlds he through the midst unmark'd  
 In show plebeian angel militant  
 Of lowest order, pass'd, and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
 Ascended his high throne, which under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
 Was placed in regal lustre Down a while  
 He sat, and round about him saw, unscen,  
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd or brighter, clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter all amazed  
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Their mighty chief return'd, loud was the acclaim,  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
 Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy

Overgratulant approach'd him; who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attentive, won.

'Thou art, thou art our, princedom, virtues, power,  
For in thee we reach, not only, of right,  
'I call ye, and desire ye now, return'd  
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Thru' past out of this infernal; it  
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,  
And d'yection of our tyrant: now possess,  
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven  
Little less: or, by my adventure hard  
With peril great while 'd I long were to tell  
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain  
Traversed the unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of Loric's realms on, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,  
'To expedite your glorious march, but I  
'Told out my wretched passage, forced to rido  
In a wretched abyss, plunged in the womb  
Of unorg'nal night and chaos wild,  
That, features of their secrets, barely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
Protending fate supreme, thence how I found  
The new-created world, which since in heaven  
Long I had forgot'd, a fabric wonderful  
Of absolute perfection I therein man  
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced  
From his Creator, and the more to incite  
Your wonder, with an apple, he, threat  
'Offended, worth your laughter' hath given up  
Both his beloved man and all his world,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
'To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
'To rule, as over all he should have ruled  
True is, 'me also he hath judged, or rather  
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceived. that which to me belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and mankind: I am to bruise his heel;

His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account  
 Of my performance what remains, *Ye gods!*  
 But up, and enter now into full bliss!"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout, and high applause,  
 To fill his ear, when, contrary, he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn, he wonder'd, but not long  
 Had leisure, *wording it himself now more;*  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining  
*Each other, till supported as he fell*  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vain a greater power  
 Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,  
 According to his doom. He wou'd have spoke;  
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessions  
 To his bold not dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters head and tail,  
 Scorpion and asp, and amphibia dire,  
 Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,  
 And dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
 Ophusa,) but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
 Ingender'd in the Pythian vale or slime,  
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain. They all  
 Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array;  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief,  
 They saw, but other sight instead; a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents, horror on them fell,



And horrid sympathy, for, what they saw,  
 They felt themselves, now changing, down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast.  
 And the dire-hiss renew'd, and the dire forr  
 Catch'd, by contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in their orune Thus was the applause they meant,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths There stood  
 A glove hard by, sprung up with this their chan<sup>ce</sup>  
 His will who reigns above to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Used by the tempter. on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame,  
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megera, greedily they pluck'd  
 The frutage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed,  
 Thus more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceived, they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected oft they assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining. drugg'd as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,  
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as man  
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they plagu'd  
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed,  
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy, for man seduced.  
 However, some tradition they dispersed  
 Among the heathen, of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd

Opinion, with Lurynore, the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arrived, Sin, there in power before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,  
 Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse to whom Sin thus begun

'Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death!  
 What thinkst thou of our empire now, though earn'd  
 With travel difficult, not better far  
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have set watch,  
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?

To whom thus the sin born monster answer'd soon.

'To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alike is hell, or Paradise, or heaven,  
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet  
 Which none, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this maw, this vast un-hidebound corps'

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied.  
 'Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,  
 No homely morsels! and whatever thing  
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspaid,  
 Till I, in man reading, through the race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey'

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later, which the Almighty seeing,  
 From his transcendent seat the saints among,  
 To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice

'See, with what neat these dogs of hell advance  
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
 So fair a world created, and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
 Let in these wretched furies, who impute,  
 I say to me, so doth the prince of hell

# PARADISE LOST

And his adherents, that with so much ease  
 I suffer them to enter and possess  
 A place so heavenly : and conniving, seem  
 To gratify my scornful enemies,  
 That I laugh, as if, transport'd with some fit  
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule ;  
 And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,  
 My hell hounds, to lie up the draff and filth  
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst,  
 With suck'd and glutted offal, it one slug  
 Of thy victorious arm, well pleasing Son,  
 Both sin, and Death, and yawning grave, at last,  
 Through chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
 The heaven and earth renew'd shall be made pure  
 To sanctity, that shall receive no stain  
 Till the curse pronounced on both precedes'

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud  
 Sang hallelujah, & the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung 'Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works,  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
 Destin'd Restorer of mankind, by whom  
 New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from heaven descend' Such was their song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mighty angels, gave them several charge,  
 As sort'd best with present things The sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the bright moon,  
 Her office they prescribed, to the other five  
 Their planetary motions, and aspects,  
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
 In synod unbenevolent ; and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to shower,

Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous to the winds they so  
 Their corners, when with blaster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll,  
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
 Some say he bid his angels turn askeance  
 The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,  
 From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the centric globe some say, the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road  
 Like-distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
 Up to the tropic Crab thence down again  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime, else had the spring  
 Perpetual smiled on earth with vernal flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still the horizon, and not known  
 Of east or west, which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Extotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thirstean banquet, turn'd  
 If a course intended else, how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These charges in the heavens, though slow, produced  
 The change on sea and land, sidereal blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilential now, from the north  
 Of Norrumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
 Boreas, and Caecias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thuleas, rend the woods, and seas upturn,  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Northward, and after black with thunderous clouds  
 Lethaean darts, the art of these, is Lerne,

Foith rush the Lévant and the Ponent winds,  
 Lurus and Zephyr; with their lateral noise,  
 Sirocco and Libeccio Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things, but Discord first,  
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
 And fish with fish to graze the herb all leaving;  
 Devou'd each other, nor stood much in awe  
 Of man, but fled him, or, with countenance grim  
 Glared on him passing These were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within.  
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint  
 'O miserable of happy! Is this the end,  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd, of blessed? hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end  
 The misery, I deserved it, and would bear  
 My own deservings, but this will not serve  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse O voice, once heard  
 Delightfully, "Increase and multiply,"  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase,  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? "Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam!" but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration so, besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound,  
 On me, as on their natural centre, light  
 Heavy, though in their place O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes,  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee

From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust;  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I received: unable to perform  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late  
 I thus contest, than should have been refused  
 Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.  
 Thou didst accept them, wilt thou enjoy thy good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? and, though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 Prove disobedient, and, reprov'd, revolt,  
 "Wherefore didst thou beget me, I sought it not?  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet am not thy election,  
 But natural necessity begot.  
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him, thy reward was of his grace;  
 Thy punishment men justly is at his will.  
 Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?  
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 To dateless pain? How gladly would I meet  
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
 Insensible! How glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap! There should I rest  
 And sleep secure; no dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
 To me, and to my offspring, would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man  
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish

With this corporeal clod • then, in the grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath  
 Of life that sinn'd, what dies but what had life  
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.  
 All of me then shall die let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also? Be it, man is not so,  
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?  
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held, as argument  
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,  
 In punish'd man, to satisfy rigour,  
 Satisfied never? That were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,  
 By which all causes else, according still  
 To the reception of their matter, act,  
 Not to the extent of their own sphere But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuity • ah me! that fear  
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head, both death and I  
 Are found eternal, and incorporate, both  
 Nor I on my part single in me all  
 Posterity stands cursed fair patrimony,  
 That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited, how would ye bless  
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,  
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But, from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt; both mind and will depraved  
 Not to do only, but to will the same

With me? How can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,  
 Forced I absolve all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction first and last  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due,  
 So might the wrath! fond wish! couldst thou support  
 The burden, heavier than the earth to bear,  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desirest,  
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom  
 O conscience! into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me, out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,  
 Through the still night, not now, as ere morn fell,  
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror, on the ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground! and oft  
 Cursed his creation, death as oft accused  
 Of tardy execution, since denounced  
 The day of his offence 'Why comes not death,'  
 Said he, 'with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
 But death comes not at call, justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries,  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song'  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd;  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd  
 Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best



Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false  
 And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may show,  
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
 Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form, pretended  
 To hellish falsehood, snare them ! But for thee  
 I had persisted happy . had not thy pride  
 And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,  
 Though by the devil himself, him overweening  
 To over-reach, but, with the serpent meeting,  
 Fool'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee,  
 To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,  
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
 And understood not all was but a show,  
 Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib  
 Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears,  
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,  
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
 To my just number found. O ! why did God,  
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
 With spirits masculine, create at last  
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
 With men, as angels, without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind ? This mischief had not then befallen,  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares  
 And strait conjunction with this sex for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse ; or, if she love, withheld  
 By parents, or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household peace confound

He added not, and from her turn'd but Eve,  
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint

'Forsake me not thus, Adam ! witness heaven  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees, bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength and stay, forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace both joining  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel serpent on me exercise not.  
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen,  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable ! both have sinn'd, but thou  
 Against God only, I against God and thee,  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cares importune Heaven that all  
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
 Me, me only, just object of his ire !'

(She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,  
 Immoveable, till peace obtain'd from fault  
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
 Commiseration soon his heart relented  
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
 His counsel whom she had displeased, his ail  
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.)

'Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
 So now, of what thou know'st not, who desirest  
 The punishment all on thyself. alas !

Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet leist part,  
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers  
Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited ;  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
'To me committed, and by me exposed  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of love, how we may lighten  
Each other's burden, in our share of woe,  
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow paced evil,  
A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed !) derived '

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied  
'Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate nevertheless,  
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable  
As in our evils, and of easier choice  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
By death at last, and miserable it is,  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this cursed world a woeful race,  
That after wretched life must be at last  
Food for so foul a monster, in thy power  
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent  
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot  
Childless thou art, childless remain so Death  
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two

Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw  
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope,  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire, which would be misery  
 And torment less than none of what we dread,  
 Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
 Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply  
 With our own hands his office on ourselves  
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears  
 That show no end but death, and have the power,  
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair  
 Broke off the rest, so much of death her thoughts  
 Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale  
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd;  
 To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied.

'Eve; thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent, than what thy mind contemns,  
 But self-destruction, therefore sought, refutes,  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved  
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
 Of misery, so thinking to evade  
 The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so  
 To be forestall'd, much more I fear lest death  
 So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain  
 We are by doom to pay, rather, such acts  
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live, then let us seek  
 Some safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise

The serpent's head piteous amends ! unless  
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,  
 Satan, who, in the serpent, hath contrived  
 Against us this deceit to crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed ! which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
 Resolved, as thou proposest ; so our foe,  
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads  
 No more be mention then of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness  
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours only  
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despute,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
 Laid on our necks Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judged,  
 Without wrath or reviling, we expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day, when, lo ! to thee  
 Pains only in childbearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb on me the curse aslope  
 Glanced on the ground, with labour I must earn  
 My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse ;  
 My labour will sustain me, and, lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care,  
 Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands  
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged,  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow ?  
 Which now the sky, with various face, begins  
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair-spreading trees, which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams  
 Reflected, may with matter seize foment,  
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grind

The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds  
 Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,  
 Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun, such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him, with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home  
 What better can we do, than, to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek  
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
 From his displeasure, in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy, shone?  
 So spake our father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse they, forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek

## BOOK XI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise, sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs, he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him. the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits. the angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood  
 Praying, for, from the mercy-seat above  
 Preventive grace descending had removed  
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed  
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
 Inspired, and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory yet their port  
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors, then clad  
 With incense, where the golden altar fumed,  
 By their great intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne. them the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.  
 'See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung  
 From thy unplanted grace in man, these sighs

And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees  
 Of Paradise could have produced ere fallen  
 From innocence Now therefore, bend thine ear  
 To supplication, hear his sighs, though mute,  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, me, his advocate  
 And propitiation all his works on me,  
 Good, or not good, ingraft, my merit those  
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall  
 Accept me, and, in me, from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward mankind let him live  
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
 Number'd though sad till death, his doom (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)  
 To better life shall yield him, where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene  
 'All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain, all thy request was my decree,  
 But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The law I gave to nature him forbids  
 Those pure immortal elements that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him, tainted now and purge him off,  
 As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted I, at first, with two fair gifts  
 Created him endow'd, with happiness,  
 And immortality that fondly lost,  
 This other served but to eternize woe  
 Till I provided death so death becomes  
 His final remedy; and, after life,  
 Tired in sharp tribulation, and refined,  
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,



Walked in the renovation of the just,  
 Reasigns him up with heaven and earth renew'd  
 But let us call to synod all the blest,  
 Through heaven's wide bounds from them I will not hide  
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright minister that watch'd, he blew  
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general doom The angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the regions from their blissful bowels  
 Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
 Hasten'd, resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats till from his throne supreme  
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will.

'O sons, like one of us man is become  
 To know both good and evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended fruit, but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got  
 Happier, had it sufficed him to have known  
 Good by itself, and evil not at all  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
 My motions in him, longer than they move,  
 His heart I know how variable and vain,  
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil  
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,  
 Take to thee from among the cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,  
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise,  
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair.

From hallow'd ground the unholy, and denounce  
 To them, and to their progeny, from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged,  
 (For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate, reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
 My Covenant in the woman's seed renew'd,  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace,  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame  
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the tree of life,  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
 With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude  
 He ceased, and the archangelic power prepare  
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful cherubim four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
 To re salute the world with sacred light,  
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalm'd  
 The earth; when Adam and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd,  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:  
 'Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from heaven descends;  
 But, that from us aught should ascend to heaven  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem, yet this will prayer,



First hunter then, pursued i gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind,  
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.  
 Adam observed, and with his eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake

‘O Eve, some farther change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heaven, by these mute signs in nature, sh<sup>ews</sup>  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us, haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death released  
 Some days how long, and what till the i our life  
 Who knows! or more than this, that we are due  
 And thither must return, and be no more?  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursued in the air, and o’er the ground,  
 One way the self same hour! why in the east  
 Darkness ere day & mid course, and morning light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O’er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends with something heavenly fraught.

He err’d not, for by this the heavenly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm’d Adam’s eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, & here he saw  
 The field pavilion’d with his guardians bright,  
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear’d  
 In Dothan, cover’d with a camp of fire,  
 Against the Syrian King, who to surprise  
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
 War unproclam’d The princely hierarchy  
 In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize  
 Possession of the garden, ne’ alone,  
 To find where Adam she’ter’d, took his way,  
 Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approach’d, thus spake  
 ‘Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observed, for I descry,

From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
One of the heavenly host, and, by his gait,  
None of the meanest, some great potentate,  
Or of the thrones above; such majesty  
Invests him coming! yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended, and the archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man, over his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flow'd,  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grun  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce. Iris had dypt the woof,  
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
In manhood where youth ended, by his side,  
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear  
Adam, bow'd low, he, kingly, from his state  
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

'Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs  
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
Defeated of his seizure many days  
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
Majest cover well may then thy Lord, appeased,  
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim,  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not to remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, tiller soil.'

He added not, for Adam at the news  
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
'That all his senses bound, Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

'O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

Thee, native soil ! these happy walls and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At even, which I bled up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount  
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower ! by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? How shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits ?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.  
 ' Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
 What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,  
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine  
 Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes  
 Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound ;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil '

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd

' Celestial ! whether among the thrones, or name  
 Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us, what besides  
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes ! all places else  
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate,  
 Nor knowing us, nor known and if by pray  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries

But prayer against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed countenance, here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
 Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,  
 "On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd,"  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Of monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory and far off his steps adore

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
 'Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth,  
 Not this rock only, his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd  
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift, surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
 If Paradise, or Eden this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations and had hither come  
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor  
 But this pre eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.  
 Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,  
 God is, as here, and will be found alike  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign





The Persian in Eclatun sat, or since  
 In Uxapahan, or where the Russian Kzar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Buzance,  
 Turcheitan born, nor could his eye not ken  
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Thowoo, and the low maritime kings  
 Mombaza, and Quillon, and Melind,  
 And Sofala, thought Ophur, to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount  
 The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fex and Sus,  
 Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen,  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world. in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezuma,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Uabalipa, and yet un-poil'd  
 Gariar, whose great city Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,  
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight  
 Had bred, then purged with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced,  
 But him the gentle angel by the hand  
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd  
 'Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 The excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,  
 For sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.'

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tith, whereon were sheaves  
 New-reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;  
 In the midst an altar as the land mark stood  
 Rustic, of grassy sord. thither anon

A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
 Uncull'd as came to hand, a shepherd next,  
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,  
 Choicest and best, then, sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.  
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven  
 Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere,  
 Whereat he only raged, and, as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life ! he fell, and, deadly pale,  
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried.

' O teacher ! some great mischief hath befallen  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed,  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ?  
 - To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied  
 ' These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 Out of thy loins, the unjust the just hath slain,  
 For envy that his brother's offering found  
 From Heaven acceptance, but the bloody fact  
 Will be avenged and the other's faith, approved,  
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
 Rolling in dust and gore ' To which our sire

' Alas ! both for the deed, and for the cause !  
 But have I now seen death ? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust ? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel !

To whom thus Michael ' Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on man, but many shapes  
 Of death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal, yet to sense  
 More terrible at the entrance, than within  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew

Before thee shall appear, that thou may'st know  
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;  
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs,  
 Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint racking rheums  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born, compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd.  
 'O miserable mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!  
 Better end here unborn Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather, why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace Can thus  
 The image of God in man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?  
 'Their Maker's image,' answer'd Michael, 'then

Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
 His image whom they served, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced;  
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.

'I yield it just,' said Adam, 'and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?'

'There is,' said Michael, 'if thou well observe  
 The rule of "Not too much," by temperance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return -  
 So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd for death mature.  
 This is old age but then, thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change.  
 To wither'd, weak, and grey, thy senses then,  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast, and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life.' To whom our ancestor

'Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather, how I may be quit,  
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution.' Michael replied.

'Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou liv'st,  
 Live well, how long, or short, permit to Heaven  
 And now prepare thee for another sight'

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon

Were tents of various hue, by some, were herds  
 Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
 Was heard, of harp and organ, and, who moved  
 Their stops and chords were seen, his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high  
 Fleed and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one who, at the forge  
 Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
 Had melted (whether found were casual fire  
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
 To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
 From underground), the liquid ore he drain'd  
 Into fit moulds prepar'd, from which he form'd  
 First his own tools, then, what might else be wrought  
 Fusile or graven in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side, a different sort  
 From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,  
 Down to the plain descended by their guise  
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid, nor those things last, which might preserve  
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain  
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!  
 A bary of fair women, richly gay  
 In gems and wanton dress, to the harp they sung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on  
 The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes  
 Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net  
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose  
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,  
 Love's harbinger, appear'd, then all in heat,  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked.  
 With feast and music all the tents resound  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
 The bent of nature, which he thus express'd.

'True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;  
 Much better seems this vision and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past,  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse  
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.'

To whom thus Michael 'Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,  
 Created as thou art, to nobler end  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine  
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tent  
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother, studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare  
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledge not  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget,  
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that train  
 Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
 Yet empty of all good, wherein consists  
 Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;  
 Bred only and completed to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye  
 To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
 Religious titled them the sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
 Ignobly to the trains and to the smiles  
 Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,  
 Ere long to swim at large, and laugh, for which  
 The world ere long a world of tears must weep.'

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft  
 'O pity and shame, that they, who to live well  
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
 Paths indirect, or in the mid-way fane!  
 But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
 Holds on the same, from woman to begin.'

'From man's effeminate slackness it begins,'  
 Said the angel, 'who should better hold his place  
 By wisdom, and superior gifts received.  
 But now prepare thee for another scene.'  
 He look'd, and saw wide territory spread

Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
 Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,  
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war;  
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise,  
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
 Single or in array of battle ranged,  
 Both horse and foot, not idly mustering stood,  
 One way a band select from forage drives  
 A herd of bees, fair oxen, and fair kine,  
 From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,  
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
 Their booty, scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.  
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join,  
 Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
 With carcasses and arms the ensanguin'd field,  
 Deserted others to a city strong  
 Lay siege, encamp'd, by battery, scale, and mine,  
 Assaulting others from the wall defend  
 With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire,  
 On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds  
 In other part the sceptred heralds call  
 To council, in the city-gates, anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
 Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace;  
 And judgment from above, him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,  
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,  
 Inseen amid the throng so violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found,  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad: "O! what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death  
 Unhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother, for of whom such massacre

## PARADISE LOST.

Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?  
 To whom thus Michael. 'These are the product  
 Of those ill mated marriages thou saw'st;  
 Where good with bad are match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mix'd,  
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
 Such were these giants, men of high renown,  
 For in those days might only shall be admir'd,  
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd,  
 To overcome in battle, and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Manslaughter, shall be led the highest pitch  
 Of human glory and for glory done  
 Of triumph, to be still great conquerors,  
 Patrons of mankind, and sons of gods,  
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.  
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;  
 And what most merit, fame in silence hid.  
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st  
 The only righteous in a world perverse,  
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
 With foes, for daring single to be just,  
 And utter odious truth, that God would come  
 To judge them with his saints, Him the Most High  
 Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds,  
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
 Exempt from death, to show thee what reward  
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold  
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed;  
 The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;  
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and riot, feast, and dance,  
 Marrying, or prostituting, as befell,  
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
 Allured them, thence from cups to civil broils.  
 At length a reverend sire among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declared.



And testified against their ways, he oft  
 Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
 Triumphs or festivals, and to them' preach'd  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In prison, under judgments imminent  
 But all in vain which when he saw, he ceased  
 Contending, and removed his tents far off  
 Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk  
 Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,  
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
 Contrived, and of provisions laid in large,  
 For man and beast when lo, a wonder strange!  
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,  
 Came sevens and pairs and enter'd in as taught  
 Their order last the sire and his three sons,  
 With their four wives, and God made fast the door  
 Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wing<sup>53</sup>  
 Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove  
 From under heaven, the hills to their supply  
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain And now the thicken'd sky  
 Like a dark ceiling stood, down rush'd the rain  
 Impetuous, and continued, till the earth  
 No more was seen the floating vessel swum  
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves, all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
 Deep under water roll'd, sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore, and in their palaces,  
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd  
 And stabled, of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum unbark'd  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation! Thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons, till, gently rear'd  
 By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns  
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once,

## PARADISE LOST.

And scarce to the angel uttered'st thus thy plaint.  
 'O visions ill foreseen! better had I  
 Lived ignorant of future! so had borne  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot  
 Enough to bear, those now, that were dispensed  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall  
 Him or his children, evil, he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel,  
 Grievous to bear, but that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn, those few escaped  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
 Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,  
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth,  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have  
 With length of happy days the race of man,  
 But I was far deceived for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste  
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,  
 And whether here the race of man will end  
 To whom thus Michael 'Those, whom last thou saw'st  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent,  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void  
 Who, having spilt much blood and done much waste,  
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,  
 Shall with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,  
 And fear of God, from whom their pity feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
 Against invaders therefore, cool'd in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,

Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy, for the earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot,  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurement, custom, and a world  
 Offended fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
 And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence, and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observed  
 The one just man alive, by his command,  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
 To save himself, and household, from amidst  
 A world devote to universal wreck  
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,  
 And shelter'd round but all the cataracts  
 Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour  
 Rain, day and night, all fountains of the deep,  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved  
 Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals, and oies, and sea-mews' clan  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark-hull on the flood,  
 Which now abated for the clouds were fled.  
 Driven by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd,

And the clear sun on his wide watery glass  
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrinks  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
 His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.  
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
 And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear,  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,  
 Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light;  
 The second time returning, in his bill  
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient sire descends, with all his train  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
 Betokening peace with God, and covenant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth  
 'O thou, who future things canst represent  
 As present, heavenly instructor! I revive  
 At this last sight, assured that man shall live,  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice  
 From one man found so perfect, and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 For him, and all his anger to forget  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven  
 Distended, as the brow of God appears'd?  
 Or serve they, as the flowery verge, to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?  
 To whom the archangel 'Dexterously thou aim'st;

So willingly doth God remit his ire,  
Though late repenting him of man depraved,  
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way yet, those removed,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a covenant, never to destroy  
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,  
With man therein or beast, but when he brings  
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look  
And call to mind his covenant, day and night,  
Seed time and harvest, heat, and hoary frost,  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both heaven and earth, wherem the just shall dwell

## BOOK XII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall then in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, why that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and comforted by these relations and promises, dismisses the bull with Michael and Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle circumstances to the quietness of mind and submission to Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the first sword saving behind them, and the angels taking their stations guard the way.

As one who in his journey harts at noon,  
 Though bent on speed so here the archangel paused  
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,  
 If Adam aught perhaps might interpose,  
 Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.  
 'Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end,  
 And man, as from a second stock, proceed.  
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
 Thy mortal sight to fail, objects divine  
 Must needs impair and weary human sense.  
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
 'This second source of men, while yet but few,  
 And while the dread of judgment past remains  
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
 With some regard to what is just and right  
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;  
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plentiful crop,  
 Corn, wine, and oil and, from the herd or flock,  
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
 With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,

Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell  
 Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)  
 With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,  
 Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse  
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from underground, the mouth of hell  
 Of brick; and of that stuff, they cast to build  
 A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven;  
 And get themselves a name lest, far dispers'd  
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame  
 But God, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
 Obstruct heaven towers, and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raze  
 Quite out their native language; and, instead,  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,  
 Among the builders, each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm great laughter was in heaven,  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,  
 And hear the din thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased,  
 'O execrable son ! so to aspire  
 Above his brethren , to himself assuming  
 Authority usurp'd, from God not given .  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute, that right we hold  
 By his donation . but man over men  
 He made not lord , such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on man , to God his tower intends  
 Siege and defiance , wretched man ! what food  
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army , where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And furnish him of breath, if not of bread ?

To whom thus Michael ' Justly thou abhorrest  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty , yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwell'd  
 Twinn'd, and from her birth no dividual being .  
 Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires,  
 And upstart passions, catch the government  
 From reason , and to servitude reduce  
 Man, till then free Therefore, since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords ,  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom tyranny must be ;  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse  
 Yet, sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
 Their inward lost . witness the irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark , who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,



"Servant of servants," on his vicious race  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways,  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship (O, that men—  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch lived, who'scaped the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For gods!) yet him God the Most High vouchsafes  
 To call by vision, from his father's house,  
 His kindred, and false gods, into a land  
 Which he will show him, and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
 His benediction so, that in his seed  
 All nations shall be blest he straight obeys,  
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,  
 Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford  
 To Haran, after him a cumbrous train  
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude,  
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains, I see his tents  
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
 Of Moreh, there by promise he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the desert south  
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed  
 From Hermon east to the great western sea;  
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them on the shore  
 Mount Carmel, here, the double-founted stream,



Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days,  
 Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must be dead. Thus with ten wounds  
 The river-dragon tamed at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still, as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
 Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,  
 As on dry land, between two crystal walls  
 Awd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided till his rescued gain their shore  
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
 Though present in his angel, who shall go  
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,  
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,  
 To guide them in their journey, and remove  
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues  
 All night he will pursue, but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning watch,  
 Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,  
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
 And craze their chariot-wheels when by command  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the sea, the sea his rod obeys,  
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm them war the race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
 Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
 Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,  
 War terrify them mexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude, for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on  
 Thus also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide wilderness, there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great senate choose  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain



## PARADISE LOST

From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.  
 Here Adam interposed 'O sent from heaven,  
 Enlighten'r of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly, which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed now first I find  
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would become  
 Of me and all mankind but now I see  
 His day in whom all nations shall be blest;  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth  
 So many and so various laws are given,  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them, how can God with such reside?  
 To whom thus Michael 'Doubt not but that  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot,  
 And therefore was law given them, to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sur'agant law to fight that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Sav'd by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease nor man the moral part  
 Perform, and, not performing, cannot live  
 So law appears imperfect, and but given  
 With purpose to resign them, in full time,  
 Up to a better covenant, disciplined  
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,  
 From imposition of strict laws, to free  
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear  
 To filial works of law to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly beloved, being but the minister

Of law, his people into Canaan lead  
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversary-serpent, and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest  
 Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when some  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies;  
 From whom as oft he saves them peevish  
 By judges just, then under kings, of whom  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that at his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure, the like shall sing  
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end.  
 But first, a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wandring shall in a glorious temple enshrine  
 Such follow him as shall be register'd,  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll  
 Whose foul idoltries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd,  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years, then brings them back,  
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn  
 To David, stablish'd as the days of heaven.  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God

They first re-adify; and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first among the priests dissension springs;  
 Men who attend the alt'ar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple floor: at last they seize  
 The scripture, and regard not David's sons,  
 Then love it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right, yet at his birth a star,  
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold,  
 His place of birth, a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night,  
 They gladly flatter haste, and by a choir  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High: he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Lyons  
 He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words which these he breath'd.  
 O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my sturdiest thoughts have search'd in vain  
 Why our great Expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of woman, virgin mother, hail,  
 High in the love of heaven, yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God Most High, so God with man unites,  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain: say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel?  
 To whom thus Michael: 'Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead; with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy, nor so is overcome.





And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on earth, than certain times to appear  
 To his disciples, men who in his life  
 Still follow'd him to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his salvation, them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died.  
 All nations they shall teach, for, from that day,  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest  
 Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend  
 With victory triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine, there shall surprise  
 The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,  
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in heaven or earth, for then the earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days  
 So spake the archangel Michael, then paused  
 As at the world's great period, and our sire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied  
 'O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce,  
 And evil turn to good, more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth



Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places, and titles, and with these to join  
 Secular power; though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given  
 To all believers, and, from that pretence,  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience, laws which none shall find  
 Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind  
 It's consort liberty? what, but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's, for, on earth,  
 Who against faith and Conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth, the rest, far greater part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfied, truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
 Rarely be found. so shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promised to thy aid,  
 The woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
 Last, in the clouds, from heaven to be revealed  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
 New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,  
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,  
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended, and thus Adam last replied  
 How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,  
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,



Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
 To meek submission. thou, at season fit,  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come  
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind;  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered  
 With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill;  
 Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve  
 Lay sleeping, ran before but found her wak'd,  
 And thus with words not sad she him received.

'Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know,  
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep but now lead on,  
 In me is no delay, with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here, without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling, thou to me  
 Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence, though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore.'

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answer'd not, for now, too nigh  
 The archangel stood, and from the other hill  
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array,  
 The cherubim descended, on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning High in front advanced  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,  
 Fierce as a comet, which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime, whereat

In either hand the hasting angel caught  
 Our lightning parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff at last,  
 To the subjeeted plain, they disappeared.  
 They, looking back, all the sad turns and Exile  
 Of Paradise, as if their happy seat,  
 Viewed over by that flaming sword, the state  
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery heat;  
 So we natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;  
 'Till a world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;  
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.







## PARADISE REGAINED.

—00—

## BOOK I

## THE ARGUMENT

THE subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit The poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan Jesus coming there is baptized, and is attested by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from heaven, to be the Son of God Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air, where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the woman destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person, from whom they have so much to dread This office he offers himself to undertake, and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise In the mean time God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan, but foretells that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, ~~what~~ divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God, to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness, where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant, and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognize him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God Jesus briefly replies Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness, and

entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself, and, professing his admiration of Jesus, and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation, but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.

I, WHO erewhile the happy garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd.  
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness  
Thou spirit, who led'st this glorious eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field,  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence  
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
And bear through height or depth, of nature's bounds,  
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age,  
Worthy to have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice  
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand  
To all baptized to his great baptism flock'd  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd,  
To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,  
Unmark'd, unknown, but him the Baptist soon  
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
To him his heavenly office, nor was long  
His witness unconfirm'd on him baptized  
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove

The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
 From heaven pronounced him his beloved Son  
 That heard the adversary, who, roving still,  
 About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
 Would not be last, and, with the voice divine  
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom  
 Such high attest was given, a while survey'd  
 With wonder, then, with envy fraught and rage,  
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
 To council summons all his mighty peers,  
 Within thick clouds, and darl, tenfold involved,  
 A gloomy consistory, and then amidst,  
 With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake  
 2 'O ancient powers of air, and this wide worl'  
 (For much more willingly I mention air,  
 This our old conquest, than remember hell,  
 Our hated habitation,) well ye know  
 How many ages, as the years of men,  
 This universe we have possess'd, and ruled,  
 In manner at our will the affairs of earth,  
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me, though since  
 With dread attending when that fatal wound  
 Shall be inflicted b, the seed of Eve  
 Upon my head. Long the decrees of heaven  
 Delay, for longest time to him is short,  
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
 This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein ye  
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound  
 (At least if so we can, and by the head  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being,  
 In this fair empire won of earth and air),  
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed  
 Destined to this, is late of woman born.  
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause  
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve  
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear  
 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim  
 His coming, is selt harbinger, who all

## PARADISE REGAINED.

Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so  
 Purified, to receive him pure, or rather  
 To do him honour as their King, all come.  
 And he himself among them was baptized,  
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt I saw  
 The prophet do him reverence, on him, rising  
 Out of the water, heaven above the clouds  
 Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head,  
 A perfect dove descend, (what'er it meant),  
 And out of heaven the sovereign voice I heard,  
 'This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd'.  
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire  
 He who obtains the monarchy of heaven  
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot, we know, and sore have felt,  
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep,  
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
 In all his lineaments, though in his face  
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
 Yeseo our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be opposed,  
 (Not force, but well couched fraud, well woven snares,)  
 Ere in the head of nations he appear,  
 Their King, their leader, and supreme on earth.  
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd  
 Successfully a calmer voyage now  
 Will wait me, and the way, found prosperous once,  
 Induces best to hope of like success.  
 He enud, and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
 Distracted, and surprised with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings, but no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief.  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprise.



## PARADISE REGAINED

Winning, by conquest, what the first man lost  
 By fallacy surprised But first I mean  
 To exercise him in the wilderness ;  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
 To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,  
 By humiliation and strong sufferance  
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,  
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ,  
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
 They now, and men hereafter, may discern,  
 From what consummate virtue I have chose  
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,  
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.'

So spake the Eternal Father, and all heaven  
 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,  
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
 Sung with the voice, and thus the argument.

'Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles !'  
 The Father knows the Son therefore secure  
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine  
 Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of hell,  
 And devilish machinations, come to nought !'  
 So they in heaven their odes and vigils tuned -  
 1/2 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
 1/2 Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,  
 Musing, and much revolving in his breast,  
 How best the mighty work he might begin  
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
 Publish his god-like office now mature,  
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading ;  
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
 With solitude, till, far from track of men,  
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
 He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,  
 And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,

# PALADISE REGAINED.

His holy meditations thus intended.

'O, what a multitude of thoughts at once  
 Awake'd in mine interior, while I consider  
 What I was within I feel myself; and hear  
 What from without comes often to my ears,  
 All swelling with my present state compared I  
 When I was yet a child, no childish play  
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
 Not to be idle and idle, and leisure to do  
 What might be possible good, myself I thought  
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
 All right as things therefore, above my years,  
 The law of God I read and found it sweet,  
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grow  
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age  
 Had measured time six years, at our great feast  
 I went into the temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge, or their own;  
 And was admired by all yet thus not all  
 To which my spirit a proud victorious deed  
 Blasted in my heart, hereto acts one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;  
 Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
 Brutal violence, and proud tyrannous power,  
 Till truth were free, and equity restored:  
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, still  
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
 And make persuasion do the work of fear,  
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,  
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware  
 Misled, the stubborn only to subdue.  
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving  
 By words at times cast forth, only rejoiced,  
 And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,  
 O son, but nourish them and let them soar  
 To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
 Can raise them, though above example high,  
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire,  
 For know thou art no son of mortal man,  
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage,

Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules  
 All heaven, and earth, angels and sons of men  
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold  
 Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,  
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
 At thy nativity, a glorious choir  
 Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
 And told them the Messiah now was born  
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,  
 For in the inn was left no better room  
 A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,  
 Guided the wise men thither from the East,  
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold.  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy star, new given in heaven,  
 By which they knew the King of Israel born  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,  
 Before the altar and the vested priest,  
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
 ' This having heard, straight I again revolv'd  
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake  
 I am, this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins  
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head  
 Yet, neither thus dishearten'd, nor dismay'd,  
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold  
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
 Not knew by sight), now come, who was to come  
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare!  
 I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
 Which I believed was from above, but he  
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me him, (for it was shown him so from heaven)



Me him, whose <sup>hunger</sup> hunger he was, and first  
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won.  
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream,  
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove;  
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice  
 Audibly heard from heaven, pronounced me his  
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
 He was well pleased, by which I knew the time  
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 The authority which I derived from heaven  
 And now by some strong motion I am led  
 Into this wilderness, to what intent  
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.  
~~So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise,~~  
 And, looking round, on every side beheld  
~~a pathless desert, void with horror and shade~~  
 The way he came not having mark'd, return  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society  
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon, on shady vale, each night  
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,  
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
 Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild beasts, they at his sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,  
 The lion and fierce tiger, glared aloof  
 But now an aged man in rural weeds, *Salon*  
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,

To warn him not return'd from field at eve,  
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
 Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake.  
 'Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place,  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In troop or caravan, for single none  
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here.  
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought,  
 I ask thee rather, and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late  
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son  
 Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes  
 Who dwell this wild, constant by want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far),  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear  
 What happens new. I am also kind to one,  
 To whom the Son of God, who brought me hither  
 Will bring me hence, no other guide I seek.  
 By miracle he may, reply the strain,  
 What other way I see not, for we here,  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born,  
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stiches be made thee bread,  
 So shalt thou strengthen self, and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wreath'd seldom taste.  
 He ended, and the Son of God replied.  
 'Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna? In the mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank,  
 And forty days English, without food, &  
 Wonder'd his barren waste the same I now:  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?  
 With this answer'd the arch-herd, now in  
 The time I am that spirit unfortunate.

Who, leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,  
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined  
 By rigour unconquering, but that oft,  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
 Or range in the air, nor from the heaven of heavens  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzéan Job  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth  
 And, when to all his angels he proposed  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering prophets glubb'd with lies  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge,  
 For what he bids I do. Though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost.  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire,  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense,  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I kno  
 Declared the Son of God, to hear attent  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds.  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind why should I? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence, by them  
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell,  
 Co-partner in these regions of the world,  
 If not disposer, lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life  
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At first it may be, but long since with woe

## PARADISE REGAINED.

Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were man adjourn'd  
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,  
 Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more  
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.  
 'Deservedly thou grieve'st, composed of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
 Who boast'st release from hell, and leave to come  
 Into the heaven of heavens, thou com'st indeed  
 As a poor miserable captive thiall  
 Comes to the place where before he had sat  
 Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,  
 Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
 To all the host of heaven the happy place  
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
 Rather inflames thy torment representing  
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
 So new more in hell than when in heaven  
 But thou art serviceable to heaven's King?  
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
 What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem  
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
 With all inflictions? but his patience won.  
 The other service was thy chosen task,  
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths,  
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food,  
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth, all oracles  
 By thee are given, and what confess'd more true  
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,  
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies  
 But what have been thy answers? What but dark  
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
 Which they, who asked have seldom understood,  
 And, not well understood, as good not known?  
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct,  
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most

And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?  
 For God hath justly given the nations up  
 To thy delusions, justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous, but, when his purpose is  
 Among them to declare his providence  
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
 But from him, or his angels president  
 In every province, who, themselves disdaining  
 To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
 What, to the smallest tittle thou shalt say  
 To thy adorers ? Thou, with trembling fear,  
 Or like a sawning parasite, obey'st  
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd,  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles, henceforth oracles are ceased,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos, or elsewhere,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute  
 God hath now sent his living oracle  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his spirit of truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know  
 So spake our Saviour, but the subtle fiend  
 Though only stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd  
 ' Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urged me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me Where  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?  
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord,  
 From thee I can, and must, submiss endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the  
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ;  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth ? Most men admire  
 Virtue, who follow not her lore permit me  
 To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes),  
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain  
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
 About his altar, handling holy things,  
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsafed his voice  
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
 Inspired disdain not such access to me '

' Thy coming hither, though I know thy score,  
 I bid not, or forbid do as thou find'st  
 Permission from above, thou canst not more '

He added not, and Satan, bowing low  
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd  
 Into thin air diffused for now began  
 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
 The desert, fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;  
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roan.

## BOOK II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Jesus and John, were at this long absence, reason among them-  
 selves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety, in  
 the expression of what she conceives to be any circumstance respecting  
 the birth and early life of her Son. Satan again meets his infernal  
 agents, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed  
 Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Thiall proposes  
 the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Thiall for his diso-  
 bedience, and they join him all the profligacy of that kind is added by the  
 power of the Levitical gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect  
 likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation,  
 and Thiall proposes to revile himself of the circumstances, our Lord re-  
 sists, and, taking a band of the evil spirits with him, returns to  
 the wilderness. Jesus himself is in the desert. Night comes on.  
 Satan appears with an army, and passes the night in describing. Morning  
 arrives. Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder  
 that he should be so long neglected in the wilderness, where others  
 had been cruelly fed, he treats him with a sumptuous banquet of the  
 most delicious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes. Satan,  
 finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts  
 him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power; this  
 Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed  
 by persons under various poverty, and specifying the danger of riches  
 and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

MEANTIME the new baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd,  
 Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,  
 And on that high authority had believed,  
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd; I mean  
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
 With others, though in holy writ not named  
 Now missing him, their joy so lately found  
 (So lately found, and so abruptly gone),  
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,

And, as the days increased, increased their doubt,  
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
 And for a time caught up to God, as once  
 Moses was in the mount and missing long,  
 And the great Thysbite, who on fiery wheels  
 Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come  
 Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara, in Jericho  
The city of palms, Aenon, and Salem old,  
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd  
 On this side the broad lake Genezarot,  
 Or in Perea but return'd in vain  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
 Where winds with weeds and osiers, whispering pl<sup>u</sup>  
 Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),  
 Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd  
 'Alas, from what high hope to what relapse  
 Unlook'd for are we fallen ! our eyes beheld  
 Messiah certainly now come, so long  
 Expected of our fathers, we have heard  
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth  
 'Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,  
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored,  
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze  
 For whither is he gone, what accident  
 Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come  
 Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress  
 Thy chosen, to what height their power unjust  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of thee arise, and vindicate  
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke,  
 But let us wait, thus far he hath perform'd,  
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,  
 By his great prophet, pointed at and shown  
 In public, and with him we have convers'd



Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his providence; he will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall;  
 Mock us with his blest sight; then snatch him hence:  
 Soon shall we see our hope, our joy return.  
 Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought.  
 But, to his mother Mary, when she saw  
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,  
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,  
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,  
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised  
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clat.  
 "O, what avails me now that honour high,  
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
 "Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest!"  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot  
 Of other women, by the birth I bore;  
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
 From the bleak air a stable was our warmth,  
 A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly,  
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem,  
 From Egypt home return'd in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any king; but now  
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear  
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
 Son, own'd from heaven by his Father's voice,  
 I look'd for some great change, to honour I no.  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against, that through my very soul  
 A sword shall pierce: this is my favour'd lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high!  
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

I will not argue that, nor will repine  
 But where delays he now? some great intent  
 Conceals him when twelve years he scarce had seen  
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
 He could not lose himself, but went about  
 His father's business, what he meant I mused,  
 Since understand, much more his absence now  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inured,  
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things;  
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.  
 Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
 Since first her salutation heard, with thought  
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set;  
 How to begin, how to accomplish lest  
 His end of being on earth, and mission high  
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his potentates in council sat  
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began  
 'Princes, heaven's ancient sons, ethereal thrones  
 Demonian spirits now, from the element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called  
 Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,  
 (So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
 Without new trouble), such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell;  
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequency was empower'd,  
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men  
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,

However to this man inferior far,  
 If he be man by mother's side, at least  
 With more than human gifts from heaven adorn'd,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds  
 Therefore I am returned, lest confidence  
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
 Of like succeeding here. I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
 Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst  
 Tho' none my equal, now be over-match'd.  
 So spake the old serpent, doubting; and from all  
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid,  
 At his command when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell,  
 The sensualist, and, after Asmodai,  
 The fleshliest incubus, and thus advised.  
 "Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found  
 Many are in each region passing fair  
 As the noon sky, more like to goddesses  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues,  
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,  
 Skill'd to retire, and, in retiring, draw  
 Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,  
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws  
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
 And made him bow, to the gods of his wives,  
 To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.  
 "Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
 All others by thyself, because of old  
 Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, adorning

## PARADISE REGAINED

Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys,  
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,  
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,  
 In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,  
 In valley or green meadow, to way-lay  
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
 Or Aymone, Syinx, many more  
 Too long, then lay'st thy 'scapes on names adored,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts  
 Delight not all, among the sons of men,  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?  
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd,  
 How he, surnamed of Africa, dismiss'd,  
 In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid  
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
 Higher design than to enjoy his state,  
 Thence to the brut of women lay exposed.  
 But he, whom we attempt, is wiser far  
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
 Of greatest things. What woman will you find  
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
 Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
 As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,  
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell  
 How would one look from his majestic brow,

Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,  
 Discountenance her despised, and put to rout  
 All her array; her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty stands  
 In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.  
 Therefore with maner objects we must try  
 His constancy, with such as have more show  
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,  
 Rocks, whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd  
 On that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond,  
 And now I know he hungers, where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness  
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay  
 He ceased, and heard their grant of loud acclaim,  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of spirits, likeliest to himself in guile,  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons, each to know his part;  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,  
 Where, still from shade to shade, the Son of God  
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,  
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.  
 'Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd  
 Wandering this woody maze, and human food  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite that fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here if nature need not,  
 Or God support nature without repast  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure  
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks, yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,

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Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will  
 It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven, there he slept,  
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,  
 O meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet  
 I thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood.  
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
 Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,  
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought  
 He saw the prophet also how he fled  
 Into the desert, and how there he slept  
 Under a jumper, then how wak'd  
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,  
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose,  
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days  
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse  
 Those wore out night and now the herald lark  
 Left his ground nest, high towering to descry  
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song:  
 As lightly from his grassy couch uprose  
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round  
 If cottage were in view, sheep cote or herd,  
 But cottage, herd, or sheep cote, none he saw.  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
 With chant of tuneful birds, resounding loud.  
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
 High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene,  
 Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art),  
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
 Of wood gods and wood-nymphs, he view'd it round,  
 When suddenly a man before him stood,

Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,  
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.  
 With granted leave officious I return,  
 But much more wonder that the Son of God  
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,  
 Of all things destitute; and well I know,  
 Not without hunger. Others of some note  
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;  
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son,  
 Outcast Nehemiah, yet found here relief  
 By a providing angel, all the race  
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
 Rain'd from heaven manna, and that prophet bold,  
 Native of Thobez, wandering here was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat  
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus 'What conclud'st thou hence?'  
 They all had need, I, as thou seest, have none.  
 'How hast thou hunger then?' Satan replied.  
 'Tell me, if food were now before thee set,  
 Wouldst thou not eat?' 'Thereafter as I like,'  
 The giver, answer'd Jesus 'Why should thy  
 Cause thy refusal?' said the subtle fiend.  
 Hast thou not right to all created things?  
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee  
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power? Nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first  
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse,  
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who  
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,  
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,  
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd  
 From all the elements her choicest store,  
 To treat thee, as becoms, and as her Lord,  
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.  
 He spake no dream for, as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld,  
 In ample space under the broadest shade

A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
 With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
 Gris-amber-steam'd, all fish, from sea or shore,  
 Freshet or purling brook, or shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was dram'd  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afrie coast  
 (Alas ! how simple to these cates compar'd,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !)  
 And at a stately sideboard by the wine  
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas, distant more  
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
 And Indies of the He-penides, that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of faery damsels, met in forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds  
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells  
 Such was the splendour, and the tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renew'd

'What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
 These are not fruits forbidden, no interdiction  
 Defends the touching of these viands pure,  
 Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight  
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord,  
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat  
 To whom thus Jesus temperately replied  
 'Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
 And who withholds my power that right to use?



Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can command  
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
 Command a table in this wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant  
 Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:  
 Why shouldst thou then obtunde this diligence  
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but gules  
 To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent.  
 That I have also power to give, thou seest.  
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
 Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect;  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that  
 Both table and provision vanish quite  
 With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard  
 Only the importune tempter still remain'd,  
 And with these words his temptation pursued.  
 By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not moved  
 Thy temperance invincible besides,  
 For no allurement yields to appetite,  
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
 High actions, but wherewith to be achieved?  
 Great acts require great means of enterprise;  
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
 Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:  
 Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire  
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?  
 What followers, what retinue, canst thou gain?  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?



For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
 That for the public all this weight he bears.  
 Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules  
 His passions, desires, and fears, is more a king,  
 Whom every wise and virtuous man attains,  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes;  
 Subject himself to anarchy within,  
 Or lawless passions in him; which he serves  
 But to guide nations in the way of truth  
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
 To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
 So more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
 That other o'er the body only reigns,  
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind,  
 So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay do you  
 A more unspanious than to assume  
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
 And for the reason why they should be sought,  
 To gain a sceptre, oftest better mis'd.



extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judah really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of those tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly reviewed the vanity of military efforts, and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his elected throne, he shall not be slack, he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always shown himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their iniquity, but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recall them, and restore them to their liberty and happiness.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood  
A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted and convinced  
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With something words renew'd, him thus accosts  
‘Ere thou know'st what is of use to know,  
What best to say or what to do canst do,  
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth conspire  
Thy counsel could be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron's breast, or tongue of seers old,  
Infallible, or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require the array of war, thy skill  
Of command would be such, that all the world  
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms  
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness? wherefore depriv'd  
All earth has wonder at thy acts, thyself  
Thine aim and glory, glory the reward  
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers all but the highest?



'By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
 Large countries, and in fields great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault. what do these worthies,  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
 Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,  
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
 Rolling in brutish vices and deform'd,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
 But if there be in glory aught of good,  
 It may by means far different be attain'd,  
 Without ambition, war, or violence,  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance I mention still  
 Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,  
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)  
 By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors  
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffer'd, if young African for fame  
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,  
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward  
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am  
 To whom the tempter mumbling thus replied.  
 'Think not so slight of glory, therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father he seeks glory,  
 And for his glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs, nor content in heaven

By all his angels glorified, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption  
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,  
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared;  
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently replied  
 'And reason since his word all things produced,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart  
 His good communicable to every soul  
 Freely, of whom what could he less expect  
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense,  
 From them who could return him nothing else,  
 And, not returning that, would likeliest render  
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return,  
 For so much good, so much beneficence!  
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
 Who for so many benefits received,  
 Turn'd recant to God, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
 That which to God alone of right belongs  
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
 That who advance his glory, not their own,  
 Them he himself to glory will advance'

So spake the Son of God, and here again  
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself,  
 Inhabitant of glory, had lost all,

Yet of another ples bathought him soon

'Of glory, as thou wilt,' said he, 'so deem  
 Worth or not worth the struggle, let it pass.

But in a bid, from thou art born, ordain'd

To see and thy father's house to see,



By mother's side thy father, though thy right  
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
 Easily from possession won with arms  
 Judea now and all the promised land,  
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,  
 Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled  
 With temperate sway, oft have they violated  
 The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,  
 Abominations rather, as did once  
 Antiochus and think'st thou to regain  
 Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?  
 So did not Maccabeus he indeed  
 Retired into the desert, but with arms,  
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,  
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,  
 With Modin and her suburbs once content  
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
 And duty, and zeal and duty are not slow,  
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait  
 They themselves rather are occasion best,  
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free  
 Thy country from her Heathen servitude  
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;  
 The happier reign, the sooner it begins  
 Reign then, what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned  
 ' All things are best fulfill'd in their due time  
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said,  
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,  
 That it shall never end, so, when begin,  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best

Can suffer, best can do, best reign, who first  
 Well hath obey'd, just trial, ere I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end.  
 But what concerns it thee, when I begin  
 My everlasting kingdom? Why art thou  
 Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the tempter, only rack'd, replied.  
 'Let that come when it comes, all hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace what worse?  
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments, me than the feeling can  
 I would be at the worst worst is my port,  
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime, whatever, for itself condemn'd;  
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou  
 Reign, or reign not, though to that gentle brow  
 Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,  
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,)  
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
 Interposition as a summer's cloud  
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
 Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,  
 That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king?  
 Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd  
 Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!  
 No wonder, for though in thee be united  
 What of perfection can in man be found,  
 Or human nature can receive, consider,  
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days'  
 Shortsojourn, and what thence couldst thou observe!

Tho' world thou hadst not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts  
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead  
 The wisest, inexperienced, will be ever  
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty  
 (As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom,)  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous  
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand

With that (such power was given him then) he took  
 The Son of God up to a mountain high  
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,  
 Lay pleasant from his side two rivers flow'd,  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
 Fair champagn with less rivers interven'd,  
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine,  
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,  
 Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry  
 To this high mountain-top the tempter brought  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began  
 ' Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league, here thou behold'st  
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond to south the Persian bay,  
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drought,  
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days' journey, built by Nimus old,

Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmannassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns,  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David's house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free, Persepolis,  
 His city, there thou see'st, and Bactra there;  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,  
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates,  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings, of later frame,  
 Built by Eumathian or by Parthian hands,  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Tercdon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian (now some ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire) under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power, for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon, hath gathered all his host  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana to her aid  
 He marches now in haste, see, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit,  
 All horsemen, in which fight they must excel,  
 See how in unlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings,  
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless.  
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops,  
 In coats of mail and military pride,  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Francing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound,  
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs

Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,  
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven  
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight,  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers  
 Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers  
 A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke  
 Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,  
 And waggons, fraught with utensils of war,  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican with all his northern powers  
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win  
 The fairest of her sex Angelica  
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry  
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,  
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd

‘That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark,  
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown  
 All this fair sight, thy kingdom, though foretold  
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
 Thou never shalt obtain, prediction still  
 In all things, and all men, supposes means,  
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes  
 But, say thou wert possess'd of David's throne,  
 By free consent of all, none opposite,

Samaritan or Jew, how couldst thou hope  
 Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,  
 Between two such inclosing encumbers,  
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of less  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings  
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus, bound,  
 Maugre the Roman it shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,  
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly re-install thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,  
 Deliverance of thy brethren those ten tribes,  
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed.  
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver  
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
 From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,  
 Shall reign, and Rome or Caesar need not fear.'

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmoved.  
 'Much ostentation v'n of fleshly arm  
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear  
 Vented much policy, and projects deep  
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought  
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else  
 Will unpredict, and sail me of the throne  
 My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee  
 Were better farthest off,) is not yet come.  
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack:  
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need

Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes,  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons  
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then  
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three day's pestilence? Such was thy zeal  
To Israel then, the same that now to me!  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroath,  
And all the idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;  
Nor in the land of their captivity  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers, but so died  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan? No, let them serve  
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
Yet he at length (time to himself best known)  
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste,  
As the Red sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the promised land their fathers passed  
To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, and to the fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles:  
So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends.





tion, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth; purposely to discover if he was the true Messiah, and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he laid advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his 'fatal enemy.' In this he acknowledged he has hitherto completely failed, but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the temple of Jerusalem, and placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls, and repairs to his internal compeers to relate the had success of his enterprise. Anger in the mean time conveys our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success  
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here, nay lost, but Eve was live  
This far his overmatch, who, self deceived  
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own  
But as a man, who had been matchless held  
In cunning, overreached where least he thought,  
To save his credit, and for every spite,  
Still will be tempting him who toils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more,  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound,  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,  
(Van battery!) and in froth or bubbles end,  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,

Washed by the southern sea, and, on the north,  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,  
From cold septentrion blast, thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With towers and temples proudly elevate  
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,  
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes,  
Above the height of mountains interposed,  
(By what strange parallax, or optic skill  
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to inquire)  
And now the tempter thus his silence broke

'The city which thou seest, no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,  
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
Of nations, there the Capitol thou seest,  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,  
The imperial palace, compass huge and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires,  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of gods, so well I have disposed  
My aëry microscope, thou mayst behold,  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hastening, or on return, in robes of state,  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings,  
Or embassies from regions far remote,  
In various habits, on the Appian road,

Or on the Emilian . some from the farthest south,  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroë, Nilotic isle and, more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black moor sea  
 From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these .  
 From India and the Golden Chersonese,  
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
 Dusk faces with white sil' en turbans wreathed ;  
 From Galba, Gades, and the British west,  
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay ,  
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,  
 In ample territory, wealth, and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts, and arms,  
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian . These two thrones except,  
 The rest are barbarous, and serve worth the sight,  
 Shared among petty kings too far removed ,  
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory  
 This emperor hath no son, and now is old,  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
 To Caprea, an island small, but strong,  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy ,  
 Committing to a wicked favourite  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all, and hating . With what ease,  
 Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,  
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,  
 Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,  
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,  
 A victor people free from servile yoke !  
 And with my help thou may'st, to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee .  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world .  
 Aim at the highest without the highest attain'd,  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will .  
 To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied .

'Tis not that I am so and my state show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence  
 'Tis not that I am so, allure mine eye,  
 Such less my word, though thou should'st add to tell  
 Of our suppers as g'utworms, and gorgeous feasts  
 Of our robes of Atlantic stone,  
 (But I have and heard, perhaps have read,  
 Their wines of Asia, Cakes, and I know,  
 Cakes and Cakes, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Cry: 'I, and my glass cup, laboured with gums  
 And kinds of pearl, to me should'st tell, who thirst  
 And hunger still. Then cease, thou should'st  
 In nations far and nigh: what honour that,  
 But to sit and waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Ourselves, which flatteries? Then proceed to talk  
 Of the emperor, how easily subdued,  
 How gloriously I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutal monster; what if I with I  
 Expel a devil, who has made him such?  
 Let his tormentor consider to find him out  
 For him I was not cut, nor yet to free  
 That people, erst for once, now vile and base;  
 Desertedly made vassal, who, once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
 Let govern all the nations under yoke,  
 Filling their provinces, a charmed all  
 By lust and rapine, first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity,  
 Then ere of, by their sports to blood mured  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed  
 Lavish by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily scene effeminate  
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
 Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world,

And of my kingdom there shall be no end  
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter, impudent, replied.

'I see all offers made by me how slight  
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st,  
Nothing will please thee, difficult and nice,

Or nothing more than still to contradict  
On the other side know also thou, that I

On what I offer set as high esteem  
Nor what I put with mean to give for nought.

All these, which in a moment thou beholdest,  
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give

(For, given to me, I give to whom I please,  
No tittle, yet with this reserve, not else,

On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior lord

(Easily done), and hold them all of me,  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain  
'I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,

Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition

But I endure the time, till which expired  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,

The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve

And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee accurs'd? now more accurs'd

For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous, which expect to rue.

The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,

Other donation none thou canst produce  
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,

God over all supreme? if given to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the giver now

Repaid! but gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since Wert thou so void of fear or shame,

As offer them to me the Son of God?  
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,

That I still should and worship thee as God?  
 And thou believ'st me; than thou now art wiser  
 That end'st me, Sister for ever dream'd.

To which the first, with fear and love, replied  
 "Heaven's peace be concluded, Son of God,  
 Though laws of God both would be and must,  
 If I, to try whether I should not  
 Then thou shouldst bear it that title, have proposed  
 Whistle to come and angels receive,  
 To be sent forth, as thou art, and on the earth,  
 Nations should from all the corner'd world,  
 And of that world stretch'd, and world beneath  
 Who love thee best, and as thou art is told  
 To be a fatal, me it most concerns,  
 To be with such following of thee no way,  
 Rather than to be honour lost and more esteem.  
 My right I would, sister, what I am'd  
 'Ere thou art, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdome of this world, I shall no more  
 Advise thee, gain them as thou art, or not  
 And thou thyself must otherwise be moved  
 To a worldly crown, admitted more  
 To controversy and profound dispute,  
 As by that very action may be judged,  
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st  
 Down into the temple, there wast found  
 Among the greatest rabbies, disputant  
 On points and questions sitting Moses' chair,  
 Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man,  
 As morning shows the day be famous then  
 By wisdom, as thy empire must extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend  
 All knowledge is not taught in Moses' law,  
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote  
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
 To adoration, led by nature's light,  
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
 Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st,  
 Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?

## PARADISE REGAINED.

How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinced.  
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
 Westward, much nearer by south west, behold  
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;  
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits,  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
 City or suburban, studious walls and shades,  
 See there the olive grove of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
 There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound  
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
 To studious musing, there Ilissus rolls  
 His whispering stream within the walls then view  
 The schools of ancient sages his who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
 Lyceum there, and pointed Stoa next  
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
 By voice or lute, and various measured verse,  
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,  
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own  
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In chorus, or iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight received  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,  
 High actions, and high passions best describing.  
 Thence to the famous orators repair,  
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
 'Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
 Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece  
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne,  
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house



Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
 The best of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Millions of streams, that water'd all the schools  
 Of Academe old and new, with those  
 Of Platonic Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Of Epicurus, and the Stoic sect,  
 These here revolve, or, as thou liest, at home.  
 'Till time restore thee to a kingdom's weight,  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.)

To show our wisour sagely thus replied.  
 'Think not but that I know the things, or think  
 I know them not, not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought he, who receives  
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
 No other science needs, the light granted true.  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Superstitions, fables, built on nothing firm  
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew  
 The next to fabling fill, and smooth conceits.  
 A third sect doth hold all things, though plain sense  
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,  
 Be it virtue jointed with riches and long life,  
 In corporal pleasure lie, and careless ease,  
 The Stoic last, in philosophic pride,  
 By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, condemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain, or torment, death and life,  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts con-action to evade.  
 Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
 And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves

All glory arrogate, to God give none,  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion,  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets;  
 An empty cloud. However, many books,  
 Wise men have said are wearisome, who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior  
 (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
 Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
 And trivies for choice matters, worth a sponge  
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore  
 Or, if I would delight my private hours  
 With music or with poem, where so soon  
 As in our native language, can I find  
 That solace! All our law and story strew'd  
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
 That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived,  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own,  
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Zion's songs, to all true tastes excell'g,  
 Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,  
 The holiest of holies, and his saints  
 (Such are from God inspired, not such from thee,)  
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
 By light of nature, not in all quite lost  
 Their errors thou then extoll'st as those  
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,  
 And locusts of their country, as may seem,

But here to our prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The wiser rules of civil government,  
In their majestic unaffected style,  
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome  
In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt,  
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat.  
I live only with our law best form a king.

So speaks the Son of God, but Satan, now  
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent,)   
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.

'Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
By me proposed in life contemplative  
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
What dost thou in this world? The wilderness  
For thee is fittest place I found thee there,  
And thence will return thee yet remember  
What I foretold thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
Nicely, or cautiously, my offer'd aid,  
Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,  
Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate  
Attitud thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,  
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
Real or allegoric, I discern not,  
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning, for no date prefixed  
Directs me in the starry rubric set'

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power  
Not yet expired,) and to the wilderness  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,

## PARADISE REGAINED

Feigning to disappear Darkness now rose,  
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lonning night,  
 Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light, and absent day.  
 Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind  
 After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose bracing arms thick interwined might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,  
 But, shelter'd, slept in vain; for at his head  
 The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturb'd his sleep And either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven, the clouds,  
 From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd  
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire  
 In ruin reconciled, nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bow'd their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there,  
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace!  
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,  
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet  
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,











To gratulate the sweet return of morn  
 Ner yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
 Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
 The prince of darkness : glad would also seem  
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,  
 Yet with no new device (they all were spent,)  
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd  
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood,  
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
 And in a careless mood thus to him said.

' Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
 After a dismal night I heard the wrack,  
 As earth and sky would mingle, but myself  
 Was distant, and these flows, though mortals fear them  
 As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heaven,  
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as unconsiderable  
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone,  
 Yet, as being oft times noxious where they light  
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore signify and threaten ill  
 This tempest at this desert most was bent,  
 Of men at thee, for only thou nere dwell'st  
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
 Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,  
 For both the when and how is nowhere told  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd no doubt,  
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
 The time and means Each act is rightliest done  
 Not when it must, but when it may be best,  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay

## PARADISE REGAINED.

Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;  
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign;  
 So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on  
 And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus  
 'Me worse than wet thou had'st not, other harm  
 Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none,  
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud  
 And threatening nigh what they can do as signs  
 Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee,  
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I, accepting,  
 At least might seem to ho'd all power of thee,  
 Ambitious spirit' and would'st be thought my god,  
 And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discern'd,  
 And toolest in vain), nor me in vain molest'  
 To whom the fiend, now swollen with rage, replied  
 'Then hear, O son of David, virgin born,  
 For son of God to me is yet in doubt,  
 Of the Messiah I had heard foretold  
 By all the prophets, of thy birth at length,  
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
 On thy birth night that sung the Saviour born,  
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred,  
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all  
 Flock to the Baptist, I, among the rest  
 (Though not to be baptized), by voice from heaven  
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense.  
 The son of God I also am, or was,  
 And if I was, I am, relation stands,

All men are sons of God, yet thee I thought  
 In some respect far higher so declared  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild,  
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek  
 To understand my adversary; who  
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent  
 By parle or composition, truce or league,  
 To win him, or win from him what I can.  
 And opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm,  
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 Have been before condemn'd, and may again  
 Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven,  
 Another method I must now begin

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing  
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires  
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn

'There stand, if thou wilt stand, to stand upright  
 Will ask thee shall, I to thy Father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest placed highest is best  
 Now show thy progeny, if not to stand,  
 Cast thyself down safely, if Son of God  
 For it is written, He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone

To whom thus Jesus 'Also it is written,



The Son of God, with godlike force endued  
 Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,  
 And thief of Paradise ! Him long of old  
 Thou didst rebel, and down from heaven cast  
 With all his army, now thou hast avenged  
 Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent  
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
 In Paradise to tempt, his snares are broke  
 For, though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
 A fairer Paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
 A Saviour, art come down to reinstall,  
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
 Of tempter and temptation without fear  
 But thou, infernal serpent ! shalt not long  
 Rule, in the cloud, like an autumnal star,  
 Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heaven, trod down  
 Under his feet for proof, ere this thou feel'st  
 Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound,)  
 By this repulse received, and hold'st in hell  
 No triumph in all her gates Abaddon rurs  
 Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
 To dread the Son of God he, all unarm'd,  
 Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,  
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
 Thee and thy legions yelling they shall fly  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
 Lest he command them down into the deep,  
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time  
 Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
 Queller of Satan ! on thy glorious work  
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind.'

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,  
 Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refresh'd,  
 Brought on his way with joy, he, unobserved,  
 Home to his mother's house private return'd.



# SAMSON AGONISTES:

A

## DRAMATIC POEM

---

Tragedia est imitatio actionis serie, etc, per misericordiam et metum perficiens  
talem affectuum illustrationem

---

### OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY

Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the grave-  
st, moral-est, and most profitable of all other poems therefore said by Aristotle  
to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of  
those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just  
measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those  
passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to  
make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and  
quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove  
salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero,  
Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and  
illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not un-  
worthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1  
Cor. xv. 33, and Paræus, commenting on Revelation, divides the whole  
book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly  
harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have  
laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that  
honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his  
attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but,  
unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it un-  
finished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those  
tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory  
Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanc-  
tity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled *Christ suffering*.  
This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather  
infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with  
other common interludes, happening through the poet's error of intermix







Labourer worst? unavailingly this poet  
 This supposition yields me, hence I leave  
 Heaving from this requir'd noise, I seek  
 This universe of pain to find words for  
 Live to the body, none to the soul  
 I turn to the soul, but, alas, I find  
 Of words none, I am alone  
 But rest upon the matter, and perceive  
 That to me my faith from heaven comes  
 I see by an act, I see in silence  
 Of both my faith and my love  
 From off the altar, where it is burnt,  
 As in a holy column stands  
 The godlike presence, and from above  
 Or heaven revealed to the earth, in a word  
 Why was my heart so ordered and preserved  
 As of a person who is to live  
 Do I find for great exultation, if I must die  
 Dearly, dearly, and with my heart out,  
 Glade of my enemies, I am  
 To stand in the world  
 With this heart, this will, this O glorious strength  
 But to the throne of a great God  
 I come this hour, I come this way, that I  
 Should I feel from Philistian yoke deliver  
 Ask for this gift of silence now, and find him  
 By whom in Gaza at the mill with slaves  
 I myself in bonds in der Philistian yoke  
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction, what it will foretell  
 It has been said but through my desire  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself  
 Who this high gift of silence committed to me,  
 In what part I should, how easily bear it me,  
 Under this seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 Overcome with importunity and tears  
 O impotence of mind, in body strong  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom? vast, unweildly, burdensome,

Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
 By weakest subtilties, not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command  
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair  
 But peace! I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or death,  
 Light, the prime work of God, is extinct,  
 And all her various objects  
 Annull'd, which might have eas'd,  
 Inferior to the vilest no  
 Of man or worm, the world is  
 They creep, yet see I am expos'd  
 To daily fraud, contrivance, wrong,  
 Within doors, or with the fool,  
 In power of others, none is  
 Scarce half I seem to be, less than half  
 O dark, dark, dark, as the noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, without all hope  
 O first created beam, and thou great Word,  
 'Let there be light' over all;  
 Why am I thus bereft of thee?  
 The sun to me is hid,  
 And silent as the night,  
 When I hid in the cave  
 Since light is necessary to life,  
 And altho' life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 Shines all in every part; why was this sight  
 To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?



Adamantéan proof?

But safest he who stood aloof,

When insupportably his foot advanced,

In scorn of their proud arms, and warlike tools,

Spurn'd them to death by troops The bold Ascalonite,

Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd

Their plated backs under his heel,

Or, grovelling, soil'd their crested helmets in the dust

Then, with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,

A thousand fore skins fell, the flower of Palestine,

In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day,

Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore  
The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,

Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,

No journey of a sabbath-day and loaded so,

Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven

Which shall I first bewail

Thy bondage or lost sight

Prison within prison

Inseparably dark?

Thou art become (O thou lament!)

Woe dungeon of thy

In which men enjoy (but cause complain,)

Imprison'd now

In real darkness

Shut up from

To incorporate

Cor inward

That forth

murder state,

in sed n an arallel'd!

The far e stands,

But he top of wondrous glory,

Strongest

To lowest pitch, yet fortune thou art fallen.

For him I reckon not in high estate

Whom long descent of birth,

Or the sphere of fortune, raises,

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mat,

Might have subdued the earth,

## SAMSON AGONISTES

Universally crown'd with highest praises,  
 Says I hear the sound of war! their sense the  
 Dissolves unjoin'd (no it reach my ear,  
 Chor Ho up ah, let us draw nigh. Watchless, in re

The glory life of Israel, now the grief,  
 We come, thy friends and neighbours, not unmov'd,  
 From Hebron and Zorah's fruitful vale,  
 To visit or bewail thee, or, if better,  
 Counsel or consolation we may bring.  
 Survive to thy woes, apt words have power to swage  
 The tumour of a troubled mind,  
 And are as balm to tender wounds.

Says Your coming, friend, revives me; for I learn  
 Now of my own experience not by talk,  
 How counterfeits it when they are thy friends  
 Bear in their superscription of the most

I would be under-toil'd in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adversity their head,  
 Not to be forlorn, though thou wilt see, O friends,  
 How many evils have enclosed me round,

Yet that which was the worst now most afflicts me,  
 Blindness, for hitherto, confus'd with shame,  
 How could I once look up, or leave the house,

Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked  
 My vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigg'd, and for a world, a tempest

Fool! have divulged the secret out of God  
 To a deceitful woman! Tell me, friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a scorn

In every street I do they not say, How well  
 Are come upon him his deserts! Yet how  
 Immeasurable strength they might thus I see he,

In me, of wisdom nothing more than I see he,  
 Thus with the other should at last be judg'd.  
 These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse

Chor 'Tis not divine disposal, wisest men  
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived,  
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise

Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.  
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder

Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
At least of thine own nation, and as noble

*Sams* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased  
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed,  
The daughter of an infidel they knew not  
That what I motion'd was of God I knew  
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
The marriage on, that by occasion hence  
I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
She proving false, the next I took to wife  
(O that I never had I fond wish too late)  
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dahia,  
That specious monster, my accomplish'd spouse  
I thought it lawful from my former state,  
And the same end, still watch  
Israel's oppressors of what

She was not the prime cause  
Who, vanquish'd with a power  
Gave up my fort of silen

*Chor* In seeking :

The Philistine, thy

Thou never wast a

Yet Israel still se

*Sams* That I am not me, but transfer

On Israel's go

Who, seeing

Singly by n

Acknowledge

Delivera

Used n

The d

But

To coun

Their lords

Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then

Safe to the rock of Etham was retired ;

Not flying, but forecasting in what place

To set upon them, what advantag'd best

Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent

## SAMSON AGONISTES

The harass of their land, beset me round,  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,  
 Bound with two cords, but cords to me were threads  
 Touch with the flame, on their whole host I flew  
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 Their choicest youth, they only lived who fled  
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
 They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom they now serve  
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty,  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,  
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised  
 As their deliverer? if he ought begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

*Chor* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penue!l  
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit  
 Of Madian, and her vanquish'd kings  
 And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
 In that sore battle, when so many d  
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death  
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

*Sams* Of such examples add me to the  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's proposed deliverance not so

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men,  
 Unless there be who think not God at all:  
 If any be, they walk obscure,  
 For of such doctrine never was there school,



But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but himself

Yet more there be, who doubt his ways not just  
As to his own edicts found contradicting,  
Then give the reins to wandering thought,  
Regardless of his glory's diminution,  
Till by their own perplexities involved,  
They ravel more, still less resolved,  
But never find self-satisfying solution

As if they would confine the interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript

Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
And hath full right to exempt  
Whom so it pleases him by choice  
From national obstruction, without taint  
Of sin, or legal debt

Tor with his own laws he can best dispense  
He would not else, who never wanted means,  
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,  
To set his people free,  
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
Against his vow of strictest purity,  
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
Unclean, unchaste

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings, down!  
Though reason here aver,  
That moral verdict quits her of unclean  
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain, not his

But see, here comes thy reverend sire  
With careful step, locks white as down,  
Old Manoaah advise

Forthwith, thou ought'st to receive him

Sams me! another inward grief, awaked  
With mention of that name, renews the assault

Enter *Manoaah*

*Man* Brethren, and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
Though in this uncouth place, if old respect,  
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd



As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd  
 The mystery of God given me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy  
 This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,  
 But warn'd by oft experience, did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her height  
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived  
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me;  
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and  
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength  
 Lay stored, in what part sur'd that she might know,  
 Thrice I deluded her, and to sport  
 Her importunity, each time  
 How openly, and with  
 She purposed to betray, as worse  
 Than undissembled contempt  
 She sought to mangle myself,  
 Yet the fourth, offering all her wiles,  
 With brand, from nine assaults,  
 Tongue-bat, did not day nor night  
 To storm me, and wearied out,  
 At times, lost repose and rest,  
 I yielded, for all my heart,  
 Who, manhood well resolved,  
 Might have shook off all her snares  
 But she held me yoked.  
 Her indignity, O blot  
 To humiliate my servile mind  
 Rewarded with servile punishment  
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,



Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end, all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon, Dagon hath presumed,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked.  
 But will arise, and his great name assert  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers

*Man* With cause this hope relieves thee, and these,  
 I as a prophecy received for God,  
 Nothing more certain, not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name  
 Against all competition, it is long  
 Endure it doubtful whether I be Lord,  
 Or Dagon But for thee what shall be done?  
 Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,  
 Neglected I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy rans, as well they may by this  
 Have satisfied their thirst of revenge  
 By pains and torments worse than death inflicted  
 On thee, which thou canst do them harm,

*Sams* Oposal, father, spare the trouble  
 Of that I let me here,  
 As I desire my punishment,  
 And as possible, my crime,  
 She would not To have reveal'd  
 The secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front! But I  
 God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
 Weakly, at least, and shamefully, a sin

That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

*Man* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;  
But act not in thy own affliction, son  
Repent the sin, but, if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact.  
Thy penal forfeit from thy self perhaps  
God will remit, and quit thee all his debt,  
Who ever more approves, and more accepts  
(Best pleased with humble and total submission)  
Him, who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due.  
Which argues over just, and more displeased  
For self-offence, more than art's offence.  
Reject not then what others deem; who know  
But God hath set before thee to return thee  
Home to thy country, and thy sacred house,  
Where thou may'st hallow thy offerings, to avert  
His farther ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

*Sams* His pardon I implore, but as for life,  
To what end should I seek it? When in strength  
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
Of birth from heaven foretold, and high exploits,  
Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,  
Fearless of danger like a petty god  
I walk'd about admired of all, and trusted  
On hostile ground, none daring venture  
Then, swollen with pride, into the snare  
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains  
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life  
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me  
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
Then turned me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
Shaven, and disarm'd among my enemies







*Chor* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream

*Sams* Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refresh'd nor envied them the grape  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes

*Chor* O madness, to think use of strongest wines,  
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong  
Whose drink was only from the

*Sams* But what avail'd th  
Against another object more  
What boots it at one gate to

And at another to let in  
Effeminately vanquish'd  
Now blind, dishearten'd  
To what can I be

My nation, and the  
But to sit idle

A burdensome  
Or pitied ob

Robustious  
Vain mon

And sed

To a

Here

Till

Consume

Hasten th

*Man* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?

Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,

Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to quay  
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to ring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast.  
 And I persuade me so, why art this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks!  
 His might continues in thee not for aught,  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sara.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall meet with light,  
 Nor the other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness night at hand.

So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me dead  
 In all her functions weary of herself;  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Mena.* Believe not these suggestions which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom, or how else mean I do be calm,  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

*Sara.* O that torment should not be continued  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast, and reins,  
 But must secret passage find  
 To the inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains, but more intense,  
 Though void of corporal sense!

My griefs not only pain me,  
 Is a lingering disease,  
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
 Nor less than wounds unmedicable  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification.

Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp  
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure  
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
 And sense of Heaven's desertion

I was his nursing once, and choice delight,  
 His destined from the womb,  
 Promised by heavenly message twice descending.  
 Under his special eye  
 Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain.  
 He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
 Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
 Against the uncircumcised, our enemies  
 But now hath cast me off as never known,  
 And to those cruel enemies,  
 Whom I by his appointment had provoked,  
 Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss  
 Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn  
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope,  
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless  
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
 No long petition, speedy death,  
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Chor* My friends, the sayings of the wise,  
 In our ancient books enroll'd,  
 Extolling the truest fortitude,  
 And to all calamities,  
 All chance to man's frail life,  
 Consolation with  
 With studied argument, and much persuasion song  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought  
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint  
 Unless he feel within

If aught in my duty may serve  
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appear a  
Thy mind with what attempt is in my power,  
Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed

Some Out, out, he, and then are thy words  
And arts of every woman false like thee,  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
Then as repentant to submit, to seek,  
And reconciler sent home with sighs and tears,  
Confess, and pronounce words in her change;  
Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband how far urged his patience be,  
His virtue or weakness which way, to reveal  
Then with more caution and more bold shall  
Again transgresses, and again submit,  
That wisest and best man, full of compassion,  
With goodness prevail'd not to reject  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,  
If not by quick destruction cut off,  
As I by thee, to give an example

Dal Yet hear me, Samson, not that I endeavor  
To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
But that on the other side, if it be weigh'd  
By itself, and aggravations not surcharg'd,  
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  
I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy interest less  
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune,  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults  
Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity, that is, for nought,  
Wherewith consisted all thy strength and safety?  
To what I did thou show'dst not first the way,  
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not  
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel  
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,  
 So near related, or the same of kind,  
 Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable  
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
 As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
 How to endure, and hold thee to me firmest  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 Thy key of strength and safety Thou wilt say,  
 Why then revealed? I was assured by those  
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold.  
 That made for me, I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed,  
 Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,  
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of perils in my love  
 These reasons in love past for good,  
 Though fond and foolish, some perhaps  
 And love hath wrought much woe  
 Yet always hath obtain'd.  
 Be not unkind, not austere  
 As thou art inflexible as steel.  
 If thou all mortals dost exceed,  
 In unkindness, thy anger do not so  
 Sams cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!  
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,  
 By this appears I gave, thou say'st, the example  
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,  
 I to myself was false, ere thou to me

Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it, weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
 All wickedness is weakness that plea therefore  
 With God or man will gain thee no remission  
 But love constrain'd thee call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust love seeks to have a love  
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st thine  
 To raise in me inexorable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more  
*Dal* Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snarls besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,  
 Which might have awed the best resolv'd of men,  
 The constantest to have yielded without blame  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me thou know'st the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just, how  
 How honourable, how glorious, to 'scape  
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation, and the next  
 Was not behind, but, ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods,  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon what had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest at length that grounded man

So ripe and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority,  
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd,  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining  
*Sams* I thought were all thy circling wiles would end,  
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy!  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended;  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st  
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing,  
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country, nor was I thair subject,  
 Nor under their protection, but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs if aught against my life  
 Thy country sought, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations;  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than heathen rites, violating the ends  
 For which our laws were made so dear,  
 Not therefore, But zeal moved thee,  
 To please the gods, didst it, gods, unable  
 To act, and prosecute their foes  
 But the gods, the contradiction  
 Of thy duty, gods cannot be,  
 Less than to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.  
 These false pretexts, and varnish'd colours, failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!  
*Dal* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse whatever be her cause  
*Sams* For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,  
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals,

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best,  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson  
 Afford me place to show what recompense  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided, only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thyself in vain though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
 Where other senses want not their delights,  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which  
 Eye sight exposes daily man abroad  
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 From forth this loathsome prison-house to shade  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age,  
 With all things grateful cheer'd and so supplied,  
 That, what by me thou hast lost, thou least shall miss

*Sams* No, no, of my condition take no care,  
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twin  
 Nor think me so unwary or accursed,  
 To bring my feet again into the snare  
 Where once I have been caught I know thy traps,  
 Though dearly to my cost, thy guns, and toils  
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,  
 No more on me have power, thy force is null'd;  
 So much of Aolder's wisdom have I turn'd,  
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries  
 If in my flower of youth and strength when all men  
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me  
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me,  
 How would'st thou use me now, blind and thereby  
 Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd and scorn'd,  
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,  
 When I must live uxorious to thy will  
 In perfect thralldom? how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords



To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile ?  
 This jail I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

*Dal* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand

*Sams* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake  
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint  
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that,  
 Bewail thy falsehood and the pious works  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives !  
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason ! so farewell

*Dal* I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
 To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore,  
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages  
 Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd  
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, sueing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?  
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounced ?  
 To mix with thy concernments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own  
 Fame, if not double faced, is double mouth'd,  
 And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight  
 My name perhaps among the circumcised  
 In Dan, in Issachar, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity stand defamed,  
 With Zebulun's and Asher's, and the blot  
 Of fratricide, and incest, and conjugal traduced.  
 But in the desert, where I most deserve,  
 In the vale of Asdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be gloried among the famousest  
 Of warriors, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living, and dead recorded, who, to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands ; my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers,  
 Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim

Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd,  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown  
 At this whoever envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own

*Chor* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting,  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd

*Sams* So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life

*Chor* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse

*Sams* Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.  
 Not wedlock-treachery endangering life,

*Chor* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit,  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it,)  
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
 Or seven, though one should musing sit

If any of these, or all, the Timman bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd  
 Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,  
 Successor in thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosely disallied

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
 Or value what is best

In choice, but oftenest to affect the wrong?  
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd,  
 That either they love nothing or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
 Intestine, far within defensive arms,  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms  
 Draws him awry enslaved  
 With dotage, and his sense depraved  
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends  
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
 Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favour'd of Heaven, who finds  
 One virtuous, rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines  
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth  
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines, and most is acc' above

Therefore God's universal  
 Gave to the man despotic,  
 Over his female in due  
 Nor from that right  
 Smile she or frown

So shall he leas'  
 On his whole  
 By female may'd.

But had see a storm

*Sam* e oft contracted wind and rain

*Or* other kind of tempest brings

abstruse, my riddling days are past.

*Chor* w for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bay'd words, a rougher tongue

Draw' ward, I know him by his stride,

The gnat Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud

Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

I less conjecture, than when first I saw  
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way,  
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance

*Sams* Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes

*Chor* His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives

Enter *Harapha*.

*Har* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent I am of Gath,  
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old  
That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now,  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might, and feats perform'd,  
Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
Each other's force in camp or listed field,  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.

*Sams* The way to know were not to see, but taste.

*Har* Dost thou already single me? I thought  
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw  
I should have forced thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown  
So had the glory of prowess been over d  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine,  
From the unforeseen'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant acts, that honour,  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out

*Sams* Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do  
What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd

*Sams* Such usage as your honourable lords

Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,  
 Who durst not with their whole united powers,  
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
 Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,  
 Till they had hired a woman with their gold,  
 Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.  
 Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd  
 Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,  
 Or rather light, no great advantage on me;  
 And put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
 Vant-brace and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy spear.  
 A weaver's beam, and seven times fold'd shield,  
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
 And take such outcomes on thy clatter'd iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee.  
 Thou oft shalt wish thy self at Gath to boast  
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from heaven  
 Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
 Where strength and pride, though all thy hairs  
 Were bristles, as those that ridge the back  
 Of chaf'd wild porcupines  
*Sams.* I use no forbidden arts;  
 My trust is in God, who gave me  
 At my birth strength, diffused  
 No less in my sinews, joints, and bones,  
 Than in my hair. I preserved these locks unshorn  
 For my unviolated vow  
 For proof to God, if Dagon be thy god,  
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells

Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
 Arow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
 With the utmost of his godhead seconded  
 Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,  
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har* Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be  
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them  
 To put out both thine eyes, and, fetter'd send thee  
 Into the common prison, there to grind  
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
 As good for nothing else, no better service  
 With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match  
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are  
 From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,  
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Duly thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
 By combat to decide whose god is God,  
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore

*Har* Fair honour that thou dost thus God in trusting,  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
 A murderer, a revolter, and a ro. . .

*Sams* Tongue-doughty giant, how 'ost thou prove me these?

*Har* Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
 Their magistrates confessed it when they took thee  
 As a league breaker, and delivered bound  
 Into our hands, for hadst thou not committed  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?  
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,

To others did no violence nor spoil

*Sar.* Among the daughters of the Philistines

I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,

And in your city held my nuptial feast.

But your ill meaning politician lords,

Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,

Appointed to await me thirty spies,

Who threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride

To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,

That solved the riddle which I had proposed

When I perceived all set on enmity,

As on my enemies, whatever chanced,

I used hostility, and took their spoil,

To pay my underminers in their coin.

My nation was subjected to your lords,

It was the force of conquest, force with force

Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.

But I a private person, whom my country

As a league breaker gave up bound, presumed

Single rebellion, and did hostile acts

I was no private, but a person raised

With strength sufficient, and command from Heaven,

To free my country, if their servile minds

Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,

But to their masters gave me up for naught,

The unworthier they whence to this day they serve

I was to do my part as an assign'd,

And had perform'd my own offence

Had not disarmed your force

These shifts for thy appellant,

Though bound main'd for high attempts,

Who ne'er carice to single fight,

As a revolt of small enforce

*H.* If a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd

Dr. to capital punishment?

*H.* No man of arms will deign.

*Sar.* Must thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,

To descend on my strength, and give thy verdict?

Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd,

But take good heed my hand survey not thee

*Hur.* O Baal zebub! can my ears unused,

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

Hear these dishonours, and not render death?  
*Sams* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand  
 Fear I incurable, bring up thy van.

*Har* This insolence other kind of answer fits.  
*Sams* Go, brail'd coward! lest I run upon thee

Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down,  
 To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
 These braveries, in irons laden on thee

*Chor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,  
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe

*Sams* I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,  
 Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
 All of gigantic size, Goliath chief

*Chor* He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
 And with malicious counsel stir them up  
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams* He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not

And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd,  
 Much more affliction than already felt  
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,  
 If they intend advantage of my labours,  
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping

With no small profit daily to my owners  
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
 My speediest friend, by death to ruin me hence,  
 The worst that he can give, to me the best,  
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine,  
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed

*Chor.* Oh how comely it is, and how reviving  
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!  
 When God into the hands of their deliverer  
 Puts invincible might  
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,



The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
 Hardy and industrious to support  
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
 The righteous, and all such as honour truth  
 He all their ammunition  
 And seats of war disarms,  
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
 And celestial vigour arm'd  
 Their armouries and magazines contents,  
 Renders them useless, while  
 With winged expedition,  
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,  
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all  
 That tyranny or fortune can mislead  
 Either of these is in thy lot,  
 Samson, with might endued  
 Above the sons of men, but sight bereaved  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom patience finally must crown.  
 This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the world - by thy hands  
 And yet perhaps - is behind,  
 For I descry th  
 Some other b  
 A sceptre o  
 Comes on  
 By his  
 A pu  
 His

Enter Off.

Jehovah, the prisoner Samson Lays Lark.  
 His manacles renark him, there he sits.  
 Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say

## SAMSON AGONISTS.

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human race,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly:  
 Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,  
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad,  
 To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

*Sam.* Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them.  
 Our law forbids at their religious rites  
 My presence, for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assured, will not content them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword players, and every sort  
 Of gymnastic arts, warriors, runners,  
 Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
 But they must pick me out, with shackles tied,  
 And over labour'd with their public mill,  
 To make them sport with their activity?  
 Do they not seek for seed of new quarrel,  
 On my refusal to distress me more,  
 Or make a game of my calamities?  
 Return the way to our cities?

*Off.* Regard that this will offend them highly.

*Sams.* Myself my conscience, and internal peace  
 Can they think me so broken so debased  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands,  
 Although then drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief  
 To show them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

*Off.* My message was imposed on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay is this thy resolution?

*Sams.* So take it with what speed thy message needs  
*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce. [*Exit*]

*Sams.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.  
*Chor.* Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd  
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break,  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more unperious,  
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

*Sams* - Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression, so requite  
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols?  
A Nazarite in place abominable  
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon!  
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous!  
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

*Chor* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines  
Idoltrous, uncircumcised, unclean

*Sams* - Not in their idol worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in their civil power

*Chor* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

*Sams* Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds;  
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command,  
Commands are no constraints If I obey them,  
I do it freely, venturing to displease  
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind which in his jealousy  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness  
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

*Chor* How thou wilt here come off, surmounts my reach.

*Sams* Be of good courage, I begin to feel  
Some rousing motions in me, which disengage  
To something extraordinary my thoughts  
I with this messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite  
If there be aught of presage in the omen,  
This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor* In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

*Off* Samson, this second message from our lords  
To thee I am bid say Art thou our slave?

Our captive at the public mill, our drudge,  
And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming! come without delay,  
Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmer fasten'd than a rock.

*Sams.* I cou'd be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go  
Masters' commands come with a power restless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection,  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
(So mutable are all the ways of men.)  
Yet thus be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law

*Off.* I praise thy resolution doff these links,  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* Brethren, farewell, your company alone  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends, and how the sight  
Of me, as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,  
I know not lords are lordliest in their wine;  
And the well-fermented priest than soonest fired  
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;  
No less the people, on their holy days,  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself.

The last of me or no, I cannot warrant. *Exe. with the Off.*  
*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One

Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name  
Great among the heathen round;  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames, after his message told

Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
 Of fire that spirit, that first rush'd on thee  
 In the camp of Dan,  
 Be efficacious in thee now at need  
 For never was from Heaven imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen  
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
 With youthful steps? much livelier than erewhile  
 He seems, supposing here to find his son,  
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news

*Enter Manoah*

*Man.* Peace with you brethren, my inducement hither  
 Was not at present here to find my son,  
 By order of the lords now parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their feast  
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
 And numbers thither flock I had no will,  
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly  
 But that, which moved my coming now, was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty

*Chor* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
 With thee say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man* I have attempted one by one the lords,  
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
 With supplication prone, and father's tears,  
 To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner  
 Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite  
 That part most reverence'd Dagon and his priests:  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Privile reward, for which both god and state  
 They easily would set to sale a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confid' d  
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduced  
 Their foe to misery beneath their scars,  
 The rest was unanimity to remit,  
 If some convenient ransom were proposed

## SAMSON AGONISTES

What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.  
*Chor* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,

Or at some proof of strength before them shown  
*Man* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid

And number'd down much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe; than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left

No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him  
 For his redemption all my patrimony,  
 If need be, I am ready to forego  
 And quit not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all,  
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,

Mide older than thy age through eye sight lost  
*Man* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled

With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd

And I, persuade me, God hath not permitted  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp

Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift

Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him  
 And since his strength with eye sight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eye sight to his strength

*Chor* Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,  
 In both which we, as next, participate

*Man* I know your friendly minds and,—O what noise  
 Mercy of heaven, what hideous noise was that  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout?

*Chor* Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
 As if the whole inhabitation perished?  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,



## SAMSON AGONISTES

With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distinct, to know well what I utter.

*Man* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer:  
*Mess* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen

*Man* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest,  
The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess* Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.  
*Man* Relate by whom

*Mess* By Samson.  
*Man* That still lessens

The sorrow and converts it nigh to joy  
*Mess* Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep

*Man* Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.  
*Mess* Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

*Man* The worst indeed O all my hopes defeated  
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now, and full discharge

What windy joy this day had I conceived  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How died he death, to life is crown or shame  
All by him fell, thou say'st by whom fell he?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound.

*Mess* Unwounded of his enemies he fell  
*Man* Wounded with slaughter, then, or how? explain  
*Mess* By his own hands.

*Man* Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

*Mess* Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy, and be destroy'd,  
The edifice where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.  
*Man* O lastly over strong against thyself!



A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge  
More than enough we know ' but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct

*Mess* Occasions drew me early to this city  
And, as the gates I entered with sun rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street, little had I despatch'd,  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games,  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle  
The building was a spacious theatre  
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold,  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand,  
I among these aloof obscurely stood  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd Immediately  
Went Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad, before him pipes,  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall  
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendous force  
None daring to appear antagonist  
At length for intermission's sake they led him  
Between the pillars, he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over tir'd to let him lean a while

## SAMSON AGONISTS

With both his arms on those two masonry pillars  
 That to the arched roof gave main support  
 He, unsuspecting, led him which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head while inclined,  
 And eyes fast fix'd, he stood as one who pray'd,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:  
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,  
 'Hitherto, lords, what your commands impose I  
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight behold  
 None of my own record such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold'  
 Thus utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd,  
 As, with the force of winds and waters put,  
 When mountains tremble those two masonry pillars  
 With horrible convuls on to and fro  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast  
 Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself,  
 The vulgar only 'scap'd, who stood without.  
*Chor* O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now thy vict'rous  
 Among thy slain self kill'd,  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more  
 Than all thy life hath slain before  
*I Samichor* While then hearts were jocund and sublime,  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,  
 Chanting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dier'd who dwells  
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary,

Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer,  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweetingly importuned  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men,  
 Fallen into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck  
 2 *Semichor* But he, though blind of sight,  
 Despised, and thought extinguish'd quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into a sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads  
 So virtue, given for lost,  
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods embost,  
 That no second knows, nor third,  
 And lay erawhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd  
 Revives, refflourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deemed,  
 And, though her body die, her fame survives,  
 A secular bird, ages of lives  
*Man* Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause, Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel  
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion.



## LYCIDAS.

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*In this Monody the author bewails the loss of his friend Edward King, who was drowned on his passage from Chester to Ireland in 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height )*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And, with' forced fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring!  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string,  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse  
 So may some gentle muse  
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,  
 And, as he passes, turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self same hill, a  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove a-field, and both together heard  
 What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,

## LYCIDAS

Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
 Toward heaven's descent had slop'd his westerling wheel.  
 • Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and fawns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.  
 But, O the heavy change now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods, and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn  
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobes wear,  
 When first the white thorn blows  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear  
 Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless  
 Closed o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream  
 Ah me! I fondly dream,  
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?  
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days :  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin spun life ' But not the praise  
 Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ,  
 ' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glittering foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ,  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed  
 - O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
Smooth sliding Minius, crown'd with vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood  
 But now my oar proceeda,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea ,  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swair ?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory  
 They knew not of his story ,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd .  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine  
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe  
 ' Ah ! who hath rest,' quoth he, ' my dearest pledge ?'  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Gal'lean lake,  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain

## LYCIDAS.

(The golden opes, the iron shuts again),  
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern upspoke  
 'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.  
 Of other care they little reckoning make,  
 Than how to scribble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shew away the worthy bidden guest,  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What reeds they? They are sped,  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But, swoll'n with wind and the rank must they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said  
 But that two handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'  
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian-Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them luther cast  
 Their hills, and flowerets of a thousand hues  
 Ye valleys low, where the wild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears -  
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies



For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,  
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away. where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perishest, under the weltering tide,  
 Visit at the bottom of the monstrous world,  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks towards Namincos and Bayona's hold,  
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth.  
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunken though he be beneath the watery floor,  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet upon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-sprangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the clear night of Him that walk'd the waves;  
 Where, other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue  
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new

## L' ALLEGRO.

---

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night raven sings,  
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yclep'd Laphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy crowned Bacchus bore  
Or whether, (as some sager sing,)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire  
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek, -  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides

Come, and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light fantastic too,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreproved pleasures free,  
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise,  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine  
 While the cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn door,  
~~Stoutly struts his damo~~  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the lumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill  
 Sometimes walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his ste,  
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale,  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 While the landscape round it measures  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nimbling flocks do stray;

Mountains, on whose barren breast,  
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thetis to bind the sheaves,  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead

Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the check'd shade,  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sun shine holy day,  
 Till the live long day light fail  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fiery Urth the junkets eat,  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said  
 And he, by friar's lantern led  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-labourers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of door he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matins rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering wids soon lull'd asleep  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace lugh triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask and antique pageantry.  
 Such sights, as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony,  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regain'd Eurydice

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live



All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
 O'er thy decent shoulders drawn  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commencing with the shades,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast,  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.  
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The cherub Contemplation,  
 And the mute silence hist along,  
 'Lest Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even song,  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

## IL PENSEROSO.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground, -  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with element  
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In acceptr'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage  
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower!  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did seek!  
 Or call up him that left half-told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,



That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride  
And if aught else great bards beside,  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil suited morn appear,  
Not trick'd and frown'd as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But hush'd in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
~~And~~ *And* with the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves  
And, when the sun begins to sing  
His shining beams, me, goddess, bring,  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe, with heav'd stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honey'd thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep,  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid.  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,

## IL PENSEEOSO.

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood  
But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voic'd choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live

## ARCADES.

*Part of a masq., or entertain ment presented to the Countess Dow-  
ager of Derby, at Harefield, by se veral persons of her family  
who appear on the scene in  
cost of state with this sor t, moving toward the*

Look, nymphs, a sudden

What sudden blaze

Is that which we from

Too divine to be mist

This, this is

To whom our ves bes bend

Here our solemn end

Fame, that, her high use,

Seem'd erst so lavish

We may justly now ac

Of detraction from her

Less than half we find

Envy bid conceal the res

Mark what radiant state she spreads,

In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting her beams like silver threads,

This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a goddess bright,

In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,

Or the tower'd Cybele,

Mother of a hundred gods?

Juno dares not give her odds

Who had thought this clime had held

A deity so unparallel'd?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears, and turning towards them speaks :*

## GENIUS

Stay, gentle swains, for, though in this disguise,  
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse,  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver bushin'd nymphs, as great and good,  
 I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And, with all helpful service, will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity,  
 And lead ye, where ye may more near behold  
 What shallow searching Fame hath left untold,  
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon  
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill  
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross dire looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;  
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout.

With pleasant words, and murmurs made to bless  
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine moulded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of necessity,  
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,  
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged air,  
 And yet such music worth  
 The peerless height of  
 Whose lustre leads us,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds - yet, as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state,  
 Where ye may all, that are of nobler stem,  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

Where no print of step hath been  
 Follow me, as I sing  
 And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star proof  
 Follow me,  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
 Her deity,  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## ARCADIA

## III SONG

Nymphs and shepherds dance no more  
By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks,  
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
Though Elymanth your loss deplore,  
A better soil shall give ye thanks  
From the stony Manalus  
Bring your flocks and live with us  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the lady of this place  
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her  
Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen

THE PRESIDENT OF WALES

JOHN, PART OF BRIDGEMAN,

BEFORE

PRESENTED -- LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634

## DEDICATION, ETC

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

AND HIS APPARENT TO THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, &amp;c.

MY LORD,

THIS Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to these fair hopes, and rare endowments of your promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,

H. LAWES.

## THE PERSONS

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterward in the habit of *Thyrsis*.  
 COMES, with his crew  
 The LADY  
 FIRST BROTHER  
 SECOND BROTHER  
 SARDIVA, the Nymph

The chief persons, who presented, were  
 The Lord BRACKLEY  
 Mr THOMAS EGERTON, his brother  
 The Lady ALICE EGERTON



## COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood

*The Attendant Spirit descends, or enters*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call earth and, with low-thoughted care  
Confined and pester'd in this pin fold here,  
Strive to keep up a feeble and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true servants,  
Amongst the enthroned gods on spindled seats.  
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
That opens the palace of eternity  
To such my errand is, and, but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.  
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep  
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
By course commits to several governments,  
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents, but this isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,

At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
And in thick shelter of black shades embow'd,  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drought of Phœbus  
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst,  
Which as they taste  
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd

Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were,  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty,  
 Therefore when any, favour'd of high Jove,  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star,  
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do, but first I must put off  
 These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now

*Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening, they come in making a riotous and unruly noise with torches in their hands*

## COMUS

The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold,  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth alay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream;  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing towards the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east  
 Meanwhile, welcome joy, and feast,

Midnight shout, and revelry,  
 Topsy dance, and jollity  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie  
 We, that are of purer fire,  
 Imitate the starry choir,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres  
 Lead in swift round the months and years  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,  
 Trip the pert fairies, and the dapper elves;  
 By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,  
 The wood nymphs, deck'd with roses trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep,  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love  
 Come, let us our rites begin,  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Coty'to! to whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns mysterious dame  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon-womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabm'd loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell tale sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
In a light fantastic round.

*The Measure*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
Of some chaste footing near about this ground,  
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees,  
Our number may affright some virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
Bewighted in these woods Now to my charms,  
And to my wily trains, I shall ere long  
Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd  
About my mother Circe Thus I hurl  
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest the place  
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
Which must not be, for that's against my course,  
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy  
Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
And hug him into snares When once her eye  
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
I shall appear some harmless villager,  
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear  
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,  
And hearken, if I may, her business here

*The Lady enters*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill managed merriment,  
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
When for their teeming flocks and granges full,  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the gods amiss I should beloth

To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,  
 Of such late wassailers, yet O! where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest  
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far;  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me else, O thievish night,  
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife and perfect in my listening ear,  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begun to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 And aery tongues that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, conscience  
 O welcome, pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,  
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,  
 And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,

To keep my life and honour unassail'd.  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night;  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me, and they perhaps, are not far off.

## SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen.  
 Within thy aery shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That likest thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

## Enter Comus

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures move the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence.  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,

## COMUS

Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium. Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,  
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwelt at her with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.  
 Lady Na, gentle shepherd, all is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears,  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my severed company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus What chance, good lady, hath befall't you thus?  
 Lady Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus Could that divide you from near ushering guides?  
 Lady They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?  
 Lady To seek I' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?  
 Lady They were but twin, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus Perhaps forest-dling night prevented them.  
 Lady How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus Imports their loss, beside the present need?  
 Lady No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?  
 Lady As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd hips.

Comus Two such I saw, what tune the labour'd ox  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swink'd hedgehog at his supper sat;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,  
 That crawls along the side of yon small-hill,



Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood.  
 I took it for a faery vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element  
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe struck,  
 And, as I past, I worshipt, if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to heaven,  
 To help you find them

*Lady* Gentle villager,  
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Comus* Due-west, it rises from this shrubby point

*Lady* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet

*Comus* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 The morrow wake, or the low roosted lark  
 From her thatch'd pallet rouse, if otherwise,  
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low,  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest

*Lady* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest-offer'd courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
 In courts of princes, where it first was named,  
 And yet is most pretended, in a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it  
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. [*Exeunt*

Enter the *Two Brothers*.

*El Br* Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,



And put them into misbecoming plight -  
 'Virtue could see to do what virtue would "  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self  
 - Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
 Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day  
 But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
 Bewighted walks under the mid-day sun,  
 Himself is his own dungeon

*Sec Br*

'Tis most true,

That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house,  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence  
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste  
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not,  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister

*El Br*

I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy,  
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear

Does attribute the event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish equine suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength  
 Which you remember not.  
 No, Sir  
 What hidden strength?  
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that.  
 For I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.  
 'Tis charity, my brother, charity.  
 She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;  
 And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,  
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
 Insecure hills, and sandy persons wild;  
 Where, through the sacred rays of charity,  
 No savage fierce, bandid, or mountain-  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity.  
 Yes, there where my desolation dwells  
 By groves and caverns shaggy with horrid shades,  
 She may I see on with unblench'd majesty,  
 Do it not dare in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say, no evil - I say that walks by night,  
 In fear, or ire, by lake or moorish fen,  
 Mine in the dark, or stubborn unslaid ghost  
 That breaks his magic chains at curtain time,  
 No, when, or over the face of the moon,  
 His burdened power is true majesty.  
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 A selfish from the old schools of Greece  
 To wit, the arms of charity!  
 Let me but see a hundred armed boys,  
 I - I am not distant from your ever-  
 Worthy the name of a hundred boys  
 And armed in mail, I, but set at naught  
 The sword of the Lord, and his good men  
 Fear'd for his love, and his good men  
 That we that are the Lord's, shall be  
 That we that are the Lord's, shall be  
 That we that are the Lord's, shall be



Defence to a good crew, and beaten the for us

Butter the Alcantara Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know what you speak.

Can not too near, you fill on from stakes also.

Spirit What you is that / my young lord I speak as

See Sir O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sire.

The bawling brook to hear his madrigal.

And sweetest thou here, good rose of the dale

Thou curst thou here, good again / hath any rest

Or straggling wither the fold, or young had lost his dam,

How couldst thou and this dark sequenstred nook

Sir O my lord master's heir, and his next joy

I do not lose on such a trivial toy

As a star'd eve, or to pursue the stealth

Of full moon, not all the honey wealth,

To this my errand and the care it brought.

But, O my virgin lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

Sir Sir To tell those sadly, as we came

Of our night, we lost her as we came

My Sir Sir We are unhappy / then my feet are true

My Sir Sir To tell those sadly, as we came

Of our night, we lost her as we came

My Sir Sir We are unhappy / then my feet are true

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Of our night, we lost her as we came

My Sir Sir We are unhappy / then my feet are true

My Sir Sir To tell those sadly, as we came

Of our night, we lost her as we came



Then down the lawn I run with heedless haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day;  
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,  
 Where thine old wizard, old in sly disguise  
 (So so by certain signs I knew), had hid  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The wiles of innocent Luce, his wish'd prey.  
 His gentle self, if he had seen such two,  
 Suppos'd him some remote neighbour village;  
 Forger I durst not say, but soon I guess'd  
 To woe the two who separate, with that I sighing  
 To await him, till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not.

*Sic. Mr.*  
 O wretch and shadow!  
 How are you join'd with hell in triple knot  
 Against the world, weakness of one victim,  
 And so and wretched! In this the condempno  
 You gave me, brother!

*Mr. Mr.*  
 Yes, and keep it still!





I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off if you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go), you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him break his glass  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground.  
 But seize his wand, though he and his cur'd crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or like the sons of Valcar vomit smoke,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*Ll Br* Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee  
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness, soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

*Comus.*

Nay, lady, sit, if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,  
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo

*Lady* Fool, do not boast  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
 Thou has immannacled, while heaven sees good.

*Comus* Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates  
 Sorrow flies far see, here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.  
 And first behold this cordial julep here,  
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd  
 Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helens,



To deck her sons, and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins -  
 She hutch'd the all-worshipt ore and precious gems  
 To store her children with: if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but rags,  
 The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be ungrat;  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And he like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own wealth,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility,  
 The earth cumber'd, and the ring'd air dark'd with plants;  
 The herds would over-multiply their lords,  
 The sea o'er-fraught could swell, and the unsought danger  
 Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so beset with stars, that they below  
 Would grow mired to leg, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
 Erst, lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
 With that same tainted name, virginity.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current; and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languid head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, and feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where men may wonder at the workmanship.  
 It is for comely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence, coarse complexions,  
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the husband's wool.  
 What need a vermin-fractur'd lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or traces like the moon?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts,  
 Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.  
 Lady. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips,  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this monster



Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.  
*Comus* She fables not, I feel that I do fear.

Her words set off by some superior power,  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew,  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
 To some of Saturn's crew I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly Come, no more  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct,  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation,  
 I must not suffer this yet 'tis but the lees,  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood  
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams Be wise, and taste

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in The Attendant Spirit c*

### *Spirit*

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,  
 And bound him fast without his rod reversed,  
 And backward mutters of dissembling power,  
 We cannot free the lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may be used,  
 Which once of Melibæus old I learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,  
 Whilom she was the daughter of Loecine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
 That staid her flight with his cross flowing course,



By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look, ,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell, -  
 And old sooth saying Glaucus's spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Syrens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance, -  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have  
   Listen, and save.

*Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank, -  
     My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen,  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
     That in the channel strays ,  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
     That bends not as I tread  
 Gentle swain, at thy request  
     I am here  
     *Spir.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distrest,  
 Through the force and through the wile  
 Of unblest enchanter vile.  
     *Sabr* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnared chastity



Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops, that from my fountain run  
 I have kept of precious cure,  
 Trice upon thy dagers tip,  
 Trice upon thy rubial lip,  
 That this marble remond seal,  
 Wear'd with gums of pituitous he it,  
 I touch with chirso palms moist and cold,  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,  
 And I must haste, ere morning hour,  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.  
*Silvina descends, and the Lady rises out of her cell.*

Spirit Virgin, daughter of Locme,  
 Springs of old niches' lide,  
 Hey thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand potty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy bills  
 Gurgling drouglt, or singed air,  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's to rent flood  
 Thy molten crystal ill with mud,  
 May thy billow roll ashore  
 The bey! and the golden ore,  
 Lay thy jolly head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon  
 Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace  
 Let us fly this cursen place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice  
 With some other new device  
 Not a waste or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground,  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate

His wish'd presence, and beside  
 All the swains, that there abide  
 With jigs and rural dance resort,  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer  
 Come, let us haste the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sk;

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's castle, then come in country dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, with the Two Brothers and the Lady*

## SONG

*Spir* Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,  
 Till next sun-shine holiday  
 Here be, without duck or nod,  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise,  
 With the mincing Dryades,  
 On the lawns, and on the leas

*This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother*

Noble lord and lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly-grown  
 Threa fair branches of your own,  
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance

*The dances being ended, the Spirit epilogu*

*Spir* To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie

Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky,  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 As, els the spruce and jocund Spring,  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours  
 Thither all their bounties bring,  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west-winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedar'd alley fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can show,  
 And drenches with the Elysian dew  
 (Last, mortals, if your ears be true),  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet, entranced,  
 After her wandering labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy so Jove hath sworn  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run,  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin low doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon

## COMUS.

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue, she alone is free,  
She can teach thee how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime,  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

## SONNETS.

### I.

#### *To the Nightingale*

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
Then with fresh hopes the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.  
The liquid notes that close the eyes of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's hyl,  
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sung, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh,  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late,  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why  
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,  
Both thou I serve, and of their train am I

### II.

#### *On his being arrived at the Age of Twenty-three*

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth  
Stolen on his wing my three-and twentieth year!  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth,  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arrived so near,  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
Th it some more timely-happy spirits endueth.  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
To vards which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye

# SONNETS

## III.

*When the Assault was intended to the City*

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms  
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

## IV

*To a virtuous young Lady*

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill with heavenly truth;  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast, and they that oversee,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wise and pure

## V

*To the Lady Margaret Ley*

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president  
 Of England's council and her treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chceronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent  
 Though later born than to have known the day  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you  
 Madam, methinks, I see him living yet,  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret

## VI

*On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain  
 Treatises*

A BOOK was writ of late, called *Tetrachordon*,  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style,  
 The subject new, it walk'd the town a while,  
 Numbering good intellects, now seldom pored on  
 Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless us! what a word on  
 A title-page is this!' And some in file  
 Stand pelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End Green Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?  
 Those rugged names to ourlike mouths grows sleek,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,  
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek.

## SONNETS.

## VII.

*On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs  
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs  
 Rail'd at Latona's twin born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee  
 But this is got by casting pearls to hogs,  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free,  
 Licence they mean when they cry liberty,  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood

## VIII

*To Mr H. Laurens, on the publishing of his Airs*

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measured song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long,  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look on;  
 To after age, thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue  
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' choir,  
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory



## IX

*On the religious Memory of Mrs Catharine Thomson, my Christian Friend, deceased, December 16, 1646*

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever  
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod,  
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever  
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,  
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams<sup>s</sup>  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
 And spake the truth of them on glorious themes  
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

## X

*To the Lord General Fairfax*

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,  
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent-wings  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand  
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud In vain doth valour bleed,  
 While avarice and rapine share the land

## XI

*To the Lord General Cromwell*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Dervén stream, with blood of Scots imbued;  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath Yet much remains  
 To conquer still, Peace hath her victories  
 No less renowned than War, new foes arise  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their meat

## XII

*To Sir Henry Vane, the younger*

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled  
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
 The draft of hollow States hard to be spell'd,  
 Than to advise how War may, best upheld,  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage besides to know  
 Both spiritual power, and civil, what each means,  
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have doubt,  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe  
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son

## XIII.

*On the late Massacre in Piedmont.*

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,  
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipt stools and stones,  
 Forget not in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple tyrant, that from these may grow  
 A hundred-fold, who having learn'd thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIV.

*On his Wandering.*

WHILE I consider now my light is spent  
 Ere half my day is, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve there will my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he returning chide,  
 'Both God exact day labour, night do med'  
 I fondly will: but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gift; who best  
 Bear his yoke, they serve him best. He will not  
 Is mightily pleased with his boldness spend,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

## XV.

*To Mr Lawrence*

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smoother, till Faunus re inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sew'd nor spun  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well-touched, or arifful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XVI

*To Cyriac Skinner*

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught our laws  
 Which others at the bar so often wrench;  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth that, after, no repenting draws,  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Towards solid good what leads the nearest way?  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

## XVII.

*To the Sun.*

CYCLIC, these three years-day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forget,  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a foe.  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overpaid  
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
 Thus thought might lead me through the world's vain race,  
 Content though blind, had I no better eye.

## XVIII

*On his Deceased Wife.*

MITHOCENS I saw me, late e' posed what  
 Brought to me, like Alexius, from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to his bed had found,  
 Rescued from death by love, though late and late.  
 Mine, as when rash'd from my bed I did find  
 Purification in the old and new,  
 And arch, as yet or so ere I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in heaven with out restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind  
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancy 'twas  
 Love, sweetest, goodness, in her person show'd  
 So clear, at no time with some do' gain  
 But, O! to embrace my dear love's  
 I asked. The first, and last, and best, and truest

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring,  
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table,  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside, and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred ken  
Afford a present to the Infant-God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host kept watch in squadron bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet,  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet,  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the angel-choir,  
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire

*The Hymn.*

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,  
 Nature in awe to him,  
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize -  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woo'd the gentle air,  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her own deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek eyed Peace,  
 She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere,  
 His ready Harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

No war, or battle's sound,  
 Was heard the world around  
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,  
 The hooked chariot stood,  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
 Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began  
 The winds with wonder whist, *shush*  
 Smoothly the waters kist,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influ...  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row,  
 Full little thought they then,  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below,  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger strook,  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture too.  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.



Nature, that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round,

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won,  
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling,  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union

At last surrounds their sight

A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd,  
The helmed Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the weltering waves their cozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so,

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time;

And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow,

And, with your ninefold harmony,

Make up full concert to the angelic symphony

For, if such holy song,

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,

And speckled vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,

And hell itself will part away,  
And leave her dolorous portals to the passing day.

Yea, truth and justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow, and, like ~~gossamer~~ wearing;  
Mercy will sit between,  
Thron'd in celestial light,  
With radiant feet the tumbled clouds down storing,  
And heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But woe! Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cry  
Must redeem our loss,  
So both himself and us to glorify  
Yet first, to those unchain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful tramp of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrave  
The aged earth a host  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake  
When at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins, for, from this happy day,  
The Old Dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fall  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum

Rans through the arched roof in words deceiving  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving,  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth

The Lays and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint,  
In urns, and altars round,

A drear and dying sound

Alfrights the Flamens at their service quaint,  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälun

For-ake their temples dim

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine,  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine,  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mour

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue,  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue,  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste

## MISCELLANEOUS

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphis grove of green,  
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest,  
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud  
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worship ark

He feels from Judah's land  
 The dreaded infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine  
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true  
 Can in his syaddling hands control the damned crew,

So, when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze

But see, the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending  
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
 Her sleeping Lord, with hand maid lamp attending;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable

## THE PASSION.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,  
 My muse with angels did invite to sing,  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In wint'ry solstice like the shorten'd light,  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
 Which he for us did freely undergo

Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight

He, sov'reign Priest, stooping his regal head,  
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,  
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies  
 O, what a mask was there, what a disguise!  
 Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide,  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound  
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings, other-where are found,  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound,  
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
 That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe,  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know,  
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
 And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish white

## MISCELLANEOUS

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels  
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood ;  
 My spirit some transporting cherub scels,  
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood  
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock,  
 That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,  
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
 My planning verse as lively as before,  
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)  
 Might think the infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This subject, the author finding it to be above the years he had,  
 when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left  
 it unfinished*

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the listening night ;  
 Now mourn, and, if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow

He, who with all heaven's heraldy whilere  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease  
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just !

Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love !

For we, by rightful doom remediless,

Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,

High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory, even to nakedness,

And that great covenant, which we still transgress,

Entirely satisfied,

And the full wrath beside

Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,

And seals obedience first, with wounding sm—

This day, but O ! ere long,

Huge pangs and strong

Will pierce more near his heart

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT

### *Dying of a Cough*

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted  
 Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry,  
 For he, being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
 But kill'd, alas ! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
 By boisterous-rape the Athenian damsel got,  
 He thought it touched his deity full near  
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
 Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot

Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
 Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was held

So, mounting up in icy-pealed car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far,  
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.  
Down he descended from his snow soft chair,

But, all unawares, with his cold, kind embrace  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair lodging place.

Yet thou art not inglorious in thy fate,  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly loved mate,

Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land,

But then transform'd him to a purple flower  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low-delv'd tomb;  
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

Resolve me, then, O soul, most surely blest  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)—  
Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in the Elysian fields (if such were there,)

Oh, say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight?

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall,  
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstal?

Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
Of sheeny heaven, and thou, some goddess, fled  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?



Or wert thou that just maid, who once before  
 Forsook the hated earth, O, tell me sooth,  
 And camest again to visit us once more?  
 Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?  
 Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robed Truth?  
 Or any other of that heavenly brood  
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed  
 As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed,  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire,  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

But, oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heaven loved innocence,  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
 Her false-magin'd loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild,  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent  
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give,  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live

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#### AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of SONS, pledges of heaven's joy,  
 Sphere born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,  
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,

## MISCELLANEOUS.

And to our high-raised phant'ry present  
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne  
 To Him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
 There loud up lifted angel trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly  
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise.  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's clume, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O, may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light

---

 AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,  
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,  
 Besides what other virtues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More than she could own from earth  
 Summers three times eight sawe one  
 She has told, alas! too soon;  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness, and with death.  
 Yet had the number of her days  
 Been as complete as was her praise,

Nature and fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life  
 Her high birth and her graces sweet  
 Quickly found a lover meet,  
 The virgin quire for her request  
 The god that sits at marriage feast,  
 He at their invoking came,  
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame  
 And in his garland, as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a cypress bud  
 Once had the early matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes  
 And calls Lucina to her throes,  
 But, whether by mischance or blame,  
 Atropos for Lucina came,  
 And with remorseless cruelty  
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree  
 The hapless babe, before his birth,  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth  
~~And the long-suffering mother's woe~~  
 Was not long a living tomb

So have I seen some tender slip,  
 Saved with care from Winter's nip,  
 The pride of her carnation train,  
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who only thought to pluck the flower  
 New shot up from vernal shower  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Sideways, as on a dying bed,  
 And those pearls of dew she wears  
 Prove to be presaging tears,  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hastening funeral

Gentle lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have,  
 After this thy travail sore,  
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
 That, to give the world increase,  
 Shortened has thy own life's lease

Here, besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Wept for thee in Helicon,  
 And some flowers, and some bays,  
 For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name,  
 Whilst thou, bright saint, high sitt'st in glory,  
 Next her, much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdess  
 Who, after years of barrenness,  
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore,  
 To him that served for her before,  
 And at her next birth, much like thee  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light,  
 There with thee, new welcome saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No marchioness, but now a queen.

### SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long

## ANNO ÆTATIS XIX

*At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English  
The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began*

HAIR, native language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first-endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half-unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task  
Small loss it is that hence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee,  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me, I have thither pack'd the worst  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,  
For this same small neglect that I have made  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy choicest treasure.  
Not these new-tangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which takes our late fantasies with delight;  
But cull those richest robes, and gayest attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire,  
I have some naked thoughts which rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out,  
And, weary of their place, do only stay  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array,  
That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door

Look in, and see each blissful deity,  
 How he before the thundrous throne doth lie,  
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
 In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When Beldame Nature in her cradle was,  
 And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,  
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest,  
 Are held with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity  
 But fie, my wandering muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room

*Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments, his two  
 sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance, with his Canon;  
 which Ens, thus speaking, explains*

Good luck befriended thee, son, for, at thy birth,  
 The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth,  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst sit  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible,  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage,

And, in time's long and dark prospective glass,  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass,  
 'Your son,' said she, 'nor can you it prevent,  
 Shall subject be to many an accident  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those, that cannot live from him asunder,  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them,  
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap.  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and, at his door,  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar,  
 Yea, it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality, spake in prose, then Reluctation was  
 called by his name*

Rivers, arise, whether thou be the son  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun,  
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads  
 His thirsty arms along the indented meads,  
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

[The rest was prose]

## AN EPITAPH

*On the admirable Dramatic Poet, William Shakspeare.*

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour  
The labour of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
Under a starry pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.  
For whilst, to the shame of slow endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart,  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

*Who sickened in the Time of his Vacancy; being forbid to  
London by Reason of the Plague*

HERE lies old Hobson, death hath broke his gurt,  
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt,  
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown  
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,  
Death was half glad when he had got him down,  
For he had, any time this ten years full,  
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*,  
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;  
But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journey's end was come,



And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin,  
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 'Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed'

*Another on the same*

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move,  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time  
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles doing cease, he ceas'd straight;  
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
 Too long vacation lasted on his term  
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,  
 Tainted and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd,  
 'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,  
 'If I may not carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But now, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers'  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't,)  
 'As he were press'd to death, he cried, 'More weight,'  
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet, (strange to think) his wain was his increase  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription

## ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE.

*Under the Long Parliament.*

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,  
 And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,  
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality  
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred:  
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy  
 Taught ye by mere A.S. and Rotherford?  
 Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,  
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul.  
 Must now be named and printed heretics  
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call;  
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent.  
 That so the Parliament  
 May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,  
 Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,  
 And succour our just fears,  
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large

## ON TIME

FLX, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross,  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain!  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,

Then long eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss,  
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme throne  
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heavenly guided soul shall climb,  
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over death, and chance, and thee, O Time!

## TRANSLATIONS.

### THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he  
On faith, and changed gods, complain; and seas  
Rough with black winds, and storms  
Unwonted shall admire!  
Who now enjoys the credulous, all gold;  
Who always vacillates, always amiable,  
Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
Unmindful! Hapless they,  
To whom thou, untried, seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd-  
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern god of sea

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### FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH

*Brutus thus addresses Diana in the Country of Leogec*

GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will  
Walk'st on the rolling spheres, and through the dea-  
On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell  
What land, what seat of rest thou bidd'st me seek;  
What certain seat, where I may worship thee  
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom, sleeping before the altar, Diana answers in Vision the  
same Night*

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,  
Beyond the realms of Gaul, a land there lies,  
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,  
Now void, it fits thy people thither bend.  
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,  
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might  
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold

#### FROM DANTE

Al, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,  
Not thy conversion; but those rich domains,  
That the first wealthy pope received of thee

#### FROM DANTE

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,  
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn?  
Impudent whore! where hast thou placed thy hope?  
In thy adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?  
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

#### FROM ARIOSTO

THEN pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,  
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously  
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,  
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave

#### FROM HORACE

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he  
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause!  
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,  
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin

## FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,  
 Having to advise the public, may speak free;  
 Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise  
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace  
 What can be juster in a state like this?

## FROM HORACE

—LAUGHING, to teach the truth,  
 What hinders? As some teachers give to boys,  
 Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace

## FROM HORACE

JOKING decides great things,  
 Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

## FROM SOPHOCLES.

'TIS you that say it, not I    You do the deeds,  
 And your ungodly deeds find me the words

## FROM SENECA.

THERE can be slain  
 No sacrifice to God more acceptable,  
 Than an unjust and wicked king

## PSALMS.

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### PSALM I Done into verse 1653

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorpers hath not sat But in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watery streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he tal es in hand shall prosper all  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men,  
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must

### PSALM II Done August 8, 1653

#### Terzetta

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand  
With power, and princes in their congregations  
Lay their deep plots together through each land  
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
Their twisted cords. He, who in heaven doth dwell,  
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them, then, severe,  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell

## PSALMS

And fierce ne trouble them. But I, saith h  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel) -  
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare the Lord to me hath said,  
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
 This day, ask of me, and the grant is made  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to besway'd,  
 Earth's utmost bounds, thou shalt thou bring fullow  
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so  
 And now be wise at length, ye kings arise,  
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth, with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling kiss the Son, lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way  
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III August 9, 1653.

*When he fled from Absalom*

LORD, how many are my foes !  
 How many those  
 That in arms against me rise ?  
 Many are they,  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say ;  
 No help for him in God there lies  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,  
 Thee through my story,  
 The exalter of my head I count  
 Aloud I cried  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept, I waked again ;  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,  
 They pitch against me their pavilions



Praise, Lord; save me, my God for thou  
 Hast smote ere now  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
 Of men abhorr'd  
 Hast broke the teeth. Thy help was from the Lord;  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows

PSALM IV. August 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,  
 God of my righteousness,  
 In straits and in distress,  
 Thou didst me disenthral  
 And set at large, now spare,  
 Now pity me, and heal my earnest prayer.  
 Great ones, how long will ye  
 My glory have in scorn?  
 How long be thus forborne  
 Still to love vanity?  
 To love, to seek, to prize,  
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?  
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
 Chose to himself apart,  
 The good and meek of heart  
 (For whom to choose he knows),  
 Jehovah from on high  
 Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.  
 Be awed, and do not sin,  
 Speak to your hearts alone,  
 Upon your beds each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings just  
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust  
 Many there may be that say,  
 Who yet will show us good?  
 Talking like this world's brood,  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray  
 On us lift up the light,  
 Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright

Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put,  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth ever cloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds  
 With vast increase their corn and wine abound.  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep;  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie,  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou, Lord, alone, in safety ma-

## PSALM V August 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh,  
 The voice of my complaining hear,  
 My King and God, for unto thee I pray  
 Jehovah, thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear.  
 I' the morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight,  
 Evil with thee no biding makes  
 Fools or mad men, stand not within thy sight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hatest, and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie,  
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear,  
 Thy numerous mercies, go  
 Into thy house; I, in thy fear,  
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low  
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
 Lead me because of those  
 That do observe, if I transgress,  
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
 For, in his faltering mouth unstable,

No word is firm or sooth.

Their inside, troubles miserable ;

An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.

God, find them guilty, let them fall,

By their own counsels quell'd

Push them to their rebellions all

Still on, for against thee they have rebell'd

Then all who trust in thee shall bring

Their joy ; while thou from blame

Defend'st them, they shall ever sing

And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name

For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found

To bless the just man still ;

As with a shield, thou wilt surround

Him with thy lasting favour and good will

PSALM VI August 13, 1653.

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,

Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;

Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,

And very weak and faint, heal and amend me

For all my bones that even with anguish ache

Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,

And Thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord, restore,

My soul ; O save me for thy goodness' sake

For in death no remembrance is of thee.

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?

Wearied I am with sighing out my days,

Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;

My bed I water with my tears, mine eye

Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark

Is the midst of all mine enemies that mark

Depart, all ye that work iniquity,

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,

My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping

Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd

With much confusion, then, grown red with shame,

They shall return in haste the way they came,

And in a moment shall be quite abash'd

## PSALM VII August 14, 1653

*Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him*

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection while I cry,  
Lest, as a lion (and no wonder)  
He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
Tearing, and no rescue nigh

Lord, my God, if I have thought  
Or done this, if wickedness  
Be in my hands, if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace;  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And not freed my foe for naught,

Let the enemy pursue my soul,  
And overtake it, let him tread  
My life down to the earth and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust, and, there out-spread,  
Lodge it with dishonour foul,

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire,  
And wake for me, their fury assuage,  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation :  
Will surround thee, seeking right,  
Thence to thy glorious habitation,  
Return on high, and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord ; be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness,  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies ;  
In him who, both just and wise,  
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended,  
If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended,  
The tools of death, that wait him near

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute ) Behold,  
He travails big with vanity ;  
Trouble he hath conceived of old,  
As in a womb ; and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a ho

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made,  
His mischief, that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will, undelay'd,  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the name and deity  
Of Jehovah the Most High.

## PSALM VIII. August 14, 1853.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth  
 So as above the heavens thy praise to set  
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth  
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes  
 To smite the enemy, and slack the avenger's bro  
 That bends his rage thy Providence to oppose  
 When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,  
 The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast  
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
 O, what is man, that thou rememberest yet,  
 And think'st upon him, or of man begot,  
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found;  
 Scarcely to be less than gods, thou madest him  
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.  
 O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet;  
 Flow of the heavens, and fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths our Lord, how wondrous great  
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1618. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text, translated from the original.*

PSALM LXXX.

1 *Thou, Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,  
Give ear in time of need,  
Who ledest like a flock of sheep  
Thy loved Joseph's seed,*

*That sitt'st between the cherubs bright  
Between their wings outspread,  
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
And on our foes thy dread*

2 *In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
And in Manasse's sight,  
Awake thy strength, come, and be seen  
To save us by thy might*

3 *Turn us again, thy grace divine  
To us, O God, vouchsafe,  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.*

4 *Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow  
Against thy people's prayer !*

5 *Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
Their bread with tears they eat;  
And mak'st them largely drunk the tears  
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*

6 *A strife thou mak'st us and a prey  
To every neighbour foe,  
Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
And flouts at us they throw*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it shine,*  
 And drov'st out nations *proud and haughty,*  
 To plant this *lovely vine*

9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
 And fill'd the land *at last*

10 With her *green shade* that cover'd all,  
 The hills were *overspread,*  
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall,*  
*Advanced their lofty head*

11 Her branches *on the western side*  
 Down to the sea she sent,  
 And *upward* to that river wide  
 Her other branches *went*

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
 And broken down her fence,  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*

13 The *tusked* bear out of the wood  
 Up turns it by the roots,  
 Wild beasts there browse, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots*

14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
 From heaven, thy seat divine,  
 Behold us, *but without a frown,*  
 And visit this *thy vine*



15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long*,  
And the young branch, that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong

16 But now it is consumed with fire,  
And cut with axes down;  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;  
Upon the Son of man whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made,

18 So shall we not go back from thee  
To ways of *sin and shame*;  
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we  
Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,  
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine  
And then we shall be safe

## PSALM LXXXI

1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*  
Sing loud to God our *King*;  
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,  
Loud acclamations ring

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
The timbrel hither bring,  
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
And harp *with pleasant string*

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon  
With trumpets' *lofty sound*,  
The appointed time, the day whereon  
Our solemn feast *comes round*.

- 4 This was a statute *given of old*  
 For Israel to *observe*,  
 A law of Jacob's God, to *hold*,  
 From whence they might not *swerve*.
- 5 'Tis he a testimony ordain'd  
 In Joseph, *not to change*,  
 When, as he passed through Egypt land  
 The tongue I heard was *strange*
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,  
 I set his shoulder *free*  
 His hands from pots, *and mrry soil*,  
 Delivered were *by me*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,  
 On me then didst thou call;  
 And I to free thee *did not fail*,  
 And led thee out of *thrall*  
 I answer'd thee in thunder deep,  
 With clouds encompass'd round;  
 I tried thee at the water steep  
 Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*;  
 I testify to thee,  
 Thou ancient stock of Israel,  
 If thou wilt list to me
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
 No alien god shall be,  
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
 In honour bend thy knee
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
 Thee out of Egypt land;  
 Ask large enough, and I, besought,  
 Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
 Nor hearken to my voice;  
 And Israel, whom I loved so dear,  
 Misliked me for his choice.

12 Then I did leave them to their will,  
 And to their wandering mind,  
 Their own conceits they followed still,  
 Their own devices blind.

13 O, that my people would be wise,  
 To serve me *all their days* !  
 And O, that Israel would advise  
 To walk my righteous ways

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes  
 That now so proudly rise,  
 And turn my hand against all those  
 That are their enemies

15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain  
 To bow to him and bend,  
 But they, his people, should remain,  
 Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them from the shock  
 With flour of finest wheat,  
 And satisfy them from the rock  
 With honey for their meat

PSALM LXXXII

1 God in the great assembly stands  
 Of kings and lordly states,  
 Among the gods on both his hands,  
 He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye pervert the right  
 With judgment false and wrong,  
 Favouring the wicked by your might,  
 Who thence go bold and strong.

3 Regard the weak and fatherless,  
 Despatch the poor man's cause  
 And raise the man in deep distress  
 By just and equal laws;

4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate -  
*Of him that help demands*

5 They know not, nor will understand,  
 In darkness they walk on,  
 The earth's foundations all are moved,  
 And out of order gone.

6 I said that ye were gods, yea all  
 The Sons of God Most High;

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
 As other princes die

8 Rise, God, judge thou the earth in might,  
 This wicked earth redress,  
 For thou art he who shall by right  
 The nations all possess

#### PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent now at length,  
 O God, hold not thy peace,  
 Sit thou not still, O God of strength,  
*We cry and do not cease*

2 For lo, thy furious foes now swell  
 And storm outrageously,  
 And they that hate thee, proud and fell,  
 Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they contrive  
 Their plots and counsels deep;  
 Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,  
 Whom thou dost hide and keep

4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,  
 Till they no nation be,  
 That Israel's name for ever may  
 Be lost in memory.

## PSALMS

- 5 For they consult with all their might,  
And all, as one in mind,  
Themselves against thee they unite,  
And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of scornful Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood  
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire  
And hateful Amalec,  
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands,  
And doth confirm the / not  
All these have lent their armed hands  
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian told,  
That wasted all the coast,  
To Susera, and, as is told,  
Thou didst to Jabin's host,  
When at the brook of Kishon old,  
They were repulsed and slam,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
So let their princes speed,  
As Zeba and Zalmudna bled  
So let their princes bleed
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said,  
By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and will now invade

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,  
*No quiet let them find:*  
 Giddy and restless let them reel  
 Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire  
*Which on a sudden strays,*  
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher  
 Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
 And with thy tempest chase,  
 16 And, till they yield thee honour due,  
 Lord, fill with shame their face

17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,  
 Troubled, and shamed for ever  
 Ever confounded, and so die  
 With shame, and 'scape it never.

18 Then shall they know, that thou, whose name  
 Jehovah is alone,  
 Art the Most High and thou the same,  
 O'er all the earth art One.

#### PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
 The pleasant tabernacles are,  
 Where thou dost dwell so near.

2 My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see,  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry  
 O living God for thee.

3 There even the sparrow, freed from wrong  
 Hath found a house of rest,  
 The swallow here to lay her young  
 Hath built her brooding nest,

Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode,*  
 And *hame they fly from round the coasts,*  
*Toward thee, my King, my God*

4 Happy who in thy house reside,  
 Where thee they ever praise

5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bid  
 And in their hearts thy ways

6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty vale,*  
*That dry and barren ground,*  
 As through a fruitful watery dale,  
 Where springs and showers abound

7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladsome cheer,*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
*In Zion do appear*

8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,  
 O Jacob's God, give ear,

9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed dear.

10 For one day in thy courts to be,  
 Is better, and more blest,  
 Than in the joys of vanity  
 A thousand days at best.

I, in the temple of my God,  
 Had rather keep a door,  
 Than dwell in tents, and rich abode,  
 With sin for evermore

11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory bright,  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right

12 Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,*  
 That man is *truly* blest,  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV.

1 Thy land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back

2 The iniquity thou didst forgive  
 That wrought thy people woe,  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
 Hast hid where none shall know

3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed  
 And *calmly* didst return  
 From thy fierce wrath, which we had prov'd  
 Far worse than fire to burn,

4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore;  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Toward us, *and chide no more*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus?  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not turn *and hear our voice,*  
 And us again revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserved alive?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
 To us thy mercy show;  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
 And life in us renew



8 And now, what God the Lord will speak,  
 I will go straight and hear,  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints full dear,  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, but surcease  
 To trespass as before.

9 Surely, to such as do him fear  
 Salvation is at hand,  
 And glory shall ere long appear  
 To dwell within our land.

10 Mercy and truth, that long were miss'd,  
 Now joyfully are met;  
 Sweet peace and righteousness have kiss'd  
 And hand in hand are set

11 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
 Shall bud and blossom then,  
 And justice from her heavenly bower  
 Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good;  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits to be our food

13 Before him righteousness shall go,  
 His royal harbinger  
 Then will he come, and not be slow,  
 His footsteps cannot err.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

1 THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,  
 O hear me, I thee pray,  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need, and sad decay

2 Preserve my soul ; for I have trod  
Thy ways, and love the just,  
Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
I call ; [4] O make rejoice,  
Thy servant's soul, for, Lord, to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice*.

5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone  
To pardon, thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*;  
To them that on thee call

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously

7 I, in the day of my distress,  
Will call on thee *for aid*,  
For thou wilt grant me *free access*;  
And answer *what I pray'd*

8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
O Lord, nor any works  
Of all that other gods have done  
Like to thy glorious works

9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, and all shall frame  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done ;  
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,  
Remainest God alone

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,  
I in thy truth will bide ,  
To fear thy name my heart unite,  
*So shall it never slide*

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast freed my soul,  
Even from the lowest hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul*

14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to show,  
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,  
And me have mercy on ,  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let thy foes *then* see,  
And be ashamed , because thou, Lord,  
Dost help and comfort me

## PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast ,  
*There seated in his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed.*

## PSALMS.

2 Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more  
 Than all the dwellings fair  
 Of Jacob's land, though there be store,  
 And all within his care

3 City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee abroad are spoke,

4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings  
 Did our forefathers yoke  
 I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia full of scorn,  
 And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,  
 Lo, this man there was born:

5 But twice that praise shall in our ear  
 Be said of Sion last,  
 This and this man was born in her,  
 High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,  
 That ne'er shall be out worn,  
 When he the nations doth enroll,  
 That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,  
 With sacred songs are there;  
 In thee fresh brooks and soft streams glance,  
 And all my fountains clear

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry,  
 And all night long before thee weep,  
 Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into thy presence let my prayer  
 With sighs devout ascend,  
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are  
 Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For, cloy'd with woes and trouble store,  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie,  
 My life, at death's *unchcerful door*,  
 Unto the grave draws nigh,

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal* pit,  
 I am a man, but weak, alas!  
 And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharged and parted quite  
 Among the dead to *sleep*;  
 And like the slain in *bloody fight*,  
 That in the grave lie *deep*  
 Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,  
 Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,  
 Death's *hideous house* hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
 Hast set me, *all forlorn*,  
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
 In horrid deeps to *mourn*

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,  
 Full sore doth press on me  
 Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
 And all thy waves break me

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
 And mak'st me odious,  
 Me to them odious, for they change,  
 And I here pent up thus

9 Through sorrow and affliction great,  
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,  
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,  
 My hands to thee I spread

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?  
 Shall the deceased arise,  
 And praise thee from their loathsome bed  
 With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,  
     On whom the grave *hath hold* ?  
 Or they who in perdition *dwell*,  
     Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?

12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*.  
     Or wondrous acts be known ?  
 Thy justice in the *gloomy land*.  
     Of *dark oblivion* ?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
     *Ere yet my life be spent*,  
 And *up to thee* my prayer *doth rise*  
     Each morn, and thee prevent

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
     And hide thy face from me,  
 15 That am already bruised, and shake,  
     With terror sent from thee ?  
 Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*  
     As ready to expire,  
 While I thy terrors undergo,  
     Astonish'd with thine ire

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;  
     Thy threatenings cut me through ,  
 17 All day they round about me go,  
     Like waves they me pursue

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
     And sever'd from me far  
 They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,  
     And as in darkness are.

## A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,  
 After long toil, their liberty had won;  
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.  
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil  
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.  
 The high huge bellied mountains skip, like rams-  
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills, like lambs-  
 Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?  
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
 Shake, earth; and at the presence be aghast  
 Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,  
 That glassy floods from ragged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

## PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
 For his mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
 For of gods he is the God,  
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell,  
 For his, &c.

Who, with his miracles, doth make  
 Amazed heaven and earth to shake,  
 For his, &c.

Who, by his wisdom did create  
The painted heavens so full of state  
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain;  
For his, &c

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light,  
For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun  
All the day long his course to run;  
For his, &c

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;  
For his, &c

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land  
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel;  
For his, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythraean main,  
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass;  
For his, &c

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power;  
For his, &c.



His chosen people he did ble.  
In the wasteful wilderness ;  
For his, &c

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown ;  
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold S<sup>on</sup> and his host,  
That ruled the Amorrean coast ;  
For his, &c,

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over hardy crew ,  
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land, therein to dwell ;  
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld us in our misery ,  
For his, &c

And freed us from slavery  
Of the invading enemy ,  
For his, &c

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need ,  
For his, &c

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth :  
For his, &c

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye ,  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure

# ELEGIARUM LIBER,

## ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;  
Pertulit, occidua Devm Cestrensis ab ora  
Virgivium prono quæ petit amne salum  
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quoddam mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit  
Me tenet urbs refluxa quam Thamesis alluit unda,  
Mæque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbræque negantia molles.  
Quam malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo  
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
Lætus et exili conditione fruor  
O, utinam vates nunquam graviore tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ,  
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro  
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri  
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos

Non estas audier sanior, non prodigia haec,  
 Non precus, aut positi casibula in les adest,  
 Sive decemali sexquidua lito patrena.  
 Dicat, aculeo lartara verba fero,  
 Depe vater gaudio succurrit servus amant,  
 Et lacum rigidu salit ubi quo patria,  
 Sape toties illa iugo i utata e flores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dnu quo pte nescit, am it,  
 Sive etiam it i q furio i tag i uti sceptrum  
 Quatit, et est mra erubet om rolit,  
 Et uot, et apulo, pnat et spallia dolendo,  
 Int aliam et in rymis diletta nator uicat.  
 Si i poer ioli i x indelibata reliquit  
 Quada, ut abrupto stultus amore cadit.  
 Non ferat i tenebris illat atq, i crimina ultor,  
 Cousa si tunc pte ora ferro movias  
 Sic maret Polop ea domus, seu nobilis illi,  
 Aut i illi, huc des pata Ciculis aros.  
 Sed hupio eui i actio temper, nec in urbe, latemus;  
 Imita nro nobis tempora veras eunt  
 Nec quicquid lueri habet vltima cor i tuis ulmo,  
 Vtq, i suburbani nobilis umbra loci  
 Sapi is huc, Ulaq, da spurantia sidera flumina,  
 Virgatae vltas pnteritua choros  
 Ali quales digna cupit miracula fore iu,  
 Quis possit alium vel reparare Jovis i  
 Ali quoties vidi superantia lumbina gummis,  
 Atque faeces, quotquot voluit utique polus i  
 Collume bis vivi Polopia quo brachia vinctant,  
 Quicquid fuit puro nectara tincta via i  
 Et decus oximum frontis, tremulosque capillos  
 Aurea quae fallit retia tendit Amor,  
 Pellacque genus, ad quas Hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, et ipse tui ilaris, Adouit, rubor i  
 Cadite, ludata toties Heroides olim,  
 Et quacunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
 Cedite, Achaemenae turrita fronte puellus  
 Et quot Sula colunt, Memnoniunquo Ninon;  
 Vos etiam Danao fascies summittite Nymphae,  
 Et vos Illaco, Romulæque nurus.  
 Nec Pompeinas Taspola Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausonlis plena theatra stollis.

Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
 Extera, sat tibi sit, scemina, posse sequi.  
 Tuque urbs Dardanius, Londinum, structa colonis,  
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis.  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet,  
 Non tibi tot coelo scintillant astra sereno  
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,  
 Quot tibi, conspicuas formæque auroræque, puellas  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
 Creditur huc geminus venisse innecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
 Huc Caidon, et riguas Simoentes flumine valles,  
 Huc Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri sunt indulgentia cæci,  
 Moenia quàm subitò relinquere fausta paro;  
 Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucique in alternos verba coacta modos.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA?

*Anno ætatis XVII*

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

Te, qui, conspicuus baculo fulgente, solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
 Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sævæ  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo  
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
 Dignus, quem Stygus medicæ revocaret ab unda  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.  
 Tu si jussus eras acies accurre togatas,  
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula  
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Avernî,  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,  
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegem tristes,  
 Personat et totis nœnia masta Scholis

## ELEGIA TERTIA.

*Anno Ætatis XVII*

## IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS

Mæstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam ;  
 Hærebântque animo tristia plura meo ,  
 Protinus en ! subit funestæ cladis imago,  
 Fecit in Angliaco quàm Libitina solo ,  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentos marmore turres,  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda faco ;  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros ,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis  
 Et memini Heroum, quos vidit ad ætheia raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces  
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tûæ ,  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore quorebar  
 Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quodd sylvæ tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quodd in herbosos jus tibi detur agros ?  
 Quoddque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ?  
 Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?

Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo  
 Erebitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,  
 Et quæ nulle nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?  
 Nobilèque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideâque animam sede fugâsse suâ?  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab Eoo litore mensus iter  
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
 Condiderant oculos noxque sopôrque meos,  
 Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatii rier agro,  
 Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent  
 Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.  
 Non dea tam varus ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelucentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce! mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat,  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar,  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida tylos,  
 Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dùmque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit Leto florea terra sono  
 Agmina gemmatæ plaudunt cœlestia pennis,  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubi  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantûque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos,

"Nate, veni, et patru felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Sempei abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."  
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos  
 Taha contigant somnia sæpe mihi !

## ELEGIA QUARTA.

*Anno Ætatis XVIII*

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATOR<sup>ES</sup>  
 ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES, PASTORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea litera, pontum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agios,  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstat eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter  
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales;  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri,  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in ora  
 Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul, Christicolæ pascere doctus oves,  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego  
 Hei mihi ! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !  
 Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Gratùm,  
 Chmadi, pronopos qui Telamonis erat,  
 Quàmque Stagiritès generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreus Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios, illo præunte, recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi;  
 Pieridsque hansi latices, Chloëque favente,  
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
 Induxitque auro lanæa terga novo;  
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlōri, senilem  
 Granum, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursūque Eurum præverta sonorum;  
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo:  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei;  
 Cœlestis animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,  
 Mittit ab Anghiaco littore fida manus.  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gravior illa tibi.  
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.  
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipsa quod ex omni parte levare nequit?  
 Arguitur tardus meritò, novamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti;  
 Crimina dimitti, quæ patuere, solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit  
 Vulnibus pronos nec rapit ungi.  
 Sæpe scriasiferi crudelia pectora  
 Supplicis ad incestas delinquere



Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
 Jámque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor,  
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !  
 In tibi finitumis bella tumere locis,  
 Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxopicos arma parasse duces  
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
 Et sata carne virúm jam cruor arva rigat,  
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos,  
 Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
 Fugit et mersonam Diva perosa tubam,  
 Fugit, Io ! terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos  
 Te tamen intèrea belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis et ignoto solus mopsque solo,  
 Et, tibi quam patru non exlubuere penates,  
 Sede peregrinà quæris egenus opem  
 Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis  
 Spumeâ quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum ?  
 Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœslo nuntia, quique,  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?  
 Digna quidam Stygus quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
 Æternæque animæ digna perire fama !  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertâsque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus  
 Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix,  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum  
 Fimbis ingratus jussit abire suis  
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.

Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi nulla tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inermis latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
 Ille, tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi,  
 Ille, Sionæ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros,  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oris  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;  
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvorem dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentium,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmurque alta virum.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala,  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares

## ELEGIA QUINTA

*Anno Ætatis XX.*

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus  
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,  
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, hesidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt,  
 Concitique arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit  
 Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipso venit.

Jam mihi mens liquidæ rapiatur in aëdua cœli,  
 Pœque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
 Pœque umbras, pœque antra feror, penetralia vati  
 Et mihi fana patent interiora deûm,  
 Intuturque animus tōto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cœca meos  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo  
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, solus adoperta novellis,  
 Instans modulos, dum silet omne nemus  
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul insipiamus utrique,  
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat  
 Veris Io! rediere vices, celebremus honores  
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.  
 Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniæque arva,  
 Flectit ad Arctôas aurea lora plagas  
 Est breve noctis iter, bevis est mœra noctis opacæ,  
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
 Jamque Lycaonius, planstrum cœleste Bootes  
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,  
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria tōto  
 Erecubias agitant sidera rari polo  
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
 Neve Giganteum Du timuere scelus  
 Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,  
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos  
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetrâque resumit  
 Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
 Et, tennes pœnens radios, gaudere videtur  
 Officium fieri tam brève fratris ope  
 "Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles,  
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?  
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,  
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet"  
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ociûs urget equos.

Exiit irrisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos,  
 Et cupit, et digna est Quid enim formosius  
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venust  
 Mitia cum Paphus fundit amoma rosâ !  
 Ecce ! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis,  
 Floribus effusus us erat redimita capillos,  
 Tænario placuit diuâ Sicana deo  
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitâsque movent flamma verna preces .  
 Cinnamêâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur axes  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amorca  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hunc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos .  
 Quodd, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor,)  
 Illi tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vast  
 Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes  
 Ah quoties, cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,  
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno  
 Hesperus recipit cærule Mater aquis ?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy ? Quid cum Tartessida lymphâ ?  
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo ?  
 Rigora, Phœbe, meâ meliùs captabis in umbrâ  
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas  
 Mollior agellâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ ;  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumino pone meo.  
 Quâque jacis, circum mulcebit lenè susurrans  
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas,  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelia fata,  
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo ,  
 Cùm tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni ;  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo "

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores  
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
Languentisque fovet solis ab igne faces  
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
Triste micant ferro tella corusca novo  
Jámque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco  
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari  
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe! per urbes,  
Littus, Io Hymen! et cava saxa sonant  
Cultior ille venit, tunicæque decentior apta,  
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum  
Egrediturque frequens, ad amoeni gaudia veris,  
Vergineos auro cincta puella sinus  
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,  
Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum  
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,  
Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet  
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,  
Delphinisque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos  
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum serâ crepuscula surgunt,  
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,  
Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
Sennucapæique deus, semideusque caper  
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,  
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
Per sata luxuriat fruticetæque Mænalius Pan,  
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,  
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
Consult in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes,  
Jámque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,  
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
Du quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,  
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet  
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
Nec vos arboreâ, du, precor, ite domo.

Tu referant miscris te, Jupiter, aurea terris  
 Sacra, quod ad nimbos aspera tela redas?  
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, iugales  
 Quod potes, et sensum tempora voris oant;  
 Brumæque productas tantè ferat hispida noctes,  
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA

*Ad Carolum Decolatum ruri commorantem,*

QUI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPSISSET, ET SUA CARMINA PECTARI  
 PETULASSET SI SOLITO MENS ESSENT DONA, QUOD INTER LALI-  
 TIAS, QUIBUS ERAT AB AMICIS ACCEPTUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM  
 OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE AFIRMABAT, HOC HAUDIT  
 RESPONSUM

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Quâ tu, distento, fortè carere potes  
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa cinnam,  
 Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamèniq; colimq;  
 Credo mihi, vix hoc carmina scire queas  
 Nam neque noster minor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes  
 Quàm bene solennes epulis, hilarèq; Decembre,  
 Festisq; cœlifugam quæ coluere deum,  
 Deliciasq; refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustisq; per lepidos Gallica musta focos?  
 Quid q; eroris refugam vino dapibusq; potatu?  
 Carmina amat Bacchani, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Pnœlum virides gentasse cor, mibos,  
 Atq; hederam lauro proposuisse sine  
 Scaphis Aoniæ clamasit collibus, Euor!  
 Mysta Thyonæo turba nocent choro.  
 Næ Corallia mala carmina misit ab agri,  
 Non illi epulas, non s'ra vitæ erant.  
 Quod nunc vna, restatq; e, racomiserimq; Lycæi,  
 Castali brevi nunc Tuis Musa modis?  
 Tu iam, quæ fuit numerosa Telesina Pæan,  
 Le redoluit sua pæana pagina quæque marum.

Dum gravis orerso currus crepat axo supinus,  
Et volat Eleu pulvere fuscus eques.  
Quadrímque madens Lyricen Romanus Inccho,  
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomámque Ohloen  
Jam quoque laeta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
Mentis alit vires, ingenúmqve sovet  
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,  
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
Addimus his artes, fasúmque per intima Phœbum  
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres  
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te  
Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.  
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbítos auro  
Insonat, argutâ mollitèr icta manu,  
Auditúrque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
Virgineos tremulâ qua regat arte pedes  
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
Et revocent, quantum ciapula pellit iners  
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitatáque plectrum  
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
Percepies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
Pérque puellares oculos, digitúmque sonantem,  
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus  
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,  
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos,  
Liber adest elegis, Eratóque, Cérésque, Venúsque,  
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellis Amor  
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,  
Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero  
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,  
Héroásque píos, semideósque duces,  
Et nunc sancta canit superúm consulla deorum,  
Nunc latrata iero regna profunda cane,  
Illa quidem parçè, Samu pro more magístri,  
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos,  
Stat prope fagineo pellucida lympa catillo,  
Sobriáque è puro pocula fonte bibat  
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.

Qualis, veste nitens sacer, et lustrallibus undis,  
 Surgis ad infensos, augur, iture deos.  
 Hoc rita vixisse ferant post raptæ sagæcæ  
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiûmque Laon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calenanta, senctumque  
 Orphcon, edomitæ sola per antra feræ,  
 Sic daplis exiguis, sic rivi poter Ifomerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrificam Perseis Phœbados nulam.  
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguis nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Dils etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.  
 At tu, siquid agam, scitabera (si modò saltè  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam),  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semino Regem,  
 Faustæque sacratis sæcula pieta libris;  
 Vagantemque Dei, et stabulantem paupero lecto,  
 Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna collit,  
 Stellipardumque polum, modulantèsque velare turmas  
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana deos  
 Dona quidam dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patris mœditata cleutæ,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

*Anno Aetatis XIX,*

Noctem, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, nôtram  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit  
 E spe cupidineas, pennis et tela, sagittas,  
 Etque tuum speravi maxime, nomen, Amor.  
 Tu i ser, fabellas, dixi, transige columbas,  
 Certe ut ut tenero mollia bella quæ  
 Aut de pueribus tibi dos age, parte, triumphos,  
 Hæc sunt mihi digna trophæos tua.  
 In quæ humana quædam inania dirigit arua  
 Non valet hæc fœta phœstra viros.



Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, et summa radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primum lux tibi, Maia, diem,  
 At nihil adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar  
 Astat Amor lecto, pietis Amor impiger alis,  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum,  
 Prodidit et facies, et dulcè mirantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit  
 Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeus Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi,  
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,  
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas  
 Addideritque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, inimas  
 "Et, miser, exemplo sapiusses tutius," inquit,  
 "Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris  
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem  
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et illi nihil,  
 Et quoties meminit Penoidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certius et gravioris tela nocere mea.  
 Ne nequit adductam curvare peritius arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus equos  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Heracleæque manus, Herculeusque comes  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis  
 Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petanda mihi  
 Nec te, stulto, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem"  
 Dixit; et, aurato quantiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat

Et modò qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, fac Equè similima turba deoruni,  
 Splendula per medias itque reditque vias:  
 Auctique Ince dies gemino fulgore coruscat;  
 Fallor! An et radios hunc quoque Phœbus habet  
 Ille ego non fuxi spectacula grata se, erus;  
 Impetus et quò me fort juvenilis, agor;  
 Lumina luminibus malè providis obvia mis;  
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos  
 Unam fortè alius supereminuisse notabam;  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina deùm conspicienda fuit  
 Hunc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos  
 Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facta a tergo grande pependit onus.  
 Nec mori, nunc ciliis ha sit, nunc virginis ori;  
 Insulit hinc labris, insidet inde genis  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi mille locis pectus inermis ferit.  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
 Uror amans intus, flammæque totus eram.  
 Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
 Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.  
 Ast ego progredior tacitò querubundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Fidor, at hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,  
 Raptique tam subito gaudia flere juvat.  
 Sic dolet amasum proles Junonia calum,  
 Inter Lemuricos præcipitata focos  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
 Vectus ab ætonitis Amphiaræus equis.  
 Quæ Ilium infelix, et lucta victus! Amores  
 Nec licet receptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O unam, spectare semel mihi datur amatos  
 Vultus, et eorum tristia verba loqui!  
 Peritura et dura non est adamante creata,  
 Fortè nec ad nostras ardeat illa preces!

Credo mihi, nullus sic infelici aiasit ;  
 / Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego ;  
 Parce, precor, tenei cum sis deus ales amoris,  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facti tuo  
 Jam tuus O ! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
 Nato deà, joveus, nec minus igne, potens  
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris  
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;  
 Nescio cur, misce est suavitèr omnis amans -  
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amatueros ligat ut una duos

Ille ego, mente olim lævâ, studiisque supino,  
 Nequitie posui vana trophæa meæ  
 Scilicet abreptum sic meo malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit  
 Donèc Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum,  
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.



O quàm funesto cecinisti proximâ vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni,  
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

## IN EANDEM

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris  
 Et Styge damnarat, Tænariôque sinu,  
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astrâ  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

LAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem,  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trifidum fulmen, surripuisse Jovi

## AD LEONARAM, ROMÆ CANENTEM

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus  
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens,  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono  
 Quòd si cuncta quidè̃m Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet

## AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens  
 Ah! miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonara, foret!

\* Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed *the Fair*, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in three Latin epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world.—Warton.

# POEMATA

Et te Pieris, sensisset vocis canentem  
 Aurea maternas fila movere lyra!  
 Quamvis Diræo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Særior, aut totus desipisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes cæci vertigine sensus  
 Vocis eadem poteras composuisse tui,  
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem  
 I leuænno cantu restituisse sibi

## AD EANDÊM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,  
 Claræque Parthenopis fann Archeloidos,  
 Litterarumque tuæ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
 Corpora Clidonicæ sacri dedisse rogo?  
 Illa quiddam vivitque, et amoenâ Tiberidis undâ  
 Mutavit raud murmurâ Pausilipi.  
 Illic, Romulidum studius ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:  
 Hinc, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
 Muta solo a sueto, protinus arct iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus ilani,  
 Damnavit celeris in sua damna manus;  
 Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,  
 Pars hæc, grato dona tulisse animo!  
 Perit ego avaritiam frangere, gulamque voracem.  
 Nunc pariter mihi et factus, et ipso parens"

## AD CHRISTINAM SORORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.

BRITANNIÆ virgo, septem regina trionum,  
 Christiane, a cæli lucida stella poli!  
 Certe, quæ merui durâ sub casido, regas,  
 I tuæ cæcæ, arcus uni cor, ora tero



# SILVARUM LIBER.

## PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὅ-ι παῖδες, ὅτ' ἄγλα ἰ σὺλ' Ἰακωβ<sup>ος</sup>  
 Λιγυστιον λατε δῆμον, υπελευθερ. βαρβαροφωνη,  
 Διη τοτε μωυ<sup>ς</sup> ἔειπεν οσιν γενοσ υἱε<sup>ς</sup> Ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ.  
 'Εν δὲ εἶδος λα ἱσι μεγα κελων βασιλευν.  
 'Ἰσι, και ἐνταυτην σὺγαδ' ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> βαλυσσα  
 ἑλόμεναι εἰλωμενη, ὡλω, οδ' ἄρ' ἐστουφιλίχθη  
 'Ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ' ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> σπε<sup>ς</sup> ἀργυρεαδσα πηνη  
 'Εκ δ' ὡλεσ σακ<sup>ος</sup> ἱσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> πεινητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>  
 'Ὡς κελι σ<sup>ος</sup> γουοντις ἐνταυτην ἐν σαλῇ  
 Βασιοταρι δ' ὡμα πύσαι ἀνασκι<sup>ος</sup> πηνη ἐρεπαι,  
 Οἷα παρ<sup>ος</sup> σ<sup>ος</sup> γ<sup>ος</sup>τι φιλη υπο μητερι ὡπ<sup>ος</sup>  
 'Ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ σ<sup>ος</sup> γ<sup>ος</sup>τι, καια βαλυσσα, πάλω σ<sup>ος</sup> γ<sup>ος</sup>τι ἐν ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup>  
 ἑλόμεναι εἰλωμενη ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup>; τι δ' ἀρ' ἐστουφιλίχθη  
 ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> σπε<sup>ς</sup> ἀργυρεα δσα πηνη,  
 'Ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ' ὡμα, σακ<sup>ος</sup> πηνη σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>,  
 'Ὡς και ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> σ<sup>ος</sup> γ<sup>ος</sup>τι ἐνταυτην ἐν σαλῇ,  
 Βασιοταρι, τι δ' ἀρ' ὡμα<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>,  
 Οἷα παρ<sup>ος</sup> σ<sup>ος</sup> γ<sup>ος</sup>τι φιλη υπο μητερι ὡπ<sup>ος</sup>,  
 Σιω, γαῖα, τ<sup>ος</sup> γ<sup>ος</sup>τι σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>,  
 Γαῖα, σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> ὡμα<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>,  
 'Ὡς τι και εκ σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> χ<sup>ος</sup>τι μεμ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>,  
 ἑρηνη<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> ἀπο δακ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem, inter reus-  
 foris captum inscius damnauerat, tunc ἔπειτα παρ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>, hanc subit<sup>ος</sup>  
 misit.

Ὁ παρ<sup>ος</sup>, εἰ ὡμα<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>, οὐδε τι<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.  
 Διησιν ὡμα<sup>ος</sup> δακ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>, σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.  
 'Ἰσ<sup>ρα</sup>ηλ<sup>ος</sup> ἀρ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>, το δ' ὡμα<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.  
 Μισ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> δ' ἀρ<sup>ος</sup> ἑπειτα τι<sup>ος</sup> παρ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.  
 Τ<sup>ος</sup> γ<sup>ος</sup>τι δ' εκ πολλ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> ἀρ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.

### IN FRIGIDIS EQUE SCULPTOREM

Ἀμαβ<sup>ος</sup> γιγ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> χ<sup>ος</sup>τι σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> μεν σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>  
 φ<sup>ος</sup>τις ταχ<sup>ος</sup> αν, παρ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.  
 Τον δ' ἐκτυπητὸν οἷα ἐπ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.  
 Γαῖα<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup> ἀρ<sup>ος</sup> σπειρητικ κλωνεπ<sup>ος</sup>.





Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi  
 Latus, superstes, nec sine gloria,  
 Nec puppe lastrasse Charontis  
 Horribiles barithri recessus  
 At illa rupit Persephone tua  
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus,  
 Succoque polletti, tot atris  
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.  
 Colende Præses, membra, præcor, tua  
 Molli quæscant cespitem, et ex tuo  
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,  
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore  
 Sit iure de te iudicium Æaci,  
 Subruli itque Ætæna Proserpina:  
 Intersque felices perennis  
 Elysio spatiera campo.

## IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno Ætææ XVII.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
 Teucrogenas populos, latèque patentia regna  
 Albionum, tenuit, jûmque inviolabile fœdus  
 Sceptra Caledonis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis.  
 Pacificusque novo, felix divisque, sedebat  
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis  
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
 Lumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exal Olympo,  
 Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dimmersans sceleris socios, vernisque fideles,  
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.  
 Hic tempestates medio ciet æro diras,  
 Illic unanimis odium struit inter amicos,  
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,  
 Regnâque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace.  
 Et quoscunque videt paræ virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjuvare imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;  
 Insidiâsque locat tacitas, cassâsque latentes  
 Tendit, ut incantos rapiat ceu Caspia tigris

Insequitur tropidam deserti per aëia proclam  
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno metantibus aëtris  
 Talibus infest it populos Summanus et urbes,  
 Cinctus cerulea fumanti turbine flammis  
 Iunique Iliucentis albens rupibus aëra  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cur nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitruoniden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Equora tranato, furiali poscero bello,  
 Ante expugnata, capite saecula Trojae  
 At simul hunc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,  
 Aspicit, et pluvies domus Ci realibus agros,  
 Quod suo magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populus, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos igni et lūrum olontia sulphur,  
 Quod Triumviri trux al, Jove clausus in Aëth  
 Latat tabisco monstrum ab ore Typhoeus  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridentque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum siagor, icti quo cuspide cusps  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lery mabile mundo  
 Inveni dicit, gens hie mibi sola rebellis,  
 Contentrixque jugi, nostru quo potentior arte  
 Illa tamen, mēz quicquid tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc lupu id diu, non ibit inulta  
 Hactenus, et pica liquido natat vere penni,  
 Qui volat, adversi praeursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, et ciobra tonitrua fulgent  
 Jamque prius is velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoni o fines, a parte sinistia  
 Nimbifer Appenninus or it, praeique Subini,  
 Dextra venosus, mūnais Ileturia, nec non  
 To furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem,  
 Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini,  
 Reddider int dubiam jam sera crepuscula lūcom,  
 Cū circumgraditu totam Tricoronis urbem,  
 Pansicōsque deos portat, scapulisque viroium  
 Evohitur, praeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantū series longissima frutrum  
 Coreaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,  
 Clammeris nati in tenebris, vitāque trahentes  
 Tempia deam multis subēnt licentia trods,

(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) siemitusque canentium  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et mane locorum.  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique caterva,  
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremunt attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cavens responsat rupa Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætaque ferocem,  
 Atque Acherontæo proguatæ patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegætonius hæres,  
 Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producit steriles molli sine pollice noctes,  
 At vix compositos somnus claudabat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominos, rectorque silentium,  
 Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine lectus  
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora caulis,  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate vicit humum vestis, pendente cucullus  
 Vertice de raso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salacis,  
 Tarda tenestratis figens vestigia calceis  
 Talis, uti fania est, vastâ Franciscus æmo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones  
 Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:  
 'Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
 Immemor, O, fidei, parcordanque oblito tuorum  
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex,  
 Ridet Hyperboæo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
 Dæmque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britann  
 Surge, ago, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,  
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,  
 Turgentes annuos, et fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis,  
 Et inemor Hesperia disjectam ulciscero classeni,

Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profunda,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosa;  
 Thermadoonta nuper regnante puella.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti confundere vires,  
 Tyrrenum implebit numero milite pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia collo;  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacessēs,  
 Irritus ille labor — tu callidus utere fraude  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere reſia fas est  
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patucios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævósque patres, trabesque canisq; verendos;  
 Hos tu membratum poteris conspergeré in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Edibus injecto, quæ convenera, sub imis  
 Protinus ipse igitur, quæcumque habet Anglia si  
 Propositi, factique, mone. quæquàmne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?  
 Percuſosque metu subito, casusque stupentes,  
 Inyadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus  
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tūque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos  
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis  
 Dixit, et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.  
 Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit in iuratas redeunt, lumine terras,  
 Mæstaque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,  
 Irrigat ambrosus montana cacumina guttis:  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens  
 Est locus æternæ sepius caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamenta tecti,  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis  
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptisque saxa,

Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgæque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et Tumor, oxanguisquo locum circumvolat Horror;  
 Perpetudque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.  
 Ipse etiam paridi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, et Prodates, nullæque sequente pe-  
 Antium horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus nubaris,  
 Dissugunt fontes, et retrò lumina vertunt,  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita satur

‘Fimibus occiduis circumfusus incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa nuli, prudens Naturæ negavit  
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
 Tartareoque leões dissidentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:  
 Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,  
 Consilii socios allibete, operisque ministros.  
 Finierat, rigidi cupidæ parvæque gemelli

Interea longo ilectens curvamine cælos  
 Despicit æthereâ Donatus qui fulminat arce,  
 Vanæque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volot ipso tuen

Esse ferunt spatium, quæ distat ab Aside terra  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas,  
 Ille turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae,  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
 Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossa.  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidémque fenestræ  
 Amplisque per tenues transluçant atrio muros  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulletralia bombæ  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia juncos,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix martis in arce;  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Quis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat,  
 Murmur, ab extremis patuli consinibus orbis.

Nec tot, Aristoride, servator iniquæ juvenæ  
 Isidos, inmiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radiantî impervia soli  
 Millenisque loquax auditæque visæque linguis  
 Cullibet effundit temeraria, voiæque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longò, servatâ scilicet Angli  
 Oculis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Culmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremente:  
 Fama siles? An te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in mæque meosque Britannos,  
 Et nova sceptrigero caedes meditata Iacobo?  
 Nec plura illa statim sensit mandata Tonanti  
 Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,  
 Induit et variis cælia corpora plumis,  
 Dextra tubam gestat Tennesæo ex ære sonoram  
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit  
 Et primum Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertæque murmura, spargit  
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authorisque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
 Insidius loca structa silet, stupuere relatis  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effotique senes pariter, tantæque ruinae  
 Sensus at ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolum; capti poenas raptantur ad æres  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores,  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit. Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebrator anno.

## IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.\*

*Anno Ætatis XVII.*

ADHUC madentes rore aqualabant gena  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgabant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis  
 Cum centilinguis Fama, proli ! semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia,  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britannia,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse morti, et ferris sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fusti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Angulles tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus  
 Ebullebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam,  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepto alto diriora pectore,  
 Giantisque vates parcibus  
 Tarpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobuleu suam.  
 At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Andisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine  
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream  
 Bilémque, et irritas minas  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitòque ad iras percussa ?

\* Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, died October 5, 1626, not many days after Bishop Andrews, before celebrated. He had been also master of Peterbroke Hall, as well as Bishop Andrews and Bishop of Bristol. He was nominated to the see of Lichfield, but was translated to that of Ely in 1618-19. He is said to have been a pious, learned, and judicious man. See Panton's Ely, p. 199.—Todd.



POEMATA.

Non est, ut arbitraris alius miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis, filia,  
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinye,  
 Vastove nata sub Chao  
 Ast illa, coelo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messés ubique colligit,  
 Animásque móla carneá reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat  
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,  
 Themidos Jovisque filiaë;  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris.  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna fervi luctuosa Tartari,  
 Sedésque subterraneas  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque saustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror  
 Vates ut olim raptus ab cœlum senex,  
 Auriga currus ignei  
 Non me Rætas ternere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda fígore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scórpiomis brachia;  
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus  
 Prætervolayi fulgidi solis globum,  
 Longèque sub pedibus deam,  
 Vidi triformem, dum coelebat suos  
 Frænis, dracones aureis  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatè sæpe miratus novam,  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
 Stratum smaragdís atrium  
 Sed híc tacebo, nam quis effari quent,  
 Oriundus humano patre,  
 Amœnitates illius loci? Míhi  
 Sat est in ætèrnum frui

## NATURAM NON PATI SENTIUM \*

Heu, quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundi.  
 Oedipodiam voluit sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incivis leges advinante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sacro  
 Consilium sat perituris alligat horis!  
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum stilesceat ab ævo?  
 Et, se fassa senem, malè cortis passibus ibit  
 Siderum treuebunda caput? Num tota vetustas,  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque, sitisque,  
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cælum rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu, potuitne suas impudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque delisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulæ ruant, atque obitus ictu  
 Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula  
 Decadat, horribilisque relectæ Gorgone Pallas;  
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;  
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ  
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampado Nereus,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam acrei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
 Dissultibit apex, imoque allisa barathro  
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceramni Ditem;  
 In supèros quibus usus erat, finitæque bellæ  
 At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,  
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque periegit

\* This was an academical exercise, written in 1628, to oblige one of the fellows of Christ's college, who, having laid aside the levities of poetry for the gravity and solidity of pro-se, imposed the boyish task on Milton, now about nineteen years old.—*Ps. ton*

# POEMATA.

Pondera fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare, tenore.  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurna  
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælôs.  
 Tardior hanc solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Vajors  
 Florilus æternum Phœbus juvenille coruscat,  
 Nec sovet scætas loca per declivia terras  
 Devero tempe Dens, sed, semper amica  
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum  
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,  
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cõgit Olympo,  
 Mand vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli,  
 Temporis et gemino dispergit regna colore  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Dili cornu,  
 Cæruleumque ignem paulibus complectitur ulnis.  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitõque fragore  
 Lunda percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes  
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
 Stringit et amisseros æquali horrore Gelonos  
 Trax Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.  
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et rauci circumstrepit æquora concha  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
 Ægæonâ ferunt dorso Balearica cete  
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sacri vigor ille vetusti  
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,  
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus, nec ditior olim  
 Terra, datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Cõscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli,  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

## IDEA PLATONICA, QUEMADMODUM, ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,  
 Tûque, O novem perbeata numinis

Momonia mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Coelique fastos, atque ephemeridas Dædum  
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævis polo,  
 Undèque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Naud ille Palladis gemellus innulæ  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci.  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Celi pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citumûnive terris incolit lunc globum:  
 Sive, inter animas corpus aditurus sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas,  
 Sive in remotâ fontè terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et dus tremendus erigit celsum caput.  
 Atlante major positore siderum  
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
 Direæus angur vidit hunc alto sinu,  
 Non hunc silento nocte Pleiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro,  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclutumque Osiridem.  
 Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,  
 Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcam sciens,  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu, perenne ruris Academæ decus,  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis,  
 Jam jam poetas, urbi exules tuæ,  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras

## AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 In linguas torquere vias, totamque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum,  
 Ut, tennes oblita sonos, audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis  
 Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat, vacuus quæ redditur arida verbis  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ;  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quis dedit aurea Olio,  
 Quas mihi semoto somni perperere sub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ  
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Promethæa retinens vestigia flammæ  
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundæque Tartara carmen  
 Ima cœro valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duro Manes adamante coarctet,  
 Carmina sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ  
 Carmina sacrificis sollennes pinguat ad aras,  
 Auræ sen sternit notantem cœnua taurum;  
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consultit, et tepidis Parcani scrutatur in extis.  
 Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt, immobilis ævi,  
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suayiloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt;  
 Spiritus et rapidos qui eneiât igneus orbes,  
 Nunc quoque sideris intereunt ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, et menarrabile carmen,  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibilâ Serpens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,

Stellarum nec sentit onus Mæurusius Atlas  
 Carmina regales epulis ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gula, et modico spumabat ecena Lyæo.  
 Tum, de more sedens lecta ab conviva vates,  
 Esculeâ intonsus redimitus ab arbore crines,  
 Herculinque actus, imitandique gesta canebat,  
 Et chaos, et positi latè tandemque mundi,  
 Septimæque deos, et alentos nimina glandes,  
 Et nondum Minreo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen mane juvabit,  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet isto choros, non Orpher, caritas,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quicubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canend.  
 Compahit in lacrymas hæc et has à carmine laudes.  
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopæque puta, quarum ipsa paritus  
 Munero mille sonos numeros componi ad aptos  
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, Ariomni mentâ sis nominis hæres  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genulasse poetam  
 Contigerit, Chæro si tam propè sanguine juncti  
 Cognatas irites, studiumque affine, sequamur?  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispartire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;  
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puérque, tuncque  
 Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camœnas,  
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
 Qua via lata patet, quâ promoi arena lucri  
 Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:  
 Nec lapis ad leges, malè custoditæ gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures,  
 Sed, magis exultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
 Abductum, Aonæ jocunda per omnia ripæ,  
 Phœbæo lateri comitem simis ire beatum,  
 Officium chauri taceo commune parentis;  
 Me poscunt majora tuo, pater optime, sumptu  
 Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit sacundia linguæ,  
 Et Latu ieneres, et quæ Jovis orn decobant

Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallica flores;  
 Et quam degenti novus Italia ore loquelam  
 Fudit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
 Quaeque Palaestinus loquitur mysteria vates,  
 Denique quidquid habet coeli, subjectaque caelo  
 Terra parens, terraeque et caelo interitus, aer,  
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmori,  
 Per te nōsso licet, per te, si nōsso linebit,  
 Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nubis,  
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugasse velim, ni sit libasse molestum  
 Enunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas  
 Austriacae gazas, Perumaque regne, praepolis,  
 Quo potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
 Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, caelo?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et futa fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,  
 Atque Hyperionios curas, et trana dies,  
 Et circum undantem radiata luce tui ram  
 Ego ego, jam docti u pais quamlibet ima ceteris  
 Victrices hederae, inter laurosque sedebo,  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscabor inerti,  
 Vitabantque oculos vestigia nostra profanos  
 Este proci, vigiles Curiae, proci est, Querele  
 Invidiaeque acies transversa tortilis hircu,  
 Saeva, nec anguiferos extendo, Calumniam, rictus;  
 In me triste nihil, foedissima turba, potestis,  
 Neo vestri sum juris ego, securaque tutus  
 Pectora, vixereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.  
 At tibi, clare pater, postquam non aqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere tactis,  
 Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidaque reponere menti.  
 Et vos, O nosti, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domum superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spissa rapiunt oblivio nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis avo.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM EGRO-  
TANTUM\*

SCAZONTES

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
Vulcanique tarda gaudes incessu,  
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
Quam cùm dicentes flava Deiope suras.  
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,  
Adesdum, et hęc sis verba pauca Salsillo  
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
Quamvis ille magnis prætulit immerito divis  
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
Diebus hæc qui suum linquens nudum,  
Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,  
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabri,  
Venit seraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
Visum superbi cognitas urbes famæ,  
Virisque, doctæque indolem juventutis.  
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille  
Habitumque fesso corpori lenitis sanum.  
Cui nunc profunda bilis intestat renes,  
Præcordiusque fixa damnosum spirat,  
Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Romano  
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos  
O dulce divum munus, O Silus, Hebes-  
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,  
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan  
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est  
Querceta Fauni, vósque rore vinoso  
Colles benigni, matris Evandri sedes,  
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati  
Sic ille, charis redditus rursùm Musis,  
Vicina dulci præta mulcebit cantu

\* Giovanni Salsilli had complimented Milton at Rome in a Latin tetra-  
stich, for his Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry. Milton, in return, sent  
these elegant Scazontes to Salsilli when indisposed — *Warton*.



Ipsè inter atros emirabitur luços  
 Numia, ubi beatum debet otium æternum,  
 Suam reclinis semper Egeriam spectans,  
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
 Nimidum sinistro latus irruens loro:  
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,  
 Adasque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

## MANSUS

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenti laude,  
 tum litterarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute, apud Italos clarus  
 in primis est. An quem Torquatus Tassi Dialogus extat De  
 Amicitia scriptus, erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam  
 inter Campanie principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus  
 GERUSALEMITE CONQUISTATA, lib. 20*

*‘Era cavalier magnanimo, o cortesi,  
 Risplende il MANSO.’*

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus  
 est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque  
 hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se  
 ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.*

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi.  
 Pierides, tibi, Manse, ohoro notissime Phœbi,  
 Quandoquidem ille alium hand æquo est dignatus honore,  
 Post Galli cineres, et Mæcenates Hetrusci  
 Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,  
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.  
 Te prædem magno felix concordia Tasso  
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis  
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
 Tradidit; ille tuum, dici se gaudet alumnum.

\* At Naples Milton was introduced to Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, who had been the friend of Tasso, and Milton, at having Naples, sent this poem to him. — Norton

Dum canit Aegyptios divum prolixus amores,  
 Mollis et Ansonius elupescit, carmine nymphas,  
 Ille iidem moriens tibi soli debita riter  
 Ora, tibi soli, supercunq; voti reliquit.  
 Nec manes pietas tua cū ira fessit amici.  
 Viduus ardentem oporoso ex aere postum  
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros raptare Orci,  
 Quis poter, atque avidas Patrum cludere leges?  
 Agrobomū genus, et varia sub sorte peractum,  
 Desertiva vitam, moresq; et domū, Alpheum,  
 Emulus illius, Alciden qui natus ad altum  
 Rastitit Aëolū vicin facundus Eleonai  
 Ego ego te, Clias et ingem nomine Phœdri,  
 Milesiæ paler, jubeo linguam calere per ævum,  
 Nec tri longinqua bonis sperantibus ab are,  
 Quæ super gelidâ vitæ evanescit sub Aëto,  
 Nos etiam in nostro inclausis humum exiguos  
 Credimus obscuras noctis remansisse per umbras,  
 Quæ Thanaos late puit argenteus nris  
 Quin ei in has quondam pervenit Thyris oras  
 Sed neque nos, genus incultum, nec inuile Phœbo,  
 Quam plaga scripto minui sulcata Trione  
 Braviam pritur longi sub nocte Boëon.  
 Fluvientes apices, et inter mala canistris,  
 Maluitq; spicas, et lectas Druidum de gente choras  
 Mimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choras  
 Hierum laudes, imitantiq; gesta, canebant,  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria canit,  
 Delo in herbosa, Clias de more puellæ,  
 Carniūbus lætis memorat Cornida Loro,  
 Fatidicūq; Ugin, cum flavicomâ Hecabæge  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora luo.  
 Fortunatè sener, ergo, quacunq; pot' orber  
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabit ingens,  
 Cuiusque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;

Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale, volutu  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates -  
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas.  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit,  
 Rura Pheretiadae, caelo fugitivus Apollo,  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes,  
 Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
 Irrigos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,  
 Peneum propè rivum - ibi saepe sub ilice nigra,  
 Ad citharae strepitum, blandâ piece victus amici,  
 Exili duros lenibat voce labores  
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;  
 Emotaque suis properant de collibus omni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces  
 Dus dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem, et mihi lustrarit lumine Phoebus,  
 Atlantisque nepos, neque enim, nisi charus ab or  
 Dus superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ  
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, et Æsopos lucratur vivida fnsos,  
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen  
 O nuni, si mea sorx talem concedat amicum,  
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam benè nōrit,  
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem!  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
 Magnanimos heroas, et, O modo spiritus adsit,  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Mæte phalanges!  
 Tandem ubi non facitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
 Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, sum tibi curæ,  
 Ille meos artus, licenti morte solutos,  
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urna.  
 Forsitan et nostros luceat de marmore vultus  
 Nectens aut Paphia myrta aut Parnasside lauri

Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia cæria bonorum,  
 Ipse ego cœlicolâ semotus in æthera divûm,  
 Quò labor et mens pura vibunt, atque ignea virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,  
 Quantum fâta sinunt; et totâ mente serenum  
 Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam nuli latus Olympo.

### ✓ EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

#### ARGUMENTUM.

*Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti,  
 à pueriliâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis amicausâ  
 profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Deind  
 postea reversus, et rati ita esse comperlo, se, sub quâ solitudinem,  
 hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis cuncta sub personâ hâc intelli-  
 gitur Cærolus Deodatus ex urbe Helveticæ Lucæ paterno genere  
 oriundus, cuncta Anglus, ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimæque cunctis  
 virtutibus, dum vixit, juvenis egregius.\**

HIBERNES nymphæ (ram vos et Daphnin, et Hylan  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bione,)  
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamæcina per oïquidâ carmen  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduus exercebat antra querelas,  
 Pluminisque, fontèsque vagos, nemorûmque recessus,  
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,  
 Et totidem si vas numerabant horrea messes,  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbrâ,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuseæ retinebat in urbe  
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictâ

\* Charles Deodate's father, Theodore, was born at Geneva, of an Italian family, in 1571. He came young into England, where he married an English lady of good birth and fortune. He was a doctor of Physic, and, in 1609, appears to have been physician to Prince Henry, and the princess Elizabeth, afterwards queen of Bohemia. — Warton

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ sedilque sub ulmo,  
 Tum verò amissum, tum denique sentit amicum,  
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hec mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numini cœlo,  
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!  
 Siccine nos linguis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?  
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dixit aures,  
 Istâ velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignarumque procul pecus arceat omne silenti.

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus ante videbit,  
 Indeplorato non communero sepulchro,  
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
 Inter pastores illa tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit  
 Sid quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, primumque,  
 Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon;  
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus  
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca facta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?  
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,  
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis,  
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantumque, solebit!

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenue docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus aloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Au  
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo!

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Pan æsculeû somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,

Cecropiûsque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
Sicubi ramosa densantur vallibus umbræ,  
Hic seruin expecto, supra caput umber et Eurus  
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis,  
Involvuntur, et ipsa sita seges alta fatiscit!  
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racimo,  
Nec myrteta jurant, ovium quoque taedet, at illæ  
Morant, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheuibeus ad ornos,  
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulchra Amyntas,  
'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
Hic Zephyri, hic pleridas interstiepit arbutus undas.'  
Ista canunt sardo, frutices ego nactus, abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mopsus ad hæc, nam mo redeuntem forte notarat,  
(Et callebat avium lingua, et sidera Mopsus,)  
'Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit, 'quæ te coquit improba bilis  
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimæque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.'

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mirantur nymphae, et 'quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?  
Quid tibi vis?' aiunt, 'non hæc solet esse juvenis,  
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
Illa choros, lausque leves, et semper amorem  
Jure petit bis ille miser qui serus amavit.'

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Venit Hyas, Dryopæque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,  
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastus;  
Venit Idumanni Chloris vicina fluenti  
Nil me blanditiæ nil me solantia verba,  
Nil me, si quid adest, movet aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenes,  
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!  
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secerant amicum.

De grege, sic densi veniunt ad prælia, cumque,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur ouagri;  
 Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina Phocæarum numerat, villisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta rivisens,  
 Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunca  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arandine fossor,  
 Protinus illo alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, et duris exercita fatis  
 Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;  
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,  
 Surripit æternum linguens in sæcula damnum.

Itæ domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agna.  
 Ille quis me ignotas traxit vagas error in oras  
 Ire per aeræas rupes, Alpemque nivosa  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit,)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!  
 Possem tot maria altæ, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!  
 Ah certò etremum leuisset, tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse, 'Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.'

Itæ domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agna.  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam nominis pigebit.  
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenis,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,  
 Antiqua genus unde pelis Lucumonius ab urbe  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Armi  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herbi  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec, puto, multum  
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me, munera vestra;  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et ceræa vincla cicuta.  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina, sagos

Et Datis,\* et Francinus,† erant et vocibus ambo  
Et studiis notis, Lydorum sanguinis ambo

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roseida luna,  
Dum solus teneros clauderam cratibus hædos,  
Ah quoties dixi, cum te sinis ater habebat,  
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !  
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futuri  
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,  
'Heus bone ! numquid agis ! nisi te quid fortè retardat,  
Imus ? et arguam paulum rētib' imus in umbrā,  
Aut ad aquas Colu, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?  
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,  
Helleborūque, humilcsque crocos, solūque hyacinthi,  
Quasque habet ista pilus herbas, artēque medentū  
Ah pereant huius, pereant artēque medentū,  
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro !  
Ipse etiam, nūm nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
Fistula, ab undecimā jam lxx est altera nocte,  
Et tum fortè novis admōram libri clementis,  
Dissiluerō tamen ruptā compage, nec ultra  
Ferres graves potnere sonos subito quoque nō sum  
Targidulus, tamen et refram ; vos cecidite, silvæ

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per æquora puppes !  
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
Brennūque Arviragūque duces, præscūque Belinum,  
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos,  
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iogernem,  
Mendaces vultus, arsumtāque Gorlois arma,  
Merlini dolus O mihi tum si vita superat,  
Tu procul annosā pandebis, fistula, pinu,  
Multū oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis  
Britonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni  
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mihi satis ampla  
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sum ignotus in ævum  
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi,)

Carlo Dati of Florence, with whom Milton corresponded after his  
return to England  
Ant Francini. Vide Testimon p 109.



Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treanta,  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamaræ, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.  
 Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus.  
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, miram artis opus, mirandus et ipse;  
 Et circum gemmo cælaverat argumento  
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvæ  
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentum respicit undis,  
 Parte aliâ polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus,  
 Quis putet! hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube phœtræ,  
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,  
 Hinc ferit, at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,  
 Semper in electum spargit sua tela per per orbes  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus  
 Hinc mentes ardeæ sacræ, formæque deorum  
 Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certas, nam quod tu dulcis abiret  
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quod tua candida virtus  
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,  
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra  
 Ite procul, lacrymæ, purum colit æthæra Damon,  
 Æthæra purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,  
 Heroûmque animas inter, divûsque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat  
 Ore sacro Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,  
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,  
 Seu tu noster es Damon, sive æquior audis  
 Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Cœlicolæ norint, silvisque vocabere Damon  
 Quodd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventu  
 Grata fuit, quodd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores,  
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,

Lætæque frondentis gestans umbricula palmae,  
 Aeternum perages immortales hymenæos,  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque sunt lyra ministræ beatæ,  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsæ

Jan 23, 1646

AD JOANNEM ROUSTUM, OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ  
 BIBLIOTHECARIUM \*

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi deinde multis postulabat, et  
 cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publicâ reponeret, Ode.*  
 Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, una depurata  
 Epodo clausis; quas, ta nels omnes nec versuum numero, nec  
 certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ista tamen secutus, com-  
 nodè legendi potius, q idm ad antiquos concinendi modòs rationem  
 spectantes Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortassè dici moneretur  
 trophæum deluerat. Metra partim sunt ætæ exæta, partim  
 Phalæcia quæ sunt, Syonidæum testis loco bis  
 admittunt, quod idem in s. ci. uo loco Catullus aut libitum fecit.

*Strophe I*

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminæ,  
 Munditiæque nitens non operosa!  
 Quem manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim,  
 Sedula tamèn haud nimis poetæ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per nimbros,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lussit,  
 Insons populi, barbitæque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

*Antistrophe*

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo?  
 Cùm tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,

\* John Rouse, or Russe, Master of Arts, fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian, May 9, 1630. He died in April, 1652, and was buried in the chapel of his college — *Warton*

Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thāmesis ad incunabula  
 Cœrulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
 Celebratque futurus in ævum?

*Strophe II.*

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,  
 (Sì satis noxas lumen priores,  
 Mollique luxu degener otium,)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
 Et relegatas sine sedo Musas  
 Jam pendè totis sinibus Angligenam,  
 Immundasque volucres,  
 Unguibus imminentes,  
 Fugat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
 Phœneâque abigat pestem procul amno Pegaseo?

*Antistrophe.*

Quin tu, libello, nuntii licet mala  
 Fide, vel oscitantia,  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan nuda vili  
 Cælo tereris institoris lusula,  
 Lactare felix en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam  
 Fugare Lethen, velinque superam  
 In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ.

*Strophe III.*

Nam te Rouisus sui  
 Optat pecuni, numerusque fasto  
 Sibi pollicitum queratur aleas;  
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclita  
 Sunt datæ virum monumenta curæ:  
 Tæque adytis etiam sacris

Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse presidet,  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gaze nobilioris,  
 Quam cui præsuit Ion,  
 Clarus Erechtheides,  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
 Fulvæque tripodas, donæque Delphicæ;  
 Ion, Actææ genitus Crausæ

*Antistrophe.*

Ergo, tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos;  
 Diæmque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,  
 Oxoniæ quam valle colit,  
 Delo posthibita,  
 Enidæque Parnassi jugo.  
 Ibis honestus,  
 Postquam egregium to quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter altæ nomina  
 Authorum, Græce simul et Latine  
 Antiquæ gentis lumina, et verum decus.

*Epicæ*

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam serò placidari sperare jubeo  
 Pœfunctam invidiæ requiem, sedesque beatæ,  
 Quas bonus Hermes,  
 Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,  
 Quod neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
 Turba legentium prava facesset,  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas,  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit, integro sinu  
 Tum, liore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Rousio favente

## ITALIAN SONNETS

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome hono-  
 L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco,  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non inamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostrà si di fuora  
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
 E i don' che son d'amor saetto ed arco,  
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora,  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che moyer possa duro alpestre legno,  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi,  
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno,  
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella,  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E l'bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno  
 Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno

## CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana,  
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi,  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde.  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
 L' immortal guerdon d' eterne frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma f  
 Canzon dritti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dica mia Donna, o 'l suo dir, é il mio cuore  
 Puesta e lingua di cui si vanta Amoro.

## III

DIODATI, e te 'l duò con meraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solca  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea  
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s' impiglia,  
 Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M, abbaglian Sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellagrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,  
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## IV

PER certo i be' vostr' occhi, Donna mia  
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio solo  
 Sì mi percuotum forte, come ei suole

Per l' arene di Labia chi s' invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mio duolo,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia  
 Parle rinchiusa, e turbida al cel  
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s' aggluaccia, o s' ingiela  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovere  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose

V.

GIOVANE piano, e simplicitto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono  
 Farò divoto, io certo a prove tante  
 L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono  
 Quanto rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono  
 S' arma di sè, e d' intèr diumante,  
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alo valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor muse l' insanabil ago

Cowper has very elegantly translated these sonnets.





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Hill's It is Well  
 Hussey's Glory of Christ  
 Janeway's Token for Children  
 Law of Kindness  
 Little Henry and his Bearer  
 Mason's Crumbs  
 Pure Gold from the Mines of Wisdom  
 Rowe's Devout Exercise  
 Sabbath Talks about Jesus  
 Sabbath Talks with Little Children  
 on the Psalms  
 Sacred Poetry  
 Scott's Force of Truth  
 Smith's Guide to God and Glory  
 Susan Gray, by Mrs Sherwood  
 Young Cottager (The)  
 Young Lady's letter Writer

